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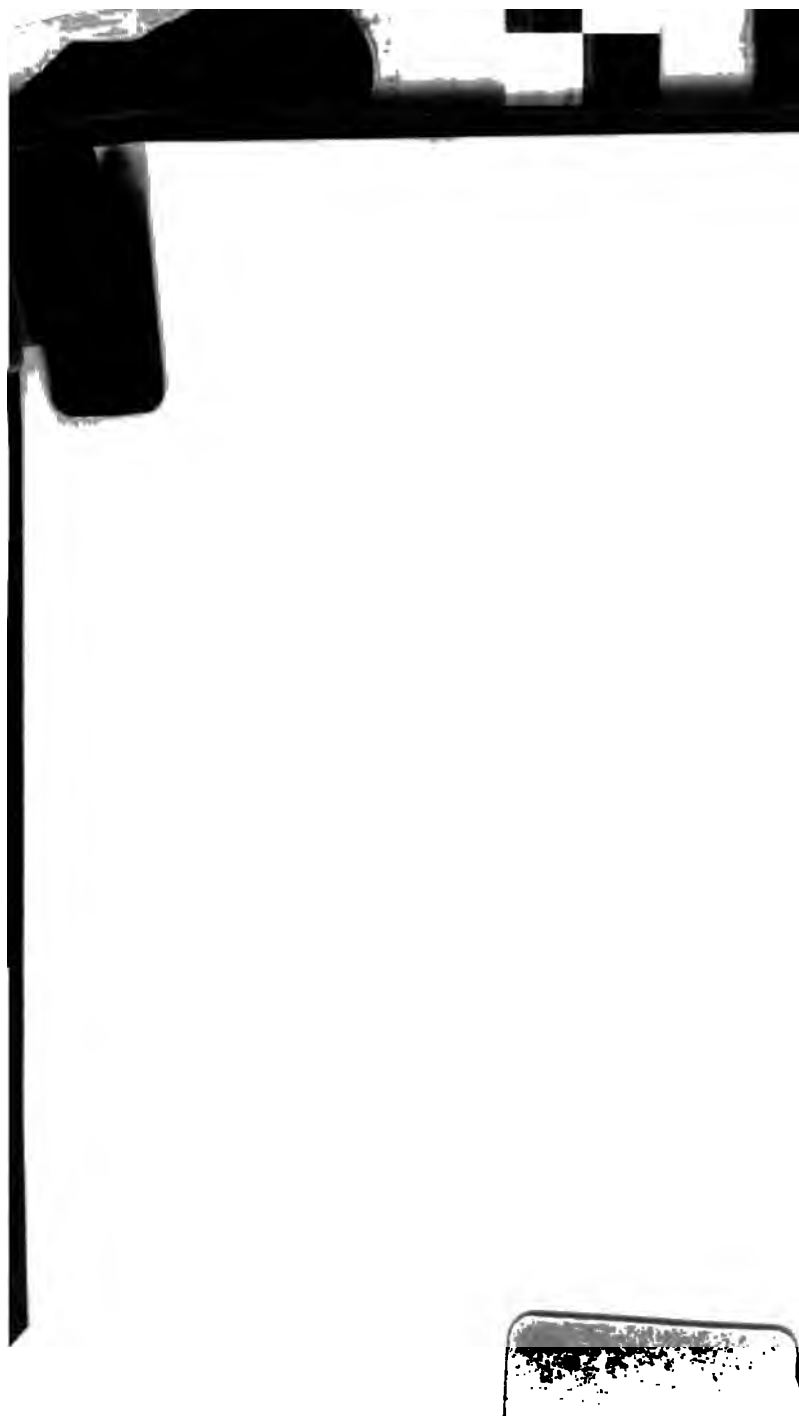
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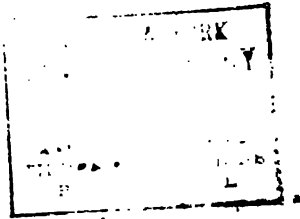
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Lightly climbing to the top of the gate-post, and shading her eyes with her little sunbrowned hand, she stood for a few moments looking far down the road."







THE

OLD FARM HOUSE,

BY

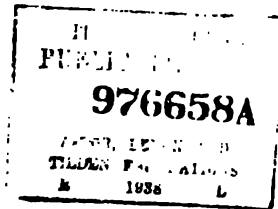
Mrs. Caroline G. Butler Gaing,

"GOE LITTLE BOOKE! THY SELFE PRESENTE."



PHILADELPHIA:
CHARLES H. DAVIS,
NO. 39 SOUTH FOURTH STREET ABOVE CHESTNUT.

1855.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
CHARLES H. DAVIS,
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Pennsylvania.



TO
THE MEMORY

OF
MY DEAR FATHER,
THOMAS BUTLER,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,

WITH LOVE AND VENERATION.





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THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

"Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight
descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds
to the homestead."

LONGFELLOW.

THE fields were ripe for the harvest. A gentle breeze swept over the golden grain as over the waves of a golden sea flashing in the beams of the declining sun, and with the melody of nature at this her most beautiful hour—the twitter of the birds seeking their rest, the flutter of downy wings, and the rustle of the tree-tops as the little wanderers darted in and out their leafy homes—the chirp of insects, the hum of the returning bee, and the low of the patient cattle, with these were blended the cheerful voices of the reapers as they heaped high their teams with the rich harvest awarded to their industry.

And in perfect keeping with the scene, a neat farm house was cosily placed beneath the shelter of two gigantic oaks, which had probably withstood the storms of a century, and whose wide-spreading branches seemed to enfold the little dwelling in a loving embrace. A rude porch, not unpleasing to the eye, stretched along the front, supported by the trunks of unhewn trees, up whose knotty columns the graceful hop-vine with its wealth of golden blossoms trailed luxuriantly, and ranged on benches within this little enclosure, a house-wifely show of milk pans, and well scour'd kitchen utensils, flashed back the sun's

good night. From the rough rafters overhead was suspended a strange medley—festoons of dried apples, golden ears of corn, and strips of yellow pumpkin, hung side by side with knots of silvery onions, monstrous cucumbers gone to seed, and clusters of sweet smelling herbs. Swallows too had here built their nests, reared their noisy brood and migrated, leaving their little structures secure for the next year's habitation, like independent landholders who flit their rural homes at the approach of winter.

At a little distance from the house stood the pride of every good farmer—a large substantial barn, reeking with the odors of the richly freighted hay-mow—attached to this building was a corn-crib, and to this a noisy pig-sty, whose several porcine inmates, with their red noses protruding above the paling, seemed to scent their supper afar off. The road trailed its dusky length a few rods from the house, and the well beaten path which led there-to from the porch to the little picket gate, was bordered by chrysanthemums, asters, and marigolds, the only attempt indeed at floral display which the premises could boast, if we except a few tall gaudy sun-flowers scattered here and there about the grounds. This path separated the vegetable garden, which by its abundant yield proved careful culture, from a fine grass plat kept purposely for bleaching, and which even now wore all the freshness and verdure of spring.

There was on the whole an air of such real comfort and thrift pervading the premises, as seemed to betoken them the property of one not so rich as to preclude the necessity of manual labor, nor on the other hand so poor as to exemplify the proverb, "*The poverty of the poor is their destruction.*"

Within the farm house, preparations seemed making for a substantial supper to greet the appetites of the returning laborers. A large table was drawn into the centre of the cleanly kitchen, at each end was placed a dish of cold meat and vegetables, cakes and pies with alternate saucers of sweetmeats and pickles, were spread over the snowy table-cloth, while by the side of every plate, with shining pewter spoon, stood a generous bowl of rich yellow milk.

Mrs. Leslie, the farmer's thrifty wife, was standing over a blazing fire, busily stirring the contents of a huge iron kettle with a long stick held in one hand, while with the other she dexterously let fall a shower of golden meal, preparing the hasty-pudding, or se-pawn, which was to crown the evening repast. Good nature seemed at home in the heart and on the countenance of Mrs. Leslie, and as she swiftly stirred the pudding round and round, she sang pleasantly to herself a little song of her more youthful days. At length she ceased from her labor, lifted the kettle to the hearth, and going to the door, looked and listened for the returning teams. Apparently the reapers were late, and Mrs. Leslie beginning to feel somewhat impatient. Turning to a little girl who had been sitting very quietly upon the floor feeding her kitten and rag-baby from the same porringer, she said :

"Run out to the gate, Bessie, and look well down the road, and see if your father and the men are coming—and if they ain't, you may just as well run on to the lot child, and tell them to hurry up, for supper is ready. I don't see what keeps them so long," she added to herself, "the sun is nearly down—bless me, why the pudding will only

be fit for the pigs to eat by the time they have unloaded."

Away skipped little bare-footed Bessie up the path: lightly climbing to the top of the gate-post, and shading her eyes with her little sun-browned hand, she stood for a few moments looking far down the road. No teams were in sight. She could only hear the voices of the men in the distant field, which a wooded knoll shut from her view, so with a bound she sprang into the road, and ran merrily along followed by her frolicksome kitten, which now dancing sideways in her path, now skipping nimbly over the fences, or scratching up the bark of a tree would look down with a soft purr into the smiling, upturned face of the little girl.

Bessie had been gone but a few moments, when Mrs. Leslie, whose creed it was never to be idle, stepped out into the porch, and began gathering the wholesome smelling hops into her clean white apron. The sound of wheels aroused her from her employment, and to her surprise she saw a carriage swiftly rolling down the road. This was a novel event, for, living several miles remote from the turnpike, anything on wheels, unless it might be a wagon or a doctor's gig, was an unwonted sight to the rustic inmates of the farm house. But to the still greater surprise of Mrs. Leslie, watching admiringly the approach of the handsome vehicle, instead of passing the house, the driver suddenly drew up his spirited bays at her own gate, sprang down from his seat, opened the carriage door, and a lady alighting from it, walked with a stately step up the little pathway toward her. Poor Mrs. Leslie was all in a flutter, but with true womanly tact, to look her best, she hastily emptied the hops into a pan,

smoothed down the wrinkled folds of her apron, and giving her cap strings a new tie, was ready with her little courtesy as the stranger ascended the steps.

The lady was closely veiled, and her tall person enveloped in the fleecy folds of a rich cashmere. Thus stately she stood, looking down as it were upon the chubby little figure before her :

"Your name good woman?" she asked in such icy tones, as sent a chill through the warm heart of Mrs. Leslie; and the question was again repeated ere an answer could be given.

"My name is Leslie, ma'am—Betsy Leslie."

"Have you a husband?"

"A husband! dear me yes, and a good one too—Gabriel Leslie is my husband's name."

"And have you children?" questioned the lady.

"Only one little slip of a thing ma'am," replied Mrs. Leslie, her round eyes growing still rounder, at the strange curiosity of her visitor.

"Very well. I would speak with you within, and quickly too, for time presses—lead the way," continued the stranger.

Mrs. Leslie now began to feel a little frightened as well as perplexed, and cast an anxious look in the direction of the wheat field.

"Did you hear?" demanded the lady, "I wish to speak with you."

"O, certainly ma'am, yes ma'am, please to walk in and rest yourself a bit."

The lady stepped over the humble threshold, and took the chair offered her in silence—then casting a rapid glance around the room as if to assure herself they were

alone, she suddenly threw back the shawl, which she had until now kept folded so closely around her, displaying to the astonished gaze of Mrs. Leslie, a sleeping infant apparently not more than six weeks old.

The tongue of the worthy woman was loosed at the sight.

"O, the dear darling little thing," she cried, taking the babe, "dear me what a little mite! why it hasn't any more heft than a feather, poor little dear! but won't you have some nice fresh milk for the darling ma'am, and a glass too for yourself?"

Without noticing this kindly meant hospitality, the lady said:

"You then have but one child?"

"Only one living, ma'am. I have buried three dear babies," answered Mrs. Leslie with a saddened countenance, "three, ma'am—well, well poor things they are better off I know—but it is a hard thing to have one's pretty little innocent baby taken away from your sight!" and a tear trickled down the cheek of the bereaved mother, as she bent down and kissed the infant she held in her arms.

"Then perhaps you would like to take this little girl and bring her up as your own," said the stranger in a softer tone.

"Goodness why you don't mean so! you ain't in earnest sure," cried Mrs. Leslie, opening her eyes still wider, and staring first at her visitor, and then at the sleeping infant.

"I am in earnest, and this is my business with you," was the reply. "This child I wish to dispose of—it is not mine, and the very sight of it is hateful to me. You *are not so rich* I imagine as to be indifferent to money—

and therefore you will be glad to take the child. Here are fifty dollars, she is yours," and this was said in a tone which seemed to forbid all hesitation or denial. "From time to time you will receive the same amount," she continued. "Bring her up as your own, and for your own sake you will be careful never to let her suspect she is not your child. You never need trouble yourself to discover who she is, or who I am—you know just as much now as you will ever know. The child is two months old—she has no name—you can call her what you please."

So saying, and without casting even a parting look upon the little babe, the lady rose from her seat, drew her cashmere gracefully about her, and with haughty step left the house, entered her carriage, and was driven rapidly away in the same direction whence she came, leaving poor Mrs. Leslie almost stupefied with wonder, still standing with the unconscious babe in her arms.

"Well, I never!" at length exclaimed the good woman, sinking down into a chair, "mercy on me, what will Gabriel say! dear, dear, dear, what shall I do with it—you poor little thing you, what shall I do!"

Lost to all else in her perplexity, Mrs. Leslie heeded not the sound of the approaching teams, creaking heavily under their rich burthen—the swinging back of the large gate for them to pass through, nor the cheery voices of the reapers, as with songs and laughter they gee'd the patient oxen on to the barn, and stranger than all, the childish merry voice of her own little Bessie, who mounted upon the highest load, with her little curly head just peeping out from the golden sheaves, was calling, "Mother, mother, do come and look at me!" even this failed to arouse her.

"Halloo, wife, here we are at last!" cried the farmer, entering the kitchen, followed by several jolly reapers, "pretty hungry too I promise you—but what—why in the name of creation, what have you got there, wife? a baby ha, ha, ha, look neighbors, a baby, ha, ha!" for Mrs. Leslie, half laughing, half crying, still sat with the child upon her lap.

The men now all gathered around her to look at the babe, which, disturbed apparently by their rough voices, slowly unfolded a pair of large black eyes, and looking up into the face of Mrs. Leslie, its little red lips parted with a smile.

That mute appeal was enough. The chord of maternal sympathy was struck, and gave forth a sweet response in the kind heart of Mrs. Leslie, and with a loving kiss, she folded the babe to her bosom.

She then hastened to relate, as well as her agitation would permit her, the visit of the mysterious lady, and the singular manner by which the little stranger was left upon her hands.

A frown gathered upon the face of the farmer as he listened to her recital, and harshly he said:

"Well, what are you going to do with it! we want no rich man's cast off bantlings to eat up our honest labors: you were a fool, wife, why didn't you throw it after the worthless woman who brought it here!"

Mrs. Leslie, having no answer to give her husband, skillfully evaded the question by dandling the babe back and forth in all imaginable ways to attract his favorable notice, exclaiming at the same time:

"Only see, Gabriel, isn't it a pretty little thing now

just look at its bits of hands, and feel what a soft smooth skin—the poor little dear—isn't she pretty as a picture?"

"Hang its picture! I asked you what you were going to do with it," said the farmer, doggedly.

"Do with it—do with it, Gabriel? well, I don't know, I am sure—love it and take care of it, I suppose."

"That's you, Betsy Leslie, you are the woman for me!" cried a sturdy young farmer, giving her hand a hearty shake, and then catching the babe from her, he began tossing it up and down, though somewhat awkwardly, it must be confessed, "why it's a regular little beauty, bless it! why look here now, neighbor Leslie," he continued, "I tell you I would not mind having such a pretty present myself."

"You are perfectly welcome to this one, Harry Gordon," said the farmer, half laughing, "for it is as much as one pair of hands can do to find bread for the mouths honestly mine to feed, without taking in all the stray babies that come to my door in grand coaches!"

"Dear me, why, I forgot—bless me, what did I do with it, how careless!" exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, now hurriedly getting up and shaking her dress; "Why, where on earth can I have dropped it, I wonder? O here it is!" and stooping down, she picked up the fifty dollar note from the floor, where it had lain unthought of until the present moment, showing how little of selfishness there was in the heart of this worthy woman. "See here, Gabriel, why the little thing isn't going to be any expense to us after all—there" (handing him the bill) "look at that, and the lady said we should receive just such a sum from time to time—now what do you say!"

"Fifty dollars, eh! well that alters the case some to be sure—fifty dollars is a good round sum, neighbors, though I must say, I have no particular fancy for fathering other people's children even at that price!"

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, fondling the babe," she said it was not her child—there was no need of telling me so, I am sure, for what mother could have gone off and left such a poor helpless little thing among strangers, and that too without a kiss or even a look! such a pretty baby too—I declare, Gabriel, if the little thing isn't laughing right in my face! come take her, won't you, while I dish up the pudding—there be careful, now do—dear, dear, why you'll let her fall as sure as you live!"

"Don't be troubled, wife, I won't drop the little animal, only make haste with the supper, for we are confounded sharp-set, I tell you."

The babe stretched out her little arms lovingly, and opening wide her beautiful eyes, fixed them intently upon the sullen countenance of the farmer, as if to reproach him with his selfishness.

"Well, this young one is no fool at any rate," said Mr. Leslie, his features relaxing into a smile, "did you ever see such a knowing look as the little thing gives me—ha, ha, ha! come, don't cry, baby, I guess we shall like each other pretty well, after all," and drawing the little face up to him, he kissed the brow of the innocent babe.

"Ah, Gabriel," cried the exulting wife, who had seen the action, "I knew you would love the little darling. There, give her to me now—supper is ready, and you must all be pretty hungry by this time: I am afraid the pudding won't be very good, but never mind, you must try and make shift with the cold meat and pies."

The men quickly drew around the table, and showed their appreciation of her good fare, and the strength of their appetites by falling to with great zest.

In the mean time, Mrs. Leslie warmed some milk, and fed the little stranger, who manifested on a smaller scale, quite as good an appetite as her elders. Bessie, perfectly wild with joy at having a baby to hug and fondle, held the porringer, laughing loudly each time the little mouth opened so knowingly to receive the spoon; and at length, when her mother, with a kiss, told Miss Baby she had quite enough for once, seemed never to tire of softly patting the tiny hands, and peeping at the cunning feet tucked so snugly away in the soft folds of her little blanket.

"And now, Gabriel," said Mrs. Leslie, drawing her chair to the side of her husband, "what shall we name the baby?"

"What the dickens, hasn't the young one got a name?" exclaimed the farmer, swallowing a large draught of milk.

"No—she said I could call the child just what I pleased."

"Oh, did she! how kind! then call her 'unwelcome, I can't think of a better name for her."

"Now for shame, Gabriell come, what shall it be? suppose we call her ——"

"Dolly!" interrupted one.

"Or Dolly Ann!" said another.

"Or Jemima!" added a third.

"Oh, now hush, all of you!" cried Mrs. Leslie, shaking her head, good humoredly, "it shall not be Dolly, nor

Dolly Ann either, Harry Gordon: say Gabriel, what shall the name be?"

"Amy!" answered her husband, turning away his head.

"Ah, bless you, dear Gabriel, that is just like you. Yes, Amy,—I wanted to call her Amy!"

It was a name sacred to their hearts, for it was that of a favorite child which God had taken from their arms the summer previous.

"Kiss her, Gabriel," said Mrs. Leslie, holding up the infant.

The tears of the bereaved parents fell together upon its innocent brow, and thus was the little Amy baptized into their affections.

CHAPTER II.

" Naught is there under Heav'n's wide hollownesse,
That moves more dear compassion of minde,
Than beauty brought t'unworthy wretchednesse."

SPENCER.

THE broad canopy of heaven in its boundless majesty, encircles alike all the sons of men,—the life-giving sun, the gentle moon, and the golden eye'd stars cast their bright beams of beauty o'er all. And yet, upon what ardent hopes, what crushing disappointments—what blissful joys, and alas, what agonizing sorrows do they look down from their infinite depths!

Here the Angel of Life comes with a gentle kiss to the lips of the new-born babe, and the mother's heart leaps with a mother's thankfulness, and even in that moment of her bliss, some other heart at whose door "the angel with the amaranthine wreath has knocked," is made desolate. Here, gay smiling pleasure holds her court, but at her windows squallid poverty looks in with greedy eyes; and at her gate-way, despair which demands—not begs, crouches with fierce intent. In one quarter grim war with his legions is spilling blood like water, and fields torn by the hoofs of the maddened steeds drink in the life-drops of the dying soldier, while in another, over green valleys

hand in hand walk peace and plenty. And the blue heaven o'er arches all!

While the events of the preceding chapter were taking place under the humble roof of Gabriel Leslie, a far different scene, and yet one intimately connected with it was passing in a distant locality—the one near the banks of the beautiful Owasco, the other amid the green hills of New-England.

Not in chains, nor caged like some ferocious beast,—not with tattered garments and matted un-combed locks was the poor victim of insanity, whom we must now bring before the reader. No cruel keeper with brutal lash stood ready to rend the quivering flesh as the poor unfortunate wrestled with the inward fiend which held reason in its deadening grasp! No,—thanks to the good and philanthropic men of our age, that dreadful day has passed! The helpless victims of lunacy are no longer treated as brutes,—by the hand of sympathy and kindness is the holy light of reason brought back to the darkened mind.

Upon a low couch in a pleasant little chamber, a young female wearied with weeping had sank into a drief slumber. This room was situated in one of the wings of a large building devoted to the reception of the insane. The aspect was light and cheerful. A few paintings were hung around, illustrative of some beautiful scenes in nature, such as might please the eye, and soothe the troubled mind to dwell upon.—Landscapes, through whose gentle sloping hills quiet rivers traced their silver path, or moon-light casting its mellowed rays across the waters of some little lake deep set in wooded banks. A beautiful Ma-

donna too was there, with folded hands and meek loving eyes cast heavenward. Books of a cheerful nature were scattered around, and here and there various little articles of tasteful design, were ingeniously arranged to attract the volatile fancy of the patient.

Tears like pearls still rested upon the cheek of the sleeper, whose features, so perfect in their repose, seemed chiseled from the purest marble. The slender fingers of one little hand were still entangled amid the thick tresses of dark golden brown, which fell over the pillow in beautiful disorder, as if in her anguish she would have torn them from her aching head—the other was gently held by a tall venerable man with a most benign aspect, who stood by the bed-side, attentively watching the countenance of his unhappy patient.

No sound discordant disturbed the quiet of that little room, and as the eye glanced through the open casement, it seemed as if nature too sympathized with the scene. The sun was going down the west floating as it were over a sea of burnished gold, and the air was filled with that "dreamy and magical light" which marks the close of a cloudless September day. Even the long branches of the elm which drooped across the window, seemed penciled against that western sky in their motionless beauty, with their leaves folded quietly together—of sounds the plaintive note of the robin fell soothingly upon the ear in beautiful harmony with the scene.

"My babe, my poor babe!" murmured the sleeper.

Dr. Woodville sighed, and then turning to a kind featured woman who sat at the foot of the bed said:

"Poor thing, poor thing,—it is always so; sleeping or

waking her thoughts seem to dwell only upon one subject. I fear she has been the victim of some deep scheme of villany.

"I fear so sir," answered the person addressed. "She raves continually about her baby, which she protests is not dead, although it is evident that such is the case, or that she has been cruelly imposed upon."

"Does she never speak of any one but her babe?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, poor thing, tho' but seldom,—and when she does it is in a low shuddering tone, and as if she was half dead with fear. God help her—I had rather listen to her cries for her poor babe, than hear her as she crouches low in some corner gasp the word '*Mother!*' Think you sir, she can ever be cured?" added the nurse wiping a tear from her eye.

"Ah, I hope so, I hope so," answered the physician, "altho' we must not expect to effect it immediately. Already I think I can trace some slight amendment. She requires the most tender treatment, for it is evident to me that she has been brought to this unfortunate state by cruelty, rather than disease; and we must therefore endeavor by our kindness to restore her shattered intellect—Yes, Mrs. Boyd, I trust in a few months to return this interesting young lady to her friends perfectly restored."

"Her friends! Ah, Dr. Woodville, I very much doubt whether those who brought her here are her friends,—but see, she moves."

A bright smile illumined the pale face of the sufferer, and as she opened her large blue eyes they shone with joy. Raising herself in the bed, she clasped her arms

tightly over her breast, as if they encircled some precious thing, and in low tender tones she murmured :

"My sweet baby, my sweet baby! Ah, I have you safe, tho' they told me you were dead!—hush," she cried, putting her finger on her lips, and looking at the doctor with passionate entreaty, "hush,—don't tell mother!" With a wild shriek she now suddenly unclasped her arms and let them fall heavily upon the quilt, while her countenance changed its expression to one of deep grief: "Ah-h it is not here,—they have taken it from me,—my baby, my poor baby!"

"Don't weep my child," said the doctor soothingly, "you shall see your dear little baby soon."

She turned her eyes upon the speaker with a glance which would seem to read his soul:

"Strange," she said, "you know it is not dead, and yet see how they have dressed me up in black! my heart is all in black too."

"Well, we must take off this mourning my dear, and dress you in white," said the doctor with a smile.

"Not white! not white!—for white is for weddings,—shall I tell you, I once had a white garment, but do you know it all fell to ashes!" The poor girl shuddered and buried her face in her hands as she spoke. When she again looked up, the piteous expression of her sweet countenance so moved the kind-hearted doctor, that he was obliged to turn away to conceal his tears:

"Listen now," she continued, putting her little hand in his, and bending upon him her mournful eyes,—“it was the prettiest little creature, and nestled to my bosom like a little dove, and when I felt its soft cheek, and heard its gentle breathing, it calmed my soul to peace—and when

my mother—yes, when my mother stood before me with her great burning eyes, then I held my baby tighter to my bosom, for you know they could not scorch into my heart then! But sometimes I think they did—for one day I could not find my baby, and ever since my heart seems on fire!” And here the unhappy young creature began to weep and moan.

“There there, my dear,—come dry your eyes like a good child,—now tell me more about your baby,” said the doctor passing his hand caressingly over her pale brow, and smoothing back her disordered tresses; hoping thereby to gather even from the incoherent ravings of insanity some clue to the mystery which hung around her. She smiled:

“Do you love to hear about my baby? it is not dead—no, I am sure it is not dead! how could such a pretty little thing die, for it was an angel already! And it was so well, and slept so sweetly upon my bosom, and I held its tiny hands, O how tiny in mine,—until one day—hush,—put down your ear—one day *they* came—you know who, and—Oh my poor heart—I slept a long time, I believe, ah, such a sleep! And then they told me my baby was dead!”

The doctor and the nurse here exchanged significant glances, while the unfortunate young creature suddenly springing from the bed fell upon her knees before the kind physician, whose countenance, beaming with sympathy, seemed to inspire her with confidence, and said entreatingly:

“You will give me my baby again, won’t you—my pretty baby, my sweet baby?”

The doctor lifted her gently in his arms and placed her again upon the couch, gradually calming her agitation by low and comforting words. Then pouring out a soothing mixture, he left her to the equally kind care of Mrs. Boyd, and when an hour after he looked in upon his charge, he had the satisfaction of finding her perfectly calm, arranging in a little vase the beautiful flowers which it was his daily custom to leave in her room.

CHAPTER III.

“We have here some
So apish and fantastic, will play with a feather,
And though t'would grieve a soul to see God's image,
So blemished and defaced, yet do they act
Such antic and such pretty lunacies,
That spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.”

DECKER.

THE doctor's young and interesting patient had been brought to the establishment late one evening in a close carriage, accompanied by a lady and gentleman. Nearly insensible she had been lifted out and borne into the house. It happened unfortunately that Dr. Woodville was from home, and the young physician left in temporary charge of the patients failed to obtain any information respecting her. He was told by the gentleman, for the lady did not alight, that she was brought to the institution for treatment of a most unhappy malady,—that from early childhood she had been subject to long periods of insanity, and that after having been in several establishments for the insane, and receiving no benefit from their course of treatment, her friends, had now as a last resort, brought her to Dr. Woodville, whose success in such cases was so widely known.

When asked her name—it was refused, on the plea that her unhappy relatives did not wish to make it public. After placing in the hands of the physician a handsome fee the gentleman then took leave.

The interest which Dr. Woodville felt in his patient was extreme. So young, so lovely, and so innocent too, as he felt assured she was! It filled his great heart with pity, as he watched those mournful eyes looking out from darkened chambers; or listened to those tender accents which, alas, gave forth only the fleeting fancies of delirium. Every day confirmed his suspicions that the statement made by the person who brought her to the institution was false, and that her state of mind had been produced by some great affliction—he feared cruelty; and he spared neither mental toil, or patient careful watching to restore reason to its rightful throne.

The hopes of this excellent man were not doomed to disappointment, nor did his almost parental solicitude prove vain.

One day after a more violent paroxysm than usual she fell into an uneasy slumber, and when in the evening Dr. Woodville visited her room, as it was his custom before retiring, he was surprised to find her in a raging fever. For many days the result seemed doubtful: So feeble, so helpless she lay there,—the thread of life worn seemingly to its frailest tension by long suffering—uttering no complaint, and passively receiving whatever the doctor or nurse gave her, nor again was heard that plaintive cry “my baby! my poor baby!”

At length she sank into a heavy sleep, from which should she ever awake, Dr. Woodville predicted it would be with her mind restored. Hour after hour he watched

by her bed-side, never leaving her except when compelled to attend the demands of his other patients, and oft repeated were the cautions which he gave the nurse, when thus obliged to absent himself; and the good woman might have felt a little nettled had not her own interest in the case overcome every other feeling.

Upon one of these occasions, the nurse was left alone with the sufferer. She by no means belonged to the "Camp" school of nurses, and yet, notwithstanding all the doctor's strict injunctions, Mrs. Boyd closed her eyes in sleep! induced thereto partly by the stillness which pervaded the sick chamber, broken only by the ticking of the watch upon the little stand, itself a lullaby in its warning monotone, and partly by the soft wind which came floating in on the flowers it had snatched in its random flight over orchard and meadow. For it was now the beautiful month of May. Autumn and winter had passed, — a blank to the poor sufferer on that sick couch, — and now glad spring had come, and she lay apparently dying! But for a better reason were the eyes of the good nurse weighed down, viz.: — from the want of that sleep which for many nights had been a stranger to them, in her fears for her patient. And so Mrs. Boyd slept.

The sleep of an anxious watcher is never long, however worn down by fatigue nature may be, and in less than half an hour, the nurse awoke.

But even in those few moments, so noiseless in their onward flight to eternity, what vital changes had been going on! The angel of death hovering for so many days over that beautiful form, now relenting, "on slow pinions borne" sped thence, and sweet ministering angels came in and circled lovingly around the sick couch — back to the

seat of life flows the purple tide, and the well nigh pulseless heart receives new vigor. Nor was life renewed without that unspeakable gift of reason, which wanting, would have made life—death!

Mrs. Boyd rose softly from her seat, reproaching herself, good woman, for even those few moments of hurried rest, and gently approached the bed. To her surprise the eyes of the patient were open, and met hers with a calm peaceful look which made her heart leap with joy, for she saw at a glance that the doctor's predictions were verified:

"You are better," she said, taking the little thin hand in hers with a kind pressure.

"Yes, better I think," was the faint reply: "I have slept a long time have I not?"

"Yes, dear, you have had a nice nap, and must need a little nourishment,—here is gruel, take a little won't you?"

She languidly swallowed the few spoonfuls which the nurse gave her, and then casting her eyes slowly around the room: "Will you tell me where I am?" She said.

"You are with friends my dear young lady," replied Mrs. Boyd, anxious for the return of the doctor at such a critical moment:

"Is—is my mother here?" was asked in faint, broken accents. "No my dear, she is not."

There was a long pause:

"Has my mother been here?"

"I believe not. But you mustn't talk any more just now my dear lady, or our good doctor will scold—come let me shake up your pillow,—there,—now try to compose yourself again."

So noiselessly had Dr. Woodville entered, that even the practised ear of the nurse failed to detect his foot-fall;

and when she turned from the pillow it was to see him standing by her side. Their eyes met with a smile which spoke their pleasure at the favorable change in their patient:

"Yes, yes nurse, I shall scold as bad as you do sometimes if you talk to my patient, and if my patient talks, why I shall scold still more," said the doctor cheerfully. "Ah, this is as it should be," he continued, placing his fingers upon the slender wrist,—the pulse tho' feeble, responding healthfully to their pressure: "you are better, much better my child.—we shall now do very well, with care tho', with care.

The invalid turned her languid eyes upon the speaker, and as they met their kind, benevolent expression, new hope and strength seemed given her:

"You are very good to me," she said smiling:

"Not a word my dear young lady—I am a selfish old man and must bargain to do all the talking myself for a day or two, until you gain a little more strength: you are with friends who will take good care of you, so don't make yourself uneasy, but like a good child, do just as the old doctor tells you. I will see you again by and by."

Then taking the nurse aside he gave her the necessary directions, and with renewed charges for caution and quiet, left the sick room with a much lighter heart than he had entered.

The mental and bodily sufferings of the invalid had been too severe to warrant a rapid improvement, and it was therefore several weeks ere she was able, even with the assistance of the nurse, to walk around her pleasant chamber.

During all this time she made no allusion whatever to the events of her past life, nor spoke again of that painful theme which had so engrossed her delirium. Dr. Woodville was sedulously careful that nothing should betray her present locality,—nor, indeed, did she appear to have the least suspicion that she had been under treatment for other than bodily disease. She was very sad, often in tears, yet grateful for the kindness and sympathy which she received.

One morning Mrs. Boyd was summoned away upon a case of urgent duty, and Beatrice, as we will now name our invalid, was left alone. Fortunate are those who know not from painful experience that ennui which so often oppresses the convalescent of a long and dangerous illness—that weariness of the mind which seeks relief in a continual change—yet finds it not. The books, which Dr. Woodville had that morning brought her fresh from the publisher, failed to interest—her drawing too was soon thrown aside, and at length, without any purpose save for change, she threw open the blind and sat down by the window. This opened upon a beautiful lawn, whose smooth velvety surface was broken here and there most agreeably to the eye, by small groups of fruit and forest trees, now in all the balmy luxuriance of ‘leafy June;’ and often before, as the eye of the invalid had caught the soothing influence of their beauty, she had longed for strength to wander within their inviting shade, and now as she sat there, the hand of summer dallying with the light curls which shaded her temples, she was seized anew with an irresistible desire to enjoy the beauty of the morning, free from the ungenial

atmosphere of a sick room—so, throwing a light shawl about her, she stepped out upon the lawn.

In unison with the pleasant scene about her, pleasant thoughts stirred her bosom—the bitterness in which her young life seemed steeped was momentarily removed from her, and an expression of unwonted cheerfulness brightened her fair face. And so she rambled on. Now stopping for a moment to rest herself upon some rustic seat placed under the shady trees—now to gather a flower from the carpet beneath her feet,—to listen to the joyous song of the birds, or to inhale the fragrance of roses, which now, in the perfection of their beauty, made redolent the air.

She soon found herself in another part of the grounds, which were even more beautiful—they were certainly more varied in their beauty. Here were winding walks leading into pleasant shades—arbors netted with roses and sweet honey-suckles,—here a miniature rail-way with its graceful little hand-car, traversed its nicely graded circuit, while suspended from many trees, swings gently vibrated with the motion of the wind.

This portion of the grounds was devoted exclusively to the pleasures of the female patients, and here those who could be trusted without the surveillance of a keeper were permitted to stroll at will.

Fatigued by her long ramble, and perfectly enraptured with the scene, Beatrice sat down upon an inviting little bank, and began arranging her flowers. While thus employed, she saw a fine looking woman approaching her, whose singular dress at so early an hour, caused her some surprise. She was in white—a blue scarf was thrown carelessly over one shoulder, and confined to her bosom

by an immense bouquet, while a wreath of bright red roses was twisted in the thick masses of her black hair.

"Fair Ophelia, I salute thee!" said the stranger, waving her hand gracefully as she drew near.

Not for a moment suspecting her malady, yet humoring the conceit, Beatrice smiled, and handing her a spray of flowers, replied in the words of Ophelia:

"There's rose-mary—that's for remembrance, and there's pansies—that's for thoughts!"

"Maid, I accept thy offerings, and place them here,—remembrance is a good jest, it makes one so happy!" said the woman, taking the flowers, and putting them in her bosom. "Now, fair Ophelia, I create thee one of my nymphs,—I am the goddess Flora. Follow me—let us scatter flowers over all the graves before the moon goes down," so saying, she walked away, pulling her bouquet to pieces and casting the flowers before her.

Beatrice now saw many females walking through the grounds,—some were in social groups of three and four, laughing and chatting apparently with great gayety—others walked moodily away by themselves through the most secluded alleys—some were reading aloud—others declaiming with all the pathos of tragedy queens, and again others, leaping and dancing through the walks, would break forth into wild laughter and snatches of song. Suddenly a young girl, with a rapid step, approached the spot where Beatrice still sat bewildered by the scene, and catching her violently by the arm, cried:

"Get up, false girl—get up! you know you are on the grave of William!" then throwing herself down upon the ground, she began to weep and groan bitterly.

"That poor girl ought to be sent to an Asylum," remarked another, gravely, addressing Beatrice; "in my realm we take care of such people!"

The limbs of Beatrice could hardly support her as she found herself lifted thus rudely from the ground. Frightened too at her situation, for she could no longer mistake the character of those surrounding her, she turned to escape from the scene. But she felt sick and faint, and ere she had gone many steps, she was obliged to stop and lean against a tree for support.

At this moment, an old lady with a most benign aspect approached her.

"Lean on me, madam," she said, with a kind smile, offering her arm, "don't be frightened, for I assure you these poor creatures, who, as you see, are not in their right minds, will do you no harm. I am sent to look after them, and to take care of them—they love me, and such is my power over them, that so long as their eyes turn to me, they are perfectly quiet and happy. This is a charming morning, madam—I am sorry your walk has been so disturbed—lean on me, you seem weary."

Reassured by these words, Beatrice took the arm of the kind old lady, who continued to converse with her pleasantly until they reached the lawn whence her footsteps had first strayed. Here her guide stopped, and disengaging her arm, bade her good morning, saying:

"I must leave you now, and return to those unfortunate beings who are under my charge and my protection. If you are ever in any trouble, call on me and I will aid you. I am the Virgin Mary!"

When, in the evening, Dr. Woodville visited Beatrice, he found her busily engaged in writing. She welcomed

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him with a sad smile, and as he took the chair by her side, she placed her hand confidently in his.

"My dear kind friend," she said, "will you answer me a few questions. *I now know where I am, and why I was brought here!* will you tell me all about it? indeed I can bear it—will you, doctor?"

Dr. Woodville was greatly embarrassed—he had not expected this, and was therefore unprepared to meet her questions. He had been waiting with much anxiety to hear from her friends, and was desirous that she should be removed from the Institution without the painful facts being made known to her. But he saw she had now penetrated the secret, and what to say the good man did not know.

Beatrice saw his embarrassment.

"Won't you tell me?" she asked again.

"Some other time, my child—not to-night—when you are better, and really, my dear, there is not much to tell."

"Yes, to-night, dear doctor—tell me now—I am well—strong!"

Concluding it best to relieve her anxiety at once, rather than suffer her mind to dwell upon the subject, Dr. Woodville now, with great tenderness, and in as few words as possible, related the circumstance of her being brought there, and of the singular manner in which her friends left, without either name or address.

She listened attentively, and as the doctor concluded, she kissed his hand, saying:

"And you knew not even the name of one so forlorn, so wretched, and yet how patiently you bore with my

infirmity! ah, doctor, how can I ever repay such disinterested kindness!"

"I am paid already, and more than paid, my dear girl, by having been the instrument under heaven of your restoration," answered Dr. Woodville.

"One thing more I wish to ask you," said Beatrice; "will you tell me, what were the wanderings of my shattered brain—of whom did I speak? and did I reveal aught which, in my right mind, I might wish to keep secret?"

"No, my dear child, you did not—and during all the time of your illness, you spoke only of your mother, and of your baby."

Beatrice struggled to subdue her emotion, and in a few moments, looking up at the doctor, she said:

"I am very young, as you see—a very child, and yet I am a widow. I was a mother too, a happy mother—but my sweet flower, too frail for earth, soon drooped and died! some day, my best friend, if you will listen to me, I will tell you the events of my short but wretched life."

More than ever touched by her lonely, and, as it seemed to him, friendless situation, and warmly assuring her of his sympathy and friendship, the good physician soon after bade Beatrice good night.

Dr. Woodville went home to consult his good wife upon the practicability of removing Beatrice to his own residence. He feared to have her remain longer under the roof with his other patients, lest the association, in her present weak state, might be productive of the most disastrous events.

Mrs. Woodville was a nervous little body, but her heart was the seat of all kindness. She had always been ex-

cessively timid with regard to the unfortunate persons under her husband's charge, and it was but seldom he could induce her to accompany him to the seat of his benevolent labors. When she did so, she would cling nervously to his arm, and speak to the patients if they chanced to approach her, as if humoring the fancies of a sick child, or coaxing a pet lap-dog, and no argument which her husband could make use of, would ever induce her to be left alone with them for a moment.

When, therefore, the doctor spoke of bringing Beatrice home, she felt a little nervous about it, and inquired anxiously if he considered her quite sane. Relieved upon that point, she now eagerly seconded all his wishes, and a pleasant little chamber was soon prepared for their guest.

It was with a grateful heart that Beatrice, the next morning, accepted the invitation of the doctor to accompany him home, and bidding an affectionate adieu to the worthy Mrs. Boyd, she soon found herself rolling rapidly away from those walls which, now that she knew their purpose, were fearful to her.

CHAPTER IV.

"Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend, you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest."

SPENCER.

MANY are the lovely valleys of New England, and often has the artistic skill of the painter, and of the poet, traced in lines of beauty the praises of their birth-right—New England, a name so dear to her children.

In one of the pleasantest of these pleasant valleys, yet unsung, but worthy to be sung, was situated the residence of Dr. Woodville, half a mile distant from the Asylum under his charge.

It was a fine old mansion, standing upon a gentle acclivity, overlooking a landscape of almost unsurpassed loveliness—not a point but told to the eye trained to appreciate the charms of Nature. To the right were mountains crowned to their summit with fragrant pines, their dark verdure in beautiful contrast to the silvery birch and maple, which here and there swept aside with their more graceful branches this stately evergreen. Huge rocks too might be seen crowned with leaves like some grim old Satyr, peering out from the mountain-top upon the world beneath, or sliding down in fantastic groups, view their

stony faces in the mocking river, which threw back strange pictures of their sullen dignity. On the left, far as the eye could reach, were scattered villages and towns, their spires pointing solemnly to the God "who sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills," and "crowneth the year with goodness." Isolated cottages gleamed pure and white from out embowering orchards, while sun-beam and shadow chased each other over fields of undulating beauty; and giving light to the landscape, the Connecticut sped on its way rejoicing, darting in and out like a frolicsome child at play in the meadows—those glorious meadows, spread forth like rich mosaics tessellated by the hand of the husbandman.

Such was the view which met the eye of Beatrice as she stepped from the carriage.

Mrs. Woodville stood at the door to welcome her guest. A pleasant face she had set in bands of silver—the nicely crimped border of her cap resting lightly upon that soft gray hair, and confined under her chin by wide strings of muslin,—indeed she had two chins, but they were excellent neighbors, laughing and growing fat together. Her dress was the perfection of matronly propriety,—the glossy black silk fitting so neatly the plump proportions of her form—the handkerchief of spotless lawn plaited in graceful folds over her bosom—the long sleeves nearly tight to the arm, and terminating in a narrow frill, just becomingly shading the hand, where, unchanged as the affection which gave and the trust which received it, shone the wedding-ring, with which, thirty years before, the lover of her youth, the companion of her age, had encircled her finger.

Standing there framed, as it were, in the flower inwoven sprays of the sweet honey-suckle which garlanded

the porch, she formed a pleasing picture of serene old age. And yet, it must be confessed, the bosom of Mrs. Woodville was not quite as serene as one might suppose.

A little nervousness mingled with her welcome of Beatrice. To the apprehensions of the good woman the atmosphere of the asylum still clung about her, and she involuntarily shrank aside, as if fearing the pale languid young person whom her husband was now leading toward her, would suddenly break forth into some wild ungovernable fit of lunacy. She advanced a step to meet them—then nervously retreated, looking the while anxiously at her husband, until finding herself really compelled to speak, the first words which suggested themselves were those which she ever employed in addressing the doctor's patients.

Reaching forth her hand timidly, she began stroking and patting Beatrice on the shoulder, saying in a soothing tone:

"There—there—it's me, I've come to see you dear! pretty-pretty."

"Yes my dear wife, I know you are happy that my young friend has come to see you—but you must not flatter her by telling her she is 'pretty' to her face," interrupted the doctor, hardly able to repress a hearty laugh at the perplexity of his worthy lady, and prudently giving a different version to her words.

Beatrice, however, had not noticed this singular address of Mrs. Woodville. She felt the hand so gently placed upon her shoulder, but to her it was only a pleasing manifestation of kindness.

The merry twinkle of the doctor's eye aroused Mrs. Woodville to her absurdity, and now, banishing her fears,

she led her young guest into the house, kissed her affectionately, and removing her bonnet and shawl hastened to bring her some refreshment.

After partaking of a tempting lunch, the doctor issued his commands that his patient should retire to her own room, and there seek the repose which the excitement of the morning rendered necessary.

Mrs. Woodville herself conducted Beatrice to the cheerful little room appointed her, but no sooner did she find herself alone with her visitor, than all her fears again came crowding upon her, and when in the fullness of her gratitude, Beatrice threw her arms around her neck, and in words broken by emotion, spoke her thanks, she almost screamed with terror, and hastily disengaging herself retreated backward step by step, and with a most ludicrous attempt at a smile, again had recourse to some of her usual phrases, as:

"Soh, soh—poor fel-low—soh!" until she reached the door, which she hastily opened, and as hastily closed after her, and then sank down upon a chair quite overcome.

Beatrice was a little puzzled to account for her strange manner, and for a moment was inclined to think the doctor's good wife quite as mad as any of his patients.

Not five minutes had elapsed, however, ere there was a gentle rap at the door, and Mrs. Woodville re-appeared quite abashed and mortified at her conduct, which a moments reflection betrayed as so inconsistent. She now tenderly embraced Beatrice, assured her that the interest she felt in her was quite equal to that of her husband, which she thought was saying a great deal. Indeed, it appeared

as if in the kindness of her heart, she could neither say or do enough for the comfort of her guest.

When, at length, left to the quiet of her chamber, Beatrice sank upon her knees, and her heart went up in grateful praise to Him who had so blessed her with friends in this her hour of desolation. She feared she must soon be torn from this peaceful haven, and she prayed for strength and courage to meet the trials which she knew would then await her, and she prayed too for forgiveness upon those who had made her young life so wretched, well nigh destroying the light of reason forever.

The health of Beatrice now rapidly improved. There was ever some little plan forming for her enjoyment,—in pleasant weather there was charming drives with Mrs. Woodville in her little pony chaise, or quiet strolls through the cool shrubberies—should the day prove unfavorable for such excursions, there was the excellent library of the doctor open to her. A piano too lent its cheerful influence, and under the graceful touch of Beatrice “discoursed most excellent music.”

But on such days, when the soft rain-drops in beads of silver came leaping from flower to flower and from leaf to leaf of the twining honey-suckle, filling the air with sweetness—when the glad meadows, and the hill-sides, and the mountain-tops waved their arms to welcome the soft summer rain, and the birds piped their sweet notes from out their leafy shelter—upon such days, while Mrs. Woodville, ever busy for the necessities of others, industriously plied her needle, Beatrice seated upon a little footstool by her side would

“Read from some humble poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eye-lids start.”

for

“Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.”

How much Beatrice wished she could remain under that peaceful roof forever—yet as her health returned, she keenly felt the delicacy of her situation. Could she longer intrude upon the hospitality of her excellent friends! could she longer infringe upon their generosity! She was without money, and but for the delicate watchfulness of Mrs. Woodville, she would have been in want of many articles really requisite for her health and comfort. To-day she would resolve that to-morrow she would write to those whose protection she had a right to claim, but when the morrow came, she shuddered at the task imposed, and again she would say ‘to-morrow.’ Something, however, must be done, and she at length decided to make known the history of her life to those who had received her with so much affection under their protection, and thereby reveal the mystery which encompassed her—that done, to ask and be guided by their advice.

While these thoughts were agitating the bosom of Beatrice, an incident occurred, of which the doctor purposely kept her in ignorance.

One morning, some three weeks after her removal, a gentleman called at the Asylum, and inquired for Dr. Woodville. He was accordingly conducted into the

doctor's private study, who in a few moments waited upon his visitor.

The doctor was one to whom the "human face divine" was as a lettered page, and he read at a glance the evil passions of that man's soul: cunning, hypocrisy and malice were thereon plainly typified—illuminated, one might say, by the small snake-like eyes whose light seemed kindled at unholy fires.

Intuitively the doctor knew the errand on which his visitor came, even before his lips were opened.

"Dr. Woodville, I presume," said the stranger, advancing to meet him. "I am most happy, sir, to make personally the acquaintance of one whom, by distinguished reputation, I have so long known."

The doctor slightly bowed to a speech evidently intended to flatter.

"Some months since," continued the stranger, carelessly tapping his boot with the riding whip which he held in his hand, "perhaps eight, perhaps ten, I left an unfortunate young woman in your charge. How is she now, sir? can I hope to take her back to her anxious friends?"

"Of whom are you speaking, sir? to what young woman have you reference? you must be aware that, from the number of persons under my care, it would be impossible, without more explicitness, to designate the particular person to whom you allude."

"Ah, true, I recollect—I had not the pleasure of meeting you at that time. I left the unfortunate girl with one of your officials."

"Her name?" asked the doctor.

"Really, sir, you must excuse me. She was pretty, decidedly pretty—blue eyes—fair skin—dark golden

brown hair, I believe they call it—rather tall, good figure—but here, I have the dates, (taking out a memorandum book,) this will make it all plain, doctor.”

“Sir,” said Dr. Woodville sternly, in reply, “I will not pretend ignorance of the person you allude to,—I do remember that, one night, more than a twelve-month, an unhappy young girl was brought to this Asylum. She was lovely, and as frail as the first flower of spring. I do remember it. And I remember, sir, that this suffering, beautiful child was left in the care of strangers to all the horrors of a mad-house, without one kind look—without one entreaty that pity and gentleness might be shown her—left to wear out days and nights of anguish—to live unfriended—or to die and fill a pauper’s grave! Yes, sir,” said the doctor, rising, “I do remember such a ‘young woman!’”

The snaky eye darted fire, and passion made livid the features of the listener, yet with well dissembled coolness, he said:

“You are excited, doctor. I am perfectly aware that, in my distress at parting with the unfortunate girl, and under such peculiarly painful circumstances, so harrowed were my feelings, that I hastened away from her presence in a manner which may have appeared very strange.”

“And your ‘harrowed feelings’ brought forth a rich crop of neglect and indifference, if I may judge from the proofs!” said the doctor, sarcastically.

The stranger sprang to his feet.

“Sir, do you mean to insult me—or has your vocation sharpened your speech?”

“Truth is sometimes cutting,” coolly answered the doctor.

"Well, well, sir, I did not come here to measure words or wit—I came to inquire for one in whom I take great interest—therefore, will you tell me if this young person can be removed with safety?"

"Do you expect me to report the condition of my patients when they are no longer under my care, sir?" asked Dr. Woodville.

"What do you mean to imply, sir—is she not here?"

"She is not."

"Good heavens—escaped?"

"Yes—from you."

"How? when?"

"She was carried off."

"Carried off! by whom, sir? this is a strange business by heaven!"

"She was taken away, sir, by an old gentleman, who stated himself to be her father, or protector, or something of the kind."

"How very strange! an old gentleman! she has no father, sir—an old gentleman! in what direction did they go? how long since she left?"

"I carry no memorandum of dates about me," said the doctor.

"Can you give me no clue whatever, by which I can trace her?"

"Nothing more than I have told you. Have you any further business with me?"

"A moment more, and I will not detain you—this poor girl—did she in her delirium—did she betray anything of her—of her past life?"

"That is a question I shall not answer: one thing only,

there is sometimes 'method in madness'—have you done?"

"And were you paid for your services?"

"I have been paid—good morning, sir!" and throwing open the door, Dr. Woodville coolly bowed out his discomfited visitor, who, pale with rage, walked with rapid steps down the avenue, cutting off the beautiful dahlia's with his riding whip, as some despot the heads of his slaves. Vaulting into the saddle, he plunged his spurs rowel deep into the sides of the noble animal he bestrode, and galloped rapidly away.

This interview the doctor confined to his own breast, mentally resolving that, without her free consent, he would never give up the charge of his protegee to such friends as he deemed his visitor but a fair type.

A few evenings after this occurrence, as Beatrice was about retiring, she placed in the hands of Dr. Woodville a small manuscript, saying:

"Here, my dear friend, is the story of my life. Read it, and tell me if you wonder this poor brain was crazed!"



CHAPTER V.

"Memory be still! why throng upon the thought
These scenes deep-stained with sorrows sable dye?"

BEATTIE.

"I AM an only child. Of my father, I have no distinct recollection, for I was but six years of age when he died. Sometimes it is true, from out the indistinct pictures of childhood, there comes to me a pale, sad face, which smiles upon me lovingly, or I feel a gentle kiss upon my brow, and then I hear a hollow racking cough, and something tells me—it is my father. In my dreams this vision often returns.

Until my sixteenth year, I was strictly secluded from society. My summers were passed in the country with a faithful old servant of the family, and my winters at my mother's town residence, which was situated in one of the most agreeable streets in New York. I was but seldom allowed to leave my own apartment, unless my mother was without company, when I was sometimes permitted to dine or pass the evening in her society. These occasions were rare, but eagerly anticipated—for my mother was usually surrounded by a throng of gay visi-

tors, and I therefore saw but very little of her, indeed, weeks would pass without our meeting.

She was then, as now, most beautiful, and I remember when a very little child with what awe and wonder I looked upon her, as, radiant in her loveliness, and resplendent with jewels, she would sometimes glide into the nursery,—and when I grew older, and felt so much the want of a mother's sympathy and kindness, how my heart yearned for her affection, and sometimes I could scarce refrain from falling on her bosom and beseeching her to love me. Yet she ever repelled my caresses, and my efforts to obtain her approbation by close attention to my studies, elicited but faint praise.

I have since learned to interpret more clearly the motives which prompted my careful seclusion.

She was beautiful, and it was her pride to appear as young as she was lovely in the eyes of the world, whose adulation she coveted. To be the mother of a tall, grown up girl was a time-telling fact rather annoying, and probably there were many of her fashionable friends who did not even know of my existence.

It was on my sixteenth birth-day that my mother came into my little study, and embracing me affectionately, told me, after some hesitation, that she was about being married, and that she wished me to dine with her on that day for the purpose of introducing me to Mr. Staunton, her intended husband. Never had she appeared so kind, and never before had I felt so happy.

Believing that my mother's marriage, was not only to bring me into a more intimate union with her, but also introduce me to that world which my fancy painted as so charming, I indulged in the most pleasing anticipations.

I had never seen her look so beautiful as when she came to conduct me to the drawing-room. Even now she stands before me. She had selected from her costly wardrobe, a robe of pale yellow satin, which she wore looped over her bosom by a spray of beautiful pearls, disclosing a bust of surpassing loveliness, shaded, not concealed, by a fall of the finest lace. Her sleeves lined with white satin and edged with lace, were open from the shoulder, displaying in their graceful sweep, the matchless contour of her arms, fairer than the pearls which encircled them. Her hair, that lustrous black hair, which had ever been my admiration, was wound around her temples in a style peculiar to herself, and interwoven with pearls, formed a graceful and fitting coronet for her almost regal brow. Thus radiant did my mother stand before me.

Yet with my appearance, she was evidently displeased, for a frown contracted her brow, as she glanced over my dress. At this I felt excessively mortified, as I had bestowed unusual pains upon my toilet, aided too by the taste of my good governess; and going up to her I said:

"You do not approve of my dress my dear mother!"

Without replying to me, she turned to the governess:

"I am astonished, Mrs. Eaton, that you will allow Beatrice to assume the young lady quite so soon—her style of dress and the manner in which you have suffered her maid to arrange her hair, is really too absurd for a mere child."

"A child, Mrs. Lorraine! Beatrice can certainly no longer be considered as such—she is sixteen to-day!" replied Mrs. Eaton.

"But I choose to consider her a child," interrupted my mother sharply, and you fail extremely in your duty

Madam, if you encourage her to copy the airs and address of an *habituée*. Beatrice take down your comb—there, let your curls fall over your shoulders,—remove that belt, and let me fasten on this sash,” and taking a broad blue ribbon from the dressing table, she quickly tied it around my waist—“now let me loop up your sleeves,—there, now you look less like a miniature woman.”

“And more like an over-grown baby!” said my governess.

My mother made no reply, except by a withering look, and slipping her arm through mine, now led me down stairs.

As we entered the drawing-room, a gentleman advanced quickly to meet us, and judge of my surprise, when, instead of the staid middle-aged person whom my imagination had naturally suggested as about to become my step-father, my mother, with evident embarrassment, presented me to a young man, with a gay dashing air, as Mr. Staunton. His surprise seemed even greater than mine. He had probably anticipated an introduction to some playful little child, who would spring into his arms, and toy with his moustache—one with whom he could romp, and kiss and coax, or feed with bon-bons, as he did my mother's pretty little king Charles' spaniel. It was no wonder then that he could not dissemble his surprise, as his eye fell on me—a great tall girl, indeed, I am no taller now, who came blushing into the room, partly from timidity, partly from mortified vanity, at the waxen doll-like dress in which the dignity of my sixteenth birth-day was brought low—resolving itself into the ‘over-grown baby’ which my governess had pronounced me.

I shall never forget the expression of my mother's countenance, as her eye closely watched his, reading his thoughts as printed words.

From that hour my misfortunes began—for unhappily, although so soon to lead my mother to the altar, Mr. Staunton immediately regarded me with an interest, which excited her anger and jealousy, and I was suddenly sent from home to a boarding school, a few miles distant from the city.

Nor was I sorry to leave, for since my introduction to Mr. Staunton, I had been exceedingly annoyed by his attentions. They soon assumed a character, which artless and unsuspecting as I was, I could not long mistake. His eye followed my movements—he took every opportunity to be near me—would entreat my mother, with all a lover's eloquence, to play and sing for him, and then, as she sat at the piano, insolently whisper words of love and flattery in my ear, or waft me kisses from his deceitful lips. I no longer desired to go down stairs. I shut myself up with Mrs. Eaton—I shrank from that man as from a viper! But I could not avoid him—he was every where, in the halls, at the door—his odious notes came to me concealed in flowers—yet, I dared not tell my mother. It needed not. She knew it, and one morning coming into my room, bade me prepare to go into the country. I joyfully obeyed—my only regret, was parting with my governess—she too was to leave, but not with me.

Released from my hateful persecutor, no longer chilled by my mother's cold looks, or grieved at her jealous suspicions, I felt like a bird let loose from its cage. My heart rejoiced in its freedom. I sang, I danced, and with my

young school-mates made "jocund the hours." My happiness was brief—for he found me out—yes, Mr. Staunton came there. I asked for my mother—and then he told me that he could never marry her—that it was I alone whom he loved—that he had loved me from the first moment he met me, and that I must be his wife! I was no longer a timid girl. I felt the wrong done to my mother, for I knew she loved him, and I felt the insult to myself. In words bitter and defiant I bade him begone, nor did I attempt to conceal my perfect detestation both of him and his odious proposals. He attempted to seize me in his arms—and—*I struck him!* Then with an oath for vengeance he left me.

A week passed and I saw him no more. At the end of that time, I was surprised one morning by a visit from my mother. There was nothing in her manner which indicated any unusual excitement, she was perhaps more kind, and I ventured to inquire after Mr. Staunton. At the mention of his name her countenance changed, but she answered indifferently, that he was well, adding that in a few weeks their marriage was to take place. She then told me she had come for the purpose of taking me with her to visit some relatives residing a few miles distant from the seminary.

I gladly ran up stairs for my bonnet and shawl. The day was delightful—a ride would be charming, and this unwonted attention of my mother, at a time, too, when I feared I had innocently incurred her displeasure, all combined to elevate my spirits, and when I joined her in the parlor, I could not refrain from kissing the beautiful hand which, ungloved, grasped the folds of her velvet mantle. About to step into the carriage, I was surprised to

find it already occupied. Upon the front seat, sat a gentleman—a stranger, whom my mother introduced as Mr. Effingham; and with whom she at once began to chat in a free and confidential manner.

Not feeling any interest in their conversation, I threw up my veil, and leaned from the carriage window, to enjoy the fine breeze sweeping the forest boughs, under which we were gently bowling along—listening to the joyous song of the bob-o-link, or watching the flashing oriole darting like a ray of sunshine through the green foliage.

How can I proceed! how pen the dreadful scenes which followed!

Ere I was aware, my hand which rested upon the carriage-door was suddenly seized by Mr. Effingham, and carried to his lips—the action accompanied by words which, in my indignant surprise, I did not understand. Snatching my hand away, I instantly turned to my mother, expecting her to resent the insult, as I felt it to be; but so far from doing so, she only smiled, and patting me on the cheek with her fan, called me “silly giri.”

Thus encouraged Mr. Effingham again attempted to take my hand, uttering at the same time, the most fulsome compliments. I would not answer him, but drew my veil closely over my face, and leaned back in the carriage. Instead of rebuking his rudeness, my mother laughed at my annoyance. Nothing daunted by my repulse, he now spoke of an elegant country-seat which he owned, upon the banks of the Delaware—praised the great beauty of the grounds—the charming landscape—the valuable conservatory, and then, leaning forward

until I felt his hot breath even through my veil, he whispered:

"And of this residence, my lovely girl, I hope soon to make you the mistress."

"A charming little wife she will make, Mr. Effingham, all artlessness and simplicity." There was a bitter taunt in these words which I well understood. "Yes, Beatrice," continued my mother, now turning to me and throwing aside my veil, "Mr. Effingham loves you, and has asked your hand in marriage—an offer which I have not hesitated to accept."

"Mother!" I gasped.

"Why, you silly girl, you look frightened to death! Really, Effingham, I believe the child has read so many fairy tales, she thinks you are a wicked enchanter about bearing her off to some horrid cave, instead of your charming country-seat upon the banks of the Delaware."

"Say, beautiful girl, why that pallor?" cried Mr. Effingham, now seizing my hand and pressing it to his lips. "Smile on me, my bride—my Beatrice—nor longer avert those beautiful eyes!"

"Mother!" I exclaimed, "What does this mean? why am I thus insulted? You are not serious, surely—this is only some jest, mother—tell me, you are not serious!"

"Yes, serious, child—really in earnest," was her careless reply; "so banish that *triste* air, not at all becoming a bride." She pulled out her watch as she spoke, "Look, Beatrice, it is now eleven—in two hours you will be Mrs. Effingham."

I shrieked, I wept, I implored, I begged for mercy, I entreated for a little delay, that I might become more acquainted with Mr. Effingham.

"Spare me, oh, spare me, mother!" I cried. "Relent this dreadful purpose—do not, O, do not render the life of your child so miserable—mother, have mercy!"

Mr. Effingham now placed his arm around me—he forcibly drew me to his bosom, and breathed anew the most ardent professions—assured me that his whole life should be consecrated to my happiness.

Then I appealed to him. I threw myself upon his generosity—I appealed to his sense of honor and justice. I entreated him to release me, to take me back to the Seminary. I even promised, at some future day, to become his wife! but my appeals were all in vain. He only replied by his odious caresses, saying:

"Lovely Beatrice, I cannot yield up such happiness—you plead too charmingly!"

Again I turned to my mother. There was no sympathy, no compassion upon that beautiful face—it was as cold and unmoved as some exquisitely chiseled bust. I now attempted to open the door and spring from the carriage. Mr. Effingham held me back, and my mother's hand, that hand which I had that morning kissed in the fullness of my happiness, left the impress of its taper fingers on my arm, in purple streaks, as she hissed in my ear:

"Girl, there is no escape! you would have thwarted me in my dearest hopes—you shall never again have that power!"

I buried my face in my hands and wept, for I knew now, there was no appeal.

We soon entered a small town, and to my dismay, the carriage drew up before a church. A significant glance was exchanged between Mr. Effingham and my mother.

My fate was sealed. Alas! there was no hand to save me!

Yet, why dwell upon my misery—why distress you by the recital of my tears, my prayers, my vain supplications for mercy?

Nearly insensible, I was lifted from the carriage and dragged to the altar, and there forced by my cruel parent to become the wife of one I did not know, but whose appearance filled me with disgust. We entered the church, and had taken our places at the altar ere the clergyman came out of his vestry. My mother carelessly drew down my veil, that my tearful countenance might not cause suspicion.

I looked at him as he entered. He was a stern-featured man, yet I felt an appeal to him would not be in vain, and I attempted to break from Mr. Effingham, that I might throw myself at his feet and claim his protection. But, at that moment, in deep, solemn tones, he repeated:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God"—and I was powerless—I knew, too, that the piercing eyes of my mother were on my face—and alas! it was too late!

The ceremony concluded, and my mother, coldly touching my cheek, *congratulated me!*

We left the church. Without speaking, my mother stepped into the carriage which brought us there, and at the same moment, he who was now my husband, hurried me into another, and placing himself by my side, we were driven swiftly away in an opposite direction.

With what horror does my memory recall that dreadful morning, when I thus found myself alone with that man—

my husband! his arm around my waist—his lip pressed to mine! Oh! would that I had then died!

A journey of a week, which to me was an eternity of sorrow unspeakable, brought us to St. Louis, where Mr. Effingham informed me, his business would require him to stop for a few weeks, and he accordingly took lodgings at a hotel. I spare you the detail of my sufferings, when I found myself thus separated from all my friends—from all the associations of childhood, in a strange city, among strange faces, and the companion of a man I could never love.

Alas! where was life's enchanting picture which Fancy and hope had painted to my eager eye, on my sixteenth birthday! Darkness hung over it, and the bright colors were washed away by tears! Mr. Effingham was nearly fifty. Dissipation had marked its degrading traits upon a countenance, which might else have been pleasing, nor could I conceal from myself even in those first few weeks of my hateful wife-hood, that even then the tempter had him in his grasp. I was a child—and as a child I gave vent to my feelings. I wept bitter, bitter tears in my misery—I could not eat, and I would not if I could—my nights were sleepless, my days were wretched. Then better thoughts stirred my bosom. I prayed for submission—for courage to meet my fate, and God graciously listened to my petition. I was the wife of a man I could not love, and whom I could not respect—yet I resolved to fulfil my duties cheerfully—to reconcile myself to my irrevocable destiny, and, if possible, by attention, by kindness, win my husband from those degrading vices to which he was addicted. I wrote to my mother. I forgave her,

for what she had made me suffer—I told her I would try to be happy.

And so I struggled with my fate.

Misery has many degrees, for soon there came a change to which the past was happiness!

Every day my husband sank deeper and deeper in his vices. He was a gambler too, and as his luck at the gaming table forsook him, so did he imbibe with more avidity that deadly poison, which was killing both soul and body.

At length his funds were exhausted, and being unable to answer the demands of the landlord, for a bill of some months standing, our trunks were seized, and we were turned into the street! I now found myself an inmate of a low boarding house—obliged to associate with persons of the vilest description, and to this was added the cruel treatment of my husband. If he had ever felt even kindness toward one so young, and so wronged—it was over! I was now his drudge—his slave. He made me toil for him, while he slept away the day, and then, grasping the little I could earn in his eager hand, he would rush forth to spend it at the tavern or the grog-shop.

Pitiless sons of Mammon that fill your coffers with gold coined from the life-drops of the wretched—what is it to you that night after night, in some cold damp cellar, or in some miserable garret, a poor wife toils by her midnight lamp “with eye-lids weary and worn,” that she may get bread for those starving little ones! what is it to you, that the pitiful mite wrenched from her tired fingers by some brutal husband, has helped to pile your hoards so high! What is it to you, that yonder poor girl from whom your own fair daughter shrinks as she passes, and

gathers her silken robe more closely around her delicate form—what is it to you that a drunken father—or worse—a mother—has driven her from starvation to a living death! why should you care, that your hand dealt out the deadly draught, which has sunk them below the brutes! for you have the gold—ay, the yellow gold—it is yours! put down your ear as you drop the glittering coins one by one into your coffer—now hear the merry *clink-clink!* A right pleasant sound it is! And what care you for the far off groans—the heart breaking sighs, and “deluges of Lethe,” on which your gains have fattened!

He soon commanded me to write to my mother and demand money—for—how shall I say it—how stain my paper with a mother’s shame, he told me she had hired him to marry me—yes, hired him! then I prayed for death to end my degradation. I wrote my mother as he bade me, for I was passive in his hands—but when weeks passed, and no answer came—then he cursed and reviled me more bitterly.

No more. Let me pass over my sufferings in silence.

In one year from my marriage, the tie was broken by death. A few hours of excruciating agony, and all was over! May God forgive me—but my heart bounded joyfully in my bosom, at a sense of recovered freedom. And yet what was to become of me—alone—so young, friendless and penniless! The woman of the house, moved by compassion for my lonely state, consented to my remaining under her roof for a short time, until I could arrange my plans—but, on the second day after the death of Mr. Effingham, I was seized with a violent fever, induced by mental and bodily suffering, and fearing I might die upon

her hands, she had me removed from her wretched garret to the hospital.

I expected to die—but death had no terrors for me—it was life I had to dread! But for one thing only did I desire to live—and now on the borders of the grave, as I felt myself to be, I yearned to see my mother. Dying, she would pity me, and take to her bosom with tenderness, that precious gift for which alone I wished to live. She would receive my baby from my arms, and when the grave should have closed over its unfortunate mother, she would then love it, may be—for my sake.

At my request, the physician in charge of the hospital wrote to her, and at the expiration of a week she came.

I was then a little better, and had that morning for the first time been lifted from my little cot, and placed in a large chair, propped up by pillows. They told me she was there, and forgetting all my wrongs, I felt as if I could fall upon her bosom, and pour out my thanks that she had come to me.

The door opened, and my mother entered. There was music to me in that familiar foot-step, so light and graceful; and as she approached, I extended my pale, sickly hand, and smiled, weeping as I smiled. She threw back her vail—my tears congealed around my poor heart—my smiles faded ghastly—for that look was marble! She did not speak at first, but turned away, and walked to the window. Perhaps the sight of my face, so wan and pale, so changed from that bright blooming girl of sixteen—touched her heart with pity and compunction. I love to think so. But if my looks had such power, there were passions more powerful than meek-eyed pity at work

in her bosom, and crushed at once was my gentle advocate.

She stood before me :

"You were born for my torment, Beatrice!" were the first words she spoke. "Wretched girl—would that you had died in your infancy!"

"Mother, mother, have pity on your child—I have suffered—O, how I have suffered!" I cried feebly.

"Speak not of your sufferings! what are they compared to slighted love, to humbled pride! you breathe freely in your misery—I wear chains which fetter my breath, and rasp into my soul! and you—you, Beatrice, are the cause!"

"Me—Mother!" I exclaimed.

"You. Listen to me." And my brain grew giddy with her words.

I will only give you the outlines of that cruel plot of which I was the victim.

The fatal passion of which I had the misfortune to inspire Mr. Staunton, was early detected by the jealous eye of my mother, and this jealousy she inadvertently betrayed; pride else would have kept her silent. Skillful in artifice, he had the power to cast the reproach upon me—attributed the attention he had shown me as the result only of that interest which he could but feel for one to whom he was so soon to assume the tender relationship of a father; but that I misconstruing his motives, had unhappily conceived for him an affection more tender. And thus I was sent from home.

After that visit to the Seminary, when in my indignation, I had so spurned him, and given that rash blow in

return for insult, his love, or what he professed as love, must have been turned to hatred, and well did he carry out his fearful oath!

When he next saw my mother, he had the baseness to tell her that I had written him a tender note, requesting him to visit me, and—how can I write the words—that I had thrown myself into his arms, and entreated him to love me! that I had told him with sighs and tears, I could never live and see him the husband of my mother—I would sooner take my own life. Oh, how dare he utter such falsehood! Had he no fears of a just and angry God!

Together they then formed a scheme which Lucifer might have been proud to own! my mother, in her jealous rage to get me forever away from him—Staunton, to accomplish the oath of vengeance which he had sworn against me.

Mr. Effingham had long been known to Mr. Staunton. At one time he was in possession of an ample fortune, but now debased and brought low by vices of the worst character, stood ready for any emergency by which he could obtain the means to pursue his vicious career. Such was the character of the man called in to assist the plot, and in consideration of a certain amount of money, consented to marry me—may God forgive him.

So far he kept his word, but no farther. For he had sworn to take me away to Europe, never to return. That he had not done so, my mother imputed to my guilty love—that I had prevailed upon him, my husband, to remain in this country, that I might be nearer to him I loved. After thus forcing me into the arms of this man, my mother caused it to be reported and believed,

that I had shamefully spurned her authority, and eloped from boarding-school with a worthless man, and gone she knew not where—for she had utterly disowned me.

I attempted no self-defence. I knew not why she had come in obedience to my wishes. I knew not what was to be my fate. I listened, but I was powerless to speak, and as she concluded this horrid recital, I fell forward, fainting, upon the floor.

I was again very ill—and then a lovely babe was put into my arms. I looked around for my mother, for I feared I was dying, and I wished to ask her kindness for the helpless innocent. She was not there. My poor darling babe. Oh! with what a gush of tenderness did I first press its little form to my bosom! how my heart thrilled with a mother's joy! No longer did the world seem lonely—no longer was it joyless—for a floweret had sprung up in my path, so sweet, so dear! For the sake of that babe, I could endure any hardship, and I kissed over and over again, the precious darling. I bathed its little face with my tears. I had now something to live for—to love, and that would love me, for I even fancied in my brief dream of happiness, that as I held its tiny hand, its little fingers curled lovingly to meet mine.

One day they told me I was dying. Then I must have slept a deep sleep, and yet, I think, I can remember my mother standing by my bed-side. When I awoke, they told me my dear little baby was dead!

From that wretched moment all is a blank, until you, my dearest and best friend, restored me to life and reason. Sometimes my mind reverts to a horrible chaos—I seem to feel the hands of my mother and Staunton upon me—I

am riding through dark forests—but I will not dwell upon it, it would madden me.

Through your kindness, happiness again dawns upon me. The bitter past loses itself in the present—would that I could bury it forever!



CHAPTER VI.

"Once there was a little voice,
Merry as the month of May."

BARRY CORNWALL.

I TRUST the reader has not forgotten the little stranger who came so unceremoniously to take her place as one of the family at the pleasant farm house. She is, to be sure, a very small affair, but babies are little despots, and will be noticed: they have a certain winning way of commanding our attention, which we must obey, and our little Amy was as worthy to wield her tiny sceptre as any babe in baby-dom. And most effectually did she exercise her sway over the hearts of Farmer Leslie and his good wife.

Through the cold winter, which so soon came with its sweeping mantle to enfold the broad harvest-fields, and the crusted snow lay white around the farm house, and that hardy little fellow, the snow bird, would come hopping along in his little brown boots, pecking away at the icy crystals—when the old oaks, cased in glittering armor, rattled their spears, and shook their arms, as if in defiance of the rushing blast—when the hail and sleet beat against

the windows, and winter, bearded with icicles, whistled fiercely at the door, or, when the merry snow-flakes came dancing down, hand in hand, wreathing every tree and shrub with fairy garlands; through all that long winter what a sun-beam was that babe under their roof! She was only a baby, a wee little baby, but she diffused warmth, and life, and pleasure around her.

Lying there so cosily in her little wicker cradle by the fireside, laughing and cooing at her own plump fingers, or making desperate attempts to feed on her chubby little toes, did she not make the music and the sun-shine in which Mrs. Leslie moved cheerfully through her daily labors.

And at evening, when the farmer would come in from the forest, which had all day resounded with the ring of his axe, and the cattle were foddered, and all things made snug for the night, then would he take the crowing babe in his arms, and stroking her little face with his great brown hand, would kiss the round rosy mouth, and say:

"Well, well, what does it signify—what's a little more milk, or a bit of bread! so Betsy, if you are content, I am sure I am."

And Mrs. Leslie was not only content, but nervously apprehensive that some day, the little fairy would flit as suddenly as she came.

Perhaps the name, which they had given the deserted little one, linked their hearts more closely to her. For who, that has ever lost a dear child by death, but has felt the thrill which a name so sacred, so dear, sends to the inmost depths of our feelings—the name of a lost one! It is forever hallowed in our hearts. It is a name, not

like other names, to be spoken carelessly. Sometimes we hear it ringing on the gay voices of childhood, as a troop of merry children bound past us—and we turn to see—not ours, but some happier mother's child! again the name drops from the lips of a parent,—some bright-eyed youth, or lovely maiden answers to the call—we look at them through dimmed eyes—we think of our dead, and our hearts grow sad—and yet it is good to know that,

“He whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken home his child!”

Amy! Amy was the watch-word then, by which tenderness and love so soon gained their hearts.

The young farmer, Harry Gorden, whose whole-hearted zeal in the cause of the little one, shamed the rather selfish feelings of Mr. Leslie, at her first advent among them, lost none of his interest in the child. Every morning, as he went to his labor, he must call at the farm house, to watch her welfare through the night, and at evening again, to watch her welfare through the day.

Little Amy too soon began to know him, and would stretch out her little arms as he drew near, and then with a coo, soft as the murmur of a dove, she would cuddle down lovingly to his bosom; but when the summer came, and she could just run alone, and would toddle to meet him, her tiny feet peeping up like snow-berries through the green grass, then was Harry's delight beyond bounds. Amy's reign was established.

It is needless to say that the attempts made to penetrate the mystery which hung around their *protégée* were

unavailing—indeed, they had not the means to pursue their investigations far.

The nearest post town from Leslie Farm was Auburn, which at the period my story dates, stood in all its primitive simplicity, of a few white cottages, with sloping red roofs, at the extremity of the Owasco Lake. It might then perhaps, have realized Goldsmith's apostrophe,

"Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain!"

for it was before rail-roads had so strung villages and towns together, as some writer remarks, like "white beads upon a black thread." How changed, "Sweet Auburn" has become since then, every reader knows.

To Auburn, therefore, did Mr. Leslie repair, and made inquiries at the one tavern, the blacksmith's shop, and the village store. But mine host declared, by his empty till, that no carriage had stopped at his door. Vulcan gave a blow upon his anvil, and swore he had shod no strange horses, and the knight, not only of the yard stick but of Quintals and hogs-heads, had seen no strange carriage—no strange lady! And so Mr. Leslie was obliged to return home, unsatisfied.

Let us give one picture of our little Amy, ere we leave her again for older, and just now more important personages.

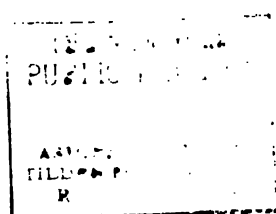
It is her birth-day, as her adopted mother chooses to call it, for that day twelvemonth did she come in her helplessness, appealing so touchingly to her heart. It is again evening, and again the jolly reapers have returned from the field. The harvest-moon veiled like a queenly bride, lingers on the eastern sky, waiting until the sun shall have

burned his burning gaze beneath the horizon, ere she comes forth in all her majesty, to walk the heavens with her starry train. The robin pipes his notes as he hops sociably up and down the garden walks—the night-hawk has come abroad, cleaving the air with his dusky wing, and swoops to the earth with a wailing cry, like the moan of a lost spirit.

The toils of the day are over, altho' not idle is Mrs. Leslie, for as she sits in the little porch, with skilful hands she swiftly plies her distaff, and as the little spinning wheel buzzes round and round, obedient to her will, the silky flax assumes new strength and usefulness.

And see young Harry Gordon, as he stands with his head thrown back, the dark hair sweeping from his open brow, and the little Amy held aloft, poised in his sinewy hand, about to spring, as it would seem to the bosom of her father, who with a pleasant smile holds up his arms to catch her—yet mark, how like a little coquette, she coyly extends her tiny hands, and then with half averted face, looks down with a joyous laugh into that of Harry! There is golden haired Bessie, too, in the fore-ground of our sketch, seated upon the grass, dressing her patient kitten in little Amy's apron, while honest old Cato by her side, looks down with grave dignity upon her proceedings.

And thwart this picture of rustic happiness, the mellow autumn sunset pours its golden rays.





"There is golden-haired Bemie, too, dressing her patient kitten, while old honest Cato by her side, looks down with grave dignity upon her proceedings."

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CHAPTER VII.

"What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?
That which contracts all matches—money."

HUDIBRAS.

A few words in explanation.

When Hubert Staunton solicited the hand of the beautiful Mrs. Lorraine, the words he uttered were as false as his heart—for he spoke of love! Had he honestly demanded her money, he might have shocked the usages of society more, but he would have been less of a scoundrel. He was a little dazzled by her beauty, it is true—but more by her gold.

His own fortune he had expended in those elegant accomplishments for which he was so celebrated. Indeed, when his shrewd old father closed his Wall street speculations only with his earthly career, and left his son sole possessor of a brilliant fortune, that young gentleman resolved to — give it air! Why should it be locked up in Banks! Why bound by tapes and sealing-wax, to rolls of yellow parchment! or "cabined, cribbed, confined" within walls of brick! And thanks to the exceeding urbanity of his manners, his remarkable proficiency in be-

coming a "fast man," aided too by his thousand obliging friends, at the age of twenty-seven his intentions were fully realized. His fortune had not only resolved itself into the "air" he gave it, but, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a rack behind!"

Mrs. Lorraine, blinded by her exceeding vanity, had not a doubt that her charms alone brought the dashing Staunton to her feet, and such was the eloquence of her lover, such the power of his insinuating manners, that she truly felt the passion he only feigned. The offer of his hand was accepted with a thrill of happiness, a gush of real feeling such as a heart like her's, so wedded to the world, and so much the slave of fashion, experiences perhaps, but once in a life-time. It was like one simple natural flower, giving perfume to a vase of beautiful, but artificial roses.

Mrs. Lorraine loved her daughter—that is, she gave her just as large a share of her affections as she could possibly spare her, in a heart naturally good, perhaps, but which personal vanity, flattery, and extreme selfishness had perverted from all the true tenderness of a mother's love.

She would probably have been astonished at an imputation of neglect or want of maternal affection! As a babe, she pronounced the little Beatrice a "love," a "cherub"—would sometimes glide into the nursery, before she went to the Opera, or to some brilliant party—dressed her beautifully, and sent her out every day with nurse for an airing—what more could any reasonable baby demand! Then as she grew older—she was provided with the most costly toys—with dolls as large as life—her hair was curled every day—she wore the prettiest little slips, and the tiniest slippers, and fresh bon-bons awaited every little

frown—what more could any little girl ask! and as the beautiful bud expanded, and the flower daily assumed new grace and loveliness, she engaged the most expensive governesses, music-teachers, drawing-masters, and dancing-masters—sent her in summer to her charming country-seat, gave her a little pony for exercise, and in winter fitted up a beautiful suite of rooms in her town residence, expressly for her use—what more could any girl of fifteen require! Not surely to be with Ma'ma all the time, as a beautiful illustration of the lightness with which time had touched her brow!

“Ay, there was the rub” with Mrs. Lorraine.

Why should such a witness stand between her and the past—why should such a tall, graceful girl spring from the grave of buried years, to remind her that age was even now fast overtaking youth!

It was not however until obliged to produce this “witness” before Hubert Staunton, that her jealousy took a tangible form.

Jealous of her child's artless grace and loveliness! What power must selfish vanity exercise over any heart that can thus turn to bitterness what should be a mother's tender pride and care! Now—keen as the serpent's tooth was the pang with which she noted her lover's admiration of her daughter.

And Staunton called that admiration—love! it was such love as the rattle-snake feels for the poor little bird, that will soon flutter to his fate.

When then “severe in youthful beauty,” Beatrice spurned his addresses, revenge took possession of his soul. How artfully he availed himself of Mrs. Lorraine's jealousy, and turned her heart against her child—how he

perjured his own soul by base falsehoods, that he might accomplish his wicked purposes, the sad story of Beatrice has already revealed.

After the enacting of that tragedy, in which Beatrice was the heroine, and Staunton the satanic mover of the plot, the marriage with Mrs. Lorraine, was postponed. She was now in his power through her pride and her love, and with consummate skill did he exercise it to his own advantage. The chain of Hymen, tho' forged of gold, was not to his taste, so under various pretences, he borrowed her money. One day he would be the ardent lover—the next, insolent and overbearing. Nor did he take much trouble to conceal his elegant vices, and if Mrs. Lorraine remonstrated, or with stern dignity, resented his conduct, then he would taunt her with her love—and threaten to betray to the world the wretched fate to which she had consigned her only daughter, through jealousy of her and love for him. Keenly did that proud woman feel the galling yoke. She loved Staunton too, with all the intensity of her being, and what was more humbling—he knew it!

When she received that first touching letter from Beatrice, when the noble girl, struggling to bear her sad lot, wrote to forgive her mother the wrong which she had suffered at her hands, her only feeling was anger. So blinded was she by the artifice of her lover, that she deemed this letter a mere subterfuge. Effingham had solemnly sworn to take Beatrice to Europe, and funds had been supplied for that purpose—why had he not done so then? It was, that not to be torn from Staunton, Beatrice had prevailed upon him to break his oath. And again, when apparently dying, Beatrice besought her to

come to her, it was not as a fond mother anxiously seeking the bed-side of a suffering child, that she complied.

It was that she might banish the innocent offspring of her daughter from sight and memory. The physician, who attended Beatrice, knew her name, for he had written her at her daughter's request—he knew she was the mother of his patient, and should the babe survive its unhappy parent, might some day be sent to claim her protection.

This must not be. She formed her plans accordingly. If there is anything which can palliate the step she took, it is that when she tore the babe from its mother's arms, Beatrice was so low, at the time, that her recovery was pronounced impossible—else she would not have robbed her of her treasure, and then when reason gave way under so much suffering, and Beatrice, unhappy girl, became a maniac, Mrs. Lorraine thought she had acted wisely.

She jealously guarded the secret of Beatrice being still in the country from Staunton, but even her art could not circumvent him. He followed her to St. Louis, and suddenly stood before her at the bed-side of their victim.

The hand of Providence now surely interposed in behalf of that poor, suffering child, leading her persecutors to place her where she was to be rescued from their power, and made happy.

The worldly prospects of Hubert Staunton suddenly brightened. A fond old aunt, who could discover no fault in her steady, moral nephew, who came twice a year into the country to visit her, who went with her to church, and uttered the responses with so much fervor and piety, left him thirty thousand dollars in her will, because—poor old lady, she knew he would make such good use of it.

No sooner was Staunton put in possession of his aunt's bequest, than his thoughts strangely reverted to Beatrice. She stood before him again in all her childlike grace and innocence, and for the first time, as he thought of her hard fate, some feeling akin to pity moved him—it was so strange a guest in his bosom, however, that it soon fled thence, affrighted.

Might not Beatrice, ere this, have been miraculously restored to reason! true, she had been pronounced incurable—but Dr. Woodville was very skillful! What, if by his hands the veil of darkness had been removed! If so, it were an easy task to win her after her endurance of so many hardships and of poverty. Or, if she resisted still, then force should compel her to be his!

This passion now rekindled, he resolved to visit the Asylum, and ascertain, in person, the situation of Beatrice.

Defeated in his schemes, as has been seen, by finding she was no longer there—stung to the quick by the cutting sarcasm of Dr. Woodville, his rage and mortification knew no bounds. Such was the fury of his passion, such his frenzied gesticulations, that he might readily have been taken for an escaped lunatic.

Little did he dream how near he was to the object of his search—that even as he galloped so furiously down the road, her white garments were in sight, and that had the clattering of his horse's hoofs been less violent, he might, perhaps, have heard her voice.

We are sometimes drawn by strange affinities to detect the near presence of some congenial soul, and with evangeline whisper, "something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders," but there was too much of evil

in the breast of Staunton to take in the angel presence of Beatrice.

His suspicions of Mrs. Lorraine were at once aroused. She had deceived him once in regard to Beatrice, and would do it again. He doubted not, that in her jealous fears, and finding the mind of her daughter restored, she had secretly removed her from the Asylum, to place her out of his power.

"But it matters not, I will find her if I search the globe—she shall yet be mine!" was his mental apostrophe.



CHAPTER VIII.

“What man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceit doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her colours died deep in graine,
To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine.”

SPENSER.

“The evil hour in which you traced
Your name upon my heart, is passed!”

PINKNEY.

ST. JOHN'S Square was in 18—, the most fashionable locality in New York, and the fine mansions by which it was surrounded, tho' humble indeed when compared with the stately edifices which now adorn the 5th Avenue, where long since fashion removed her court, were then the residences of the wealthy *elite* of the city. And here stood the dwelling of Mrs. Lorraine, fronting the beautiful Park, whose rich, deep verdure and luxuriant foliage seemed to whisper to the lover of Nature, of meadows and mountain-tops, even above the city's hum.

It was early evening, and Mrs. Lorraine alone in her boudoir. The rich curtains of pale, rose colored satin were partially drawn aside, and moonlight swept in with

her silver robes, flooding the room with beauty. A gentle breeze brought music too, and blended with the mellow strains, came the gay, happy voices of childhood, as, tempted by the moonlight, troops of little children still kept at their sport beneath the trees of the Park.

The scene was one of repose—inducing that delicious languor which insensibly steals over one on a calm summer's night like this, and apparently Mrs. Lorraine felt its influence. She sat with her queenly head resting against the crimson covering of a Voltaire—one fair hand fell listless by her side, the other held an open book, as if day had faded so silently into the mellow moonlight, she had but now turned from its pages. Her robe was of delicate muslin, gathered in graceful folds over her bosom, on which reposed a simple moss-rose—her only ornament. Not unbecoming her severe beauty was that air of pensiveness resting upon her faultless features, giving a softness to her brilliant eye, infinitely more charming than when sparkling with all that wit and gayety which she took with her when she went forth to the world, or which made her own drawing-rooms so enticing.

Old Time in his flight must have felt the witchery of her beauty—kept back the silver hairs with which he would have strewed her temples, and so passed silently on—for now at the age of forty, Mrs. Lorraine was still most lovely.

But of what is she thinking as she sits there? Are her thoughts occupied with the book which her hand still clasps? is she thinking of her daughter—of Beatrice! not so—else her features could not wear that placid smile. Is it of Staunton she thinks? hark—a ring at the door! it is one she knows. Mark how soon she starts from her

reverie—how soon that air of dreamy languor gives place to an agitation which betrays itself in the quick heaving of her bosom—the trembling of the hand as she raises it to her brow! See how eagerly she listens. A footstep comes nearer—nearer—see, she half rises to meet the visitor, and then quickly reseats herself, as the door is thrown wide, and “Mr. Staunton!” announced. The next moment Hubert Staunton is before her—not in a dress suited for the boudoir of a fair lady, but with garments travel-stained and disordered.

He had but now left the steamboat, and without stopping at his lodgings, hastened to St. John’s Square, that his travelling dress might speak to Mrs. Lorraine of a lover’s impatience.

He had formed his plans with his usual adroitness. His first move was to gain her confidence, by those tender professions, that witching eloquence of lip and eye which none could better assume:

“For when he listed he could weep and pray,
And when he listed he could fawn and flatter.”

And if this failed to win from her the secret of Beatrice’s abode, then to demand it.

“And let her beware how she dare refuse me!” he exclaimed. With such thoughts he now presented himself before her. Taking her hand, he pressed it fervently to his lips.

“Years have passed since I saw you last, dearest friend, could I compute time by my feelings!” he exclaimed. “So great was my impatience to see you, that I have flown to your presence in a garb which ill befits the bower of beauty!”

"You flatter me. And yet, when I assure you your absence has seemed an age, I do not mean to flatter you," said Mrs. Lorraine, as her lover threw himself at her feet, and looked up into her eyes with such an expression of tenderness, as made her heart thrill with happiness.

"Flatter! why should we make use of flattery! where heart speaks to heart, as the eye answers to the eye! you look charmingly—how well that simple robe becomes you! and yet you are paler than when we last met—would I might think my absence the cause!"

Mrs. Lorraine passed her hand caressingly over the brow of the speaker, as she replied:

"And you left so suddenly, too, my dear friend, without even an adieu!"

"Ah! do I not know it!" was the passionate reply. "Have I not felt it every hour of my absence! an affair, of immediate importance, hurried me away, and I was forced to leave you—but my heart was here. How often, Anna, did I wish you were by my side—for never have I seen the country wear a more delightful aspect. With you near me I could have reveled in its charms—for the presence of those we love, enhances every scene, and adds a beauty which we see not until their eyes look with ours."

"In what direction have you been traveling, Hubert?"

"East. My business led me to a beautiful little village in the Connecticut valley, a charming spot, where, satiated as I am with the frivolities of the city, I could be content to pass the remainder of my days. What say you, Anna, shall we, ere long, seek out some such lovely retreat, and there far from these busy haunts, find our happiness

in the charms of Nature and mutual love—shall we, Anna?"

The reply was given in a mute pressure of the hand, and a look of affection which Staunton knew well how to interpret he continued:

"New England out-rivals all her sister States, not so much, perhaps, in the grandeur of her scenery, as in her rural loveliness. A more beautiful spot than D——, I am sure can no where be found."

"D——! have you been to D——? Strange that your business should have called you there!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, with an effort to subdue her agitation.

"You tremble! I know what painful images that name calls up—it brings before you a child once dearly loved—yes, radiant and beautiful Beatrice comes ——"

"Hold! speak not her name!"

"She comes before you as she was ere she so sinned against herself and you—or, she comes with pale and haggard cheek—her hair dishevelled—her eyes frenzied—shrieking—mad ——"

"In heaven's name forbear---why intrude these horrid thoughts!"

"I will tell you—"

'The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath.'

Anna, forgive that erring child! Let the past be forgotten, she is so young, so helpless! think what will become of her, thrown upon the world, poor and friendless Bring *her* home, or send her the means of support; remember how

delicately she was brought up, how illy she is fitted to bear the hardships of life."

"Your sympathies are sudden, and I fear too evanescent," replied Mrs. Lorraine, sarcastically.

"Bring her home, I entreat you."

"Never, Mr. Staunton! Receive that wretched girl again beneath my roof, to blast me with her presence—Never! I will never see her again!"

"But let me carry her your forgiveness?"

"You—Staunton, you!"

"Have you no confidence in my love? when, in all her unsullied loveliness, she would have stolen my affections; did not my heart turn more fondly to you? Think you I could now prove a recreant! But I will no longer dissemble with you—I have been to the Asylum—it was for that purpose I went to D —. Beatrice is no longer the wretched maniac you placed there."

"And by what right, Mr. Staunton, have you visited that girl, without my knowledge!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, impatiently.

"By the right which humanity gives to every human being."

"Your motives?"

"To bring her home."

"You! to bring her home! now by Heaven, this taxes my patience! And how dare you sir, assume such a liberty—I believe you are not quite yet the master of this house, Mr. Staunton!"

"But what if I should tell you that she is not there?"

"Thank God—she is not."

"But you know where she is?"

"And if I do?"

"You will tell me."

"No! that I never will, Hubert Staunton!"

Hypocrisy was at an end—for once Staunton was an honest villain. Seizing Mrs. Lorraine by the arm—he spoke with livid lips, and the words hissed serpent-like through his clenched teeth.

"Woman—you cannot deceive me! I command you to tell me where you have concealed your daughter."

"Unhand me, sir—or I summon the servants to chastise your insolence!" cried Mrs. Lorraine, as she struggled to free herself from his grasp.

"Will you tell me?"

"Never!"

Throwing her arm from him with painful violence, Staunton continued:

"Then hear me Madam—hear me declare that I love, passionately love your daughter—that I adore her with my whole soul! From that hour when my eyes first dwelt upon her ravishing beauty, her fair brow bearing Heaven's own signet of purity, from that moment I loved her! Restrained by that hateful tie formed with you, and by a sense of honor, I listened with apparent coldness to that dear girl's avowal of her love, tho' I longed to fold her to my bosom and protect her from your jealous rage! And yet you—my dupe, my fond Anna—ha! ha! ha! you believed I loved you! I never loved you. It was your fortune brought me to your feet. And now, thanks to my pious old aunt, I am independent even of that attraction! I am no longer your slave, Madam. Beatrice loved me—she will still love me. I will find her—she shall yet be *mine*—and you: ha, ha—you, dearest Anna, must look for

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"Base, perjured man—leave this room, and my presence for ever," she exclaimed. Page 103.

a husband elsewhere—Hubert Staunton begs to be excused!"

When Staunton released her from his insolent hand, Mrs. Lorraine sank into a chair, for her trembling limbs could scarce support her. Here she sat and listened to his insulting address. Not once did she interrupt him, and only by the firm compression of her lips, the ashy paleness of her brow, could one detect how keenly that serpent was striking his venomous fangs into her heart. But now, as he concluded with those last taunting words, she slowly arose, her stately form drawn to its full height—her head thrown back, and her eyes flashing defiance—she stood there like some beautiful Pythoness, illumined in the rays of the calm moonlight streaming around her: Raising her arm she pointed to the door.

"Base, perjured man—leave this room, and my presence for ever," she exclaimed, "for as there is a God in Heaven, I here swear, never to see you more. You call me your—dupe! I will not sully my lips with a falsehood, even to sustain my pride; I was your dupe, for I have loved you! with no hollow mockery of words, which my heart did not truly frame, have I ever spoken it! But it is over! Love and hatred can never dwell in the same breast, and if at this moment you were to fall at my feet, and with all the eloquence of sincere love, solicit my hand, I would spurn you from me, as I would the veriest viper that crawls the earth! Go, Sir—proclaim if you will that Anna Lorraine banished from her home and heart, her only child, through jealous fear! boast that, instigated by you, she compelled that child to give her hand to one, unworthy the name of man! but remember—malevolence sometimes overreaches its mark, and recoils upon its possessor! Go, search out

that wretched girl—find her if you have the skill to do it! If I could stoop for revenge upon such a pitiful wretch as you, no better could I desire, than to see you the husband of a thankless child—a plotter against her mother's peace! tho' as your wife, I should pity her. Begone, Sir!" She pulled the bell violently, as she spoke. "Show Mr. Staunton the door!"

"Madam, allow me the honor of wishing you a very pleasant night's rest—au revoir!" and with a careless insulting laugh, and pushing the servant aside, Staunton left the room.

As the door closed after her perjured lover, Mrs. Lorraine remained motionless as a statue, standing as he had left her—one hand pointing to the door, the other pressed tightly over her bosom—then her limbs relaxed, a shudder convulsed her frame, and with a piteous groan she fell senseless.

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself lying upon the sofa, her maid assiduously rubbing her hands and temples, and her faithful old colored nurse hanging over her, crying and sobbing:

"You are really ridiculous, Sybil—your mistress will soon be better—it is only a syncope, as Dr. Page says!" said the maid with an air of great sagacity.

"I dun no noting 'bout what you mean, Jane, but Misses looks awful bad! Now bless de Lord, Misses Annie, you is coming too, dear!" said the old nurse, as Mrs. Lorraine opened her eyes, gazing wildly about her.

"Where am I—what has happened?" she exclaimed, pressing her hands to her temples:

"*You is jus here 'long ole Sybil, child.*"

"After Mr. Staunton departed, Madam, I entered this apartment to ascertain if you wished to retire, and I found you in a syncope, prostrate upon the floor;" explained the elegant waiting maid.

"Ah! now I recollect," said Mrs. Lorraine. "The air was so close—I am better now." With a great effort of will, she now raised herself up and smiled: "So you were frightened, Sybil—well you see I am well now, you can go. Put lights in my dressing-room, Jane, I will ring when I want you."

"Now, Misses Anne you look jus like one ob dem marble critters in de library, all white like a spook! you aint fit no how to be here all by ye'self—Jane can go."

"And you too, Sybil."

But Sybil deliberately pulled out her snuff-box and stood still. As Jane closed the door, she sat down on the sofa by the side of her mistress, and taking that cold trembling hand in hers, she bent down her head and whispered:

"Misses Anna, what that bad, wicked Massa Staunton been saying?"

"Sybil, hush! you forget yourself," exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, sternly.

"Beg de pardon of Misses Anne—but Massa Staunton be a most desperate wicked man; I declare to goodness, he look jus like a snake out ob dem ugly black eyes! I heard Misses Anne tell him nebber for to come here agin, and, hi—my ole heart be proper glad—I 'spect I shall go right off de handle!"

Among all that brilliant galaxy, which her wealth, her wit, her beauty, and her high position—one to make her receptions thronged, even if wit and beauty were want-

ing—among them all, there was not one heart so honest, so true to her, not one heart that could sympathize with this woman of the world, when trouble came, as come it will to all, as that which beat beneath the dusky covering of old Sybil's bosom!

Sympathy is a heavenly visitor. Gently it glides to our hearts, and, with its angel fingers, lets in a ray of happiness, where all before was gloom. Who can say there is not healing in the fervent pressure of a true friend's hand—in the moistened eye, the tender words of those who love us!

And now, in this hour of bitter humiliation—insulted, spurned, her love derided, childless and alone; to the faithful heart of old Sybil, did this proud woman turn for sympathy! And taking her in her arms like a child, the old creature soothed and comforted her with plain but honest words.

Mrs. Lorraine, as the reader knows, was ignorant of the fact that Beatrice had left the Asylum, until informed by Staunton. She saw, however, in a moment, that he suspected her of having secreted her, and she would not stoop to undeceive him—indeed it pleased her that he thought so!

Yet where could Beatrice have gone! she felt it necessary to take immediate measures to ascertain. She dare not go herself to the Asylum, so she resolved to intrust the secret to Sybil, and send her at once to D—. In her humble position, she would be more likely to obtain a clue to her disappearance, than a person of more pretension.

Until now Sybil had supposed Beatrice was in Europe, where Mrs. Lorraine told her she had gone after her *elopé*.

ment from the Seminary. Little did she dream her young mistress was an inmate of an Insane Asylum, and when Mrs. Lorraine, in as few words as possible, made it known to her, the faithful old creature wept bitterly, wringing her hands and exclaiming:

“Oh dear, oh dear, my pretty little Misses Beatrice—my poor little child! jus to tink she dun’no noting at all. when she teach poor old Sybil her catechiz! ’pears as if I should go into de flustrums jus for to tink ob de little gal!”



CHAPTER IX.

"God, who hath breathed that pitying and generous
Thought into your breast, will not belie it in himself."—**DRAWER**

DR. Woodville laid down the manuscript which Beatrice had given him—took off his spectacles and wiped them carefully with his silk handkerchief, for they had become very dim—he had probably wiped them just as carefully a dozen times since he had begun the narrative—and then putting them on again, he looked over at his good wife, who in her large rocker sat at the other side of the table listening to the story. Large tears were slowly trickling down her cheeks, rolling off in silvery beads upon her black silk dress, and her fingers were nervously jerking her knitting needles, which gave forth a sharp *click-click-click*, as if they were chuckling at the good lady's disturbance.

The sight of her tears seemed to act as a cork-screw upon the eyes of the doctor, for his spectacles suddenly became so very dim, that dashing them off, he exclaimed:

"Why my dear—I really—I am ashamed, but I must do it!" And with this apology, he threw his handkerchief over his face, and gave full vent to his emotion.

Good old couple! Be not ashamed of those tears—angels bend over you as you weep, and every pearly drop you shed, shall gem your crown in Heaven!

"Poor fel-low!" said Mrs. Woodville, leaning over and stroking her husband's hand.

That "poor fel-low," spoken in that wheedling tone she used to his patients, changed the doctor's tears into a serio-comical smile:

"Well, wife, I believe I am a little beside myself—but this poor girl's story has really made a child of me."

"It don't seem natural to me," said Mrs. Woodville, "it is just like those stories we read in novels—it does not seem possible, that anything so dreadful should have really happened, and that the heroine, if I may say so, is under our own roof."

"Truth is sometimes, you know, stranger than fiction," my dear wife. It is painful to think that, in this beautiful world, such things should be, but 'The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' The Psalmist said so thousands of years ago, and I fear mankind don't grow any better. These lines," he continued, taking up the manuscript, "traced in such beautiful characters, how feebly they express, even in their thrilling pathos, the mental agony, the physical suffering which that dear girl must have endured—and now wife," he added, bringing his hand down with a force which made the Argand shiver, "she shall never fall into their inhuman hands again—she shall live with us!"

"That is exactly what I was about to say, my dear,—yes, she shall live with us! I was never a mother, to be sure, but if I can't be more of a mother to her than the one which the Lord gave her, then—that's all!" and unable to finish the sentence, her knitting-needles clicked away with great rapidity.

"Bless your kind heart, wife—why if you could, you would be a mother to all the forsaken souls in Christendom."

"But suppose they should come for her, doctor?"

"Suppose they do, they would not find her," he replied. "And now, wife, you will hardly believe me, but that fellow, Staunton, has been here already."

"Is it possible? when? and what did you say?"

"I only administered a nice little pill, which, I think, he must have found very hard to swallow though, to judge from the faces he made. Now if I wanted a picture of Satan, I would ask that man to sit for it!"

"But how will you prevent their taking her away from us?"

"By taking her away from them. I have a project—what time is it? Eleven—shall we go to bed, or will you hear it now?"

"I am not at all sleepy, doctor."

"Well then, all the time I was reading this story, there was running through my brain various plans by which I could preserve this dear girl from their clutches, and as I finished, I had formed a project which I think will not only be effectual, but also be very pleasant for us. In short, we must carry her off—take her out of the country—we will go to Europe, as soon as we can *make our arrangements*."

Mrs. Woodville dropped her knitting in amazement.

"To Europe! cross the water—why you're crazy, doctor! it can't be—why I never can go in the world!"

"Oh, yes you can—you know you would go to Joppa if you could serve Beatrice," said the doctor, smiling, and taking her hand.

"I would go any where on land—but the water! why I should be so dreadful sea-sick!"

"Your husband is a doctor remember, and Beatrice will nurse you."

"And then the storms, and the waves, and the—O dear, don't talk any more about it—I can't do it! and then, what is to become of the poor things at the Asylum?"

"I have arranged all that in my mind," was the reply. "I have been thinking of resigning my situation for the last six months. I am getting old—I have sufficient means to retire from the profession, and now there is an excellent opportunity to do so. One of my classmates, an eminent physician, who has been the last six years in Germany, is anxious to have the charge of such an Institution—he is a good man, benevolent, and thoroughly competent to fill my place. then the same keepers and nurses, I have trained, will still retain their places—so my poor patients will not suffer by my leaving them. Dr. Morton too, I think, will be glad to occupy our house until our return, which may be in one, two, or three years. So you see, my dear wife, the greatest objections are removed—our other plans we will talk over to-morrow."

Mrs. Woodville shook her head.

"Well, doctor, you know best; but O dear, it is a dreadful undertaking! it don't seem to me that I can ever do it in the world!"

And all night the poor lady was tossing about on the waves, dreaming of shipwrecks, and of being swallowed alive by ravenous sea-monsters.

The next morning, when Beatrice entered the breakfast-room, Dr. Woodville was standing by the window. He turned as he heard her light footstep, and opening his arms, said :

"Come to my heart, my child, my daughter, for such you shall henceforth be!"

Beatrice laid her head upon his breast, and wept her gratitude—like the weary dove she had now found a shelter. Another arm encircled her, and she was drawn to the bosom of Mrs. Woodville, who, kissing her upon each cheek, and half-crying herself, said :

"Don't cry, dear, the doctor has settled it all, and you are to live with us—you are our child now, say will you stay with us?"

"Stay with you, my dearest friends!" exclaimed Beatrice, overcome by her emotion. "Stay with you—O would to heaven I could! but even now, I fear each moment I may be torn from you. Could I but live with you, devote my life to your happiness, and in some small degree prove to you my gratitude, then should I be repaid for all my past sorrows!"

"Then let me kiss off those tears—the last sorrowful ones I trust you will ever shed," said Dr. Woodville, "for you shall live with us, Beatrice, and no person, no power shall take you from us except by your own consent. After breakfast, I will tell you how I have been arranging for our happiness. Ah! here it is, all smoking hot as they say; there is a trout I pulled myself this morning, *come sit down.*"

But appetites were wanting, which even the fine trout, the fresh rolls, and fragrant coffee could not tempt.

"And now," said Mrs. Woodville, as the breakfast things were removed, "I am going to leave you two together for a little while, I have some work to look after, so you can talk it all over, and tell me your plans by and by."

The doctor now drew up a chair, and Beatrice sat down. Affectionately taking her hand, he said:

"My dear girl, I have read your sad story, and what my feelings were as the unhappy details developed themselves, I will not attempt to describe. It is needless to dwell upon it, for it will only distress you, and fill me with renewed indignation. My poor child! so young, and to have drank so deep of that bitter cup from which the lips of youth and innocence should be exempt—yet I trust, Beatrice, the future may have more Halcyon days in store for you. You have now given yourself to me, you no longer owe any allegiance to your unnatural mother."

"Spare her, dear friend, remember she was deceived!" interrupted Beatrice.

"True she was. But it needs more than that to reconcile me to conduct so unfeeling,—under the influence of Staunton, she can never be a mother to you, therefore you must give her up. Even now, my dear girl I have reason to fear there is something plotting against your peace."

"Good heavens—what is it? have you heard anything?"

"Yes, Beatrice, that villain, Staunton, has already

been here—come as he said, to take you away from the Asylum.”

All color forsook her cheeks, she trembled violently, and falling on her knees, clasped the doctor’s hands entreatingly:

“Oh! do not, do not, dear Dr. Woodville, give me up! Oh—what will become of me!”

Raising her in his arms, and putting back her long curls, he kissed her brow:

“Don’t fear it, my child—no, you shall never be in their power again. I was ignorant of course, at the time, how much that man had been the cause of your sufferings, but when I saw him alight from his horse, I felt like Macbeth,

‘By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes!’

No, Beatrice, rather than give you up to the power of that man, I would sooner enact Virginius, and you should be my—Virginia!”

“And I would kiss the hand that aimed the fatal knife,” Beatrice answered with a sad smile.

Dr. Woodville now informed her of his intention to go abroad for a year or two on her account—that he should immediately resign his situation at the Asylum, and in as short a time as was possible to adjust his affairs, leave America.

It is needless to say how much pleasure this arrangement gave to Beatrice, and with what alacrity she now assisted Mrs. Woodville in her preparations for the voyage.

Poor Mrs. Woodville—she went about the house in a nervous tremor all the time, fearing she knew not exactly what—and Beatrice felt she could not be too grateful for the sacrifice her kind friend was making on her account. She would have been glad to have seen her mother once more, ere leaving her native land, perhaps forever. But that could not be, her safety was at stake—to that mother, her very existence, must if possible, remain a secret.

Sometimes a strange presentiment came over Beatrice, that her little babe was not dead! she could not account for the feeling, but something seemed to whisper her "*your babe lives!*" At her request, Dr. Woodville wrote to St. Louis to gain, if possible, some information upon the subject. The physician returned for answer, that he remembered perfectly the young woman under his care at the time, but that her infant had died!

And then all hope faded from the heart of Beatrice.

The preparations were at length completed for the voyage. Dr. Morton had assumed the charge of Dr. Woodville's patients—all was ready. The trunks were packed and stood corded in the hall, and at an early hour in the morning the stage coach was to take them to Boston, whence the packet was to sail for Havre.



CHAPTER X.

"Must I leave thee Paradise! thus leave
Thee native soil, these happy walks and shades!"

MILTON.

It was their last evening then at D ——. The last night they were to spend under that pleasant roof which had for so many years been the happy home of the good doctor and his wife, and to Beatrice an ark of safety—of hope!

The eve of a long journey.

It is a solemn thought when we give it room—that uncertain future to which, on the morrow, our footsteps tend! hope beckons us on, and glad expectancy waves before our eyes a thousand charming pictures—but shall we return! shall we e'er look again upon the familiar objects around, will our eyes once more rest upon the features of those we love! Our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well, alone can tell.

Yet we do know that many buoyant hearts, and many bright, happy faces have met the eve of a long journey—

that on the morrow they have gone forth with light footsteps, with a tear may be, but a smile too—gone forth upon that journey, and—have never returned! Some sleep beneath the billows, the waves solemnly chanting their requiem—some have lain down to their “dreamless rest” in a foreign land—in distant isles! and some come back, not with the eager foot-step they went forth—but silent, motionless, cold! we call them, they hear us not—we bend over them, they see us not! To them that last evening under the old roof-tree, was indeed the eve of a long journey—a journey “whence no traveller returns.”

Dr. Woodville felt sad. His eye strayed over those pleasant scenes, those familiar objects, which, now that he was so soon to leave them, were invested with a new interest. He looked upon the trees which his hand had planted, and it seemed to him that they waved their arms mournfully, and wafted their farewell in the soft murmur of the breeze. It may seem undignified, but it caused the kind hearted doctor a pang to leave even the birds—they were his pets—there a robin had built, and now sat peeping over her nest with her round wondering eyes, as if she saw something was wrong—there a little wren was domesticated, and in and out the hall, and flitting through the chambers the swallows felt themselves perfectly at home:

“Poor birds, who will shelter you, and save you from molestation when I am gone!” said the doctor.

As the time approached Mrs. Woodville had wound herself up to a composure quite remarkable, but which caused her husband more pain than if she had given way to the most violent outbursts of grief.

Beatrice was the only one of the party whose heart

grew lighter as the time of their departure drew near. She was impatient to begone. She longed to place the wide ocean between herself and those whom she feared every day would find her out and drag her from her kind protectors.

And now the three were seated in the piazza looking for the last time upon the lovely landscape spread out before them, and with a graceful touch Beatrice sketched the scene, that, when in a distant land, she might sometimes gladden the hearts of her dear friends with a view of their "Home sweet Home."

The rich glow of sunset had not yet faded from the west, but in long rays of golden light still shot upward, gilding the mountain tops, and resting upon the village spires, like the blessing of God upon the sacred Temples which they proclaimed, and so stretching far away the wide spread landscape of hill and dale was lost in the dim distance. The river wound gracefully through all, here lost in shadow, then glinting out suddenly from some thicket, only to bury itself again in the rich luxuriant meadows. Nearer—beautiful cottages met the eye, and the stately columns of the Asylum gleamed through the long vista of noble elms and maples. Children were at play in the streets this pleasant sun-set hour, and the laborers returning from their daily toil, some with their scythes thrown over their lusty shoulders, and others, sunk amidst the fragrant fresh mown hay, were driving their teams homeward.

It was a scene long remembered by that little party, even without the aid of Beatrice's pencil.

During the evening there were many friendly leave-takings, for the doctor and Mrs. Woodville were very

much beloved, and most of the villagers called to say farewell, and to wish a safe and pleasant voyage to their friends.

The next day found our travellers in Boston, and the wind being fair, at ten o'clock the following morning they went on board the *Champion*, soon to bear them from their native land.

Mrs. Woodville submitted to her fate with a martyr-like resignation worthy to be chronicled. She had no doubt they would all be drowned—she was sure of it! the moment she came in sight of the vessel, she imagined she saw it sinking. It was not until she was on board, however, that her firmness gave way. It happened unfortunately for her stoicism, that just as she placed her foot upon the deck, it became entangled in a rope, and had not a sailor caught her in his arms, she would have fallen. As she raised her head and saw the good-natured tar supporting her—his shock of stiff black hair, surmounted by a red woollen cap, jauntily stuck on one side, his whiskers, long and shaggy, nearly covering his face, and the sleeves of his red flannel shirt rolled to the elbow, the poor woman was frightened. Forgetting where she was, with a ghastly smile, stroking his brawny arm, she said:

“I’ve come—to see you dear—pretty, pretty!”

Fortunately at that moment the doctor appeared and led her to the cabin, where a violent fit of crying was followed by *ditto* of sea-sickness:

“I say Jack,” said the sailor to one of his ship-mates, “did you see that old frigate on her beam ends? there she goes under convoy—she has’nt got ballast here—d’ye

understand!" touching his head significantly. Then rolling his quid of tobacco in his cheek, joined his ship-mates around the capstain, and with their cheerful "yo heave yo," the anchor was soon weighed, and the Champion stood gallantly out to sea.

CHAPTER XI.

**"Fair blows the wind—the vessel drives along,
Her streamers fluttering at their length, her sails
All full,—she drives along, and round her prow
Scatters the ocean spray."**

SOUTHEY.

A voyage to Europe in those days was not an event to be undertaken as one now passes from New York to Brooklyn. Steamships had not then made a fish pond, a mere finger-bowl, as one may say, of the broad Atlantic. One could not say "this day fortnight, I will dine at Cafe Tortoni"—or, "on Sunday week I shall hear Mass at Notre Dame!" It was not to the index hand of the engineer's dial that one then looked for speed, but to the favor of the winds to waft them at their will to their destined port. Then, with her white sails courting the gale, did the queenly ship launch upon the deep, and as the breeze came lightly leaping the crested billows, she spread her white arms to meet it, and then a right merry race they ran over "the open sea!" Or should the gale in maddened mood come lashing the waves in fury, and hurling them mountain high, as he rushed onward, shrieking in his rage, she bent meekly to his wrath, and gathering her white

robes about her, passed sighing, over the rough path-way his rage had wrought!

But now, the proud ship bids defiance both to the angry wind and transverse seas, and with her iron will she walks the mighty deep strong in her strength.

When our little party, therefore, took possession of their state-rooms, it was with the belief that for the next thirty days the good ship *Champion* was to be their home. Beatrice, happily escaping that *mal-de-mer* which renders every one so miserable whom it attacks, soon unpacked all the little comforts and necessities which had been provided for the voyage, and arranged all things as pleasant as she could for poor Mrs. Woodville, who gathered into her berth with a feeling that she was in her coffin, lay "rocked in the cradle of the deep," sick, disheartened, fear-stricken. The unceasing bustle upon the deck, the tramping of feet, and creaking of the cordage—the cries of the sailors, the trumpet voice of the captain issuing his orders, and the waves dashing against the sides of the vessel, overwhelmed the poor woman with terror, and, for the first week of their voyage, Beatrice confined herself almost exclusively to the cabin and the bed-side of her suffering friend, and it was not until the good lady began to think that, on the whole, she would prefer not being thrown overboard, an office that she had repeatedly begged her husband to perform for her, and concluded rather to take chicken-water than sea-water, that Beatrice went on deck to look abroad upon the boundless ocean, through which the noble ship was now cleaving her way.

Oh, the grandeur of the scene as she cast her eyes around—one mighty mass of waters! and her heart thrilled with an awful sense of the majesty of God. For

a moment she closed her eyes, she could not look, she could not have spoken.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy-work."

"Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, who maketh the clouds his chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind!" said Dr. Woodville, solemnly, as he passed his arm around her.

"Raise your eyes, Beatrice, and look upon this glorious expanse, and tell me how it is possible for any one to doubt the existence of a God! Let the skeptic stand here with me—would he seek a more grand display of His power, would he look for a higher manifestation of the Almighty! Who is there can view this broad fathomless ocean, and not feel in his inmost soul that God is here? that He rides in majesty upon the waves, upholding that glorious heaven above us! that He setteth bounds to these rushing waters, and says to the winds 'Be still!'"

"Dear Dr. Woodville, can any one, does any one dare to doubt it!" inquired Beatrice, raising her innocent eyes to his with an expression almost of terror at the thought.

"Yes, my child, there are such men—men who go forth boldly proclaiming their infidelity to the Most High! yet boast as they will, there is a "small still voice" which will be heard, which tells them there is a God! and that for the world's notoriety they have sold their souls!"

The scene on which they were looking, was indeed one which might challenge a skeptic faith.

An eight knot breeze was speeding the ship gallantly on her course, leaving behind her a wake as of rainbows shattered by her rapid keel,—the foam-crested billows

came rushing by, chasing each other on toward the ship, and as they passed, each in sport flung high a shower of glittering pearls, and then bounded on to overtake their sister waves, heaving as it were against the blue horizon. White fleecy clouds specked the heavens, as mirroring the foam-crested billows on the blue deep below—sea-birds too, were soaring gracefully mid sea and sky, now swooping to the surface for their prey, then again rising from the bosom of the wave to pursue their trackless flight.

“How much I wish Mrs. Woodville was well enough to come on deck—I think she would lose her fears in this glorious scene, and feel that God is here, and that He will protect us!” said Beatrice, as she turned with reluctance to go below.

“Well, my dear, you must use your eloquence, but I very much fear she will be a prisoner to her berth the remainder of the voyage,” replied the doctor.

And when Beatrice proposed to Mrs. Woodville to go on deck, she lifted up both hands, in amazement, and asked her if she thought she could walk, when everything *teetered* up and down.

That day, for the first time, Beatrice accompanied the doctor to the dining-table, where, to those with whom he had already formed an acquaintance, he introduced her as his daughter, and of course she was designated as “Miss Woodville.”

There were not many passengers. There was a clergyman seeking the bland air of Nice for the winter, a family of six persons going to Paris, an artist bound for Italy, an English tourist “taking notes,” a literary lady on her travels, several merchants seeking foreign looms, and a few others of no particular moment.

They all seemed disposed to make themselves agreeable, and as there is no place better calculated to throw aside restraint than ship-board, unless it be a stage coach, the passengers of the *Champion* were soon quite on the footing of old acquaintances.

The unaffected grace and artlessness of Beatrice made a most pleasing impression upon all. There was something exceedingly winning in her smile—it seemed to crave your pity and your love; for it was impossible that her guileless countenance should not have caught sadness from a heart so wretched as hers had been, and although Dr. Woodville could every day see the shadow passing off, and an expression more congenial to her years taking its place, yet there was a touching look about her which no one could see without feeling an interest in her.

Dr. Woodville soon became a general favorite. Nothing could be done without “Dr. Woodville,” and even the little children on board must all refer their disputes to him, whether it was of the becomingness of a doll’s dress, or the arrangement of a troop of wooden soldiers.

His tall figure, the mild expression of his dark, gray eye, his long, white hair falling back from a brow on which benevolence had set its stamp, these commanded the respect of the passengers, one and all, at first sight, and when they came to know him, his cheerfulness, his desire to promote their happiness, and his ready acquiescence in all their projects, soon gained their love. Indeed, the doctor and his daughter were great favorites.

There was one person to whom the charms of Beatrice were a study—a study in which all things else were soon absorbed. He was an admirer of beauty in all its forms, whether of Nature or of Art—it had been his study, his

dream for years. The mountain-top bathed in sun-lit clouds, the little wild flower peeping from the crevice of some jagged rock, the wild river rushing on its course, the tiny brook prattling by the road-side—to him all these were beautiful! they spoke to his inmost soul of the power and love of the Creator, and his heart arose in gratitude from

“Nature, up to Nature’s God.”

So too, a landscape, glowing from the canvass, as if Nature had portrayed herself with her own magic tints, a beautiful statue, a skillful piece of mechanism, complex, yet obedient to the master-will—these too were all beautiful to him, for they spoke to his longing heart of the triumph of genius, heaven-inspired genius!

He had first seen Beatrice, tho’ unseen by her, that morning when, speechless, motionless with awe, she had first looked abroad upon the majestic sweep of ocean. He watched with a new interest the varying expression of her countenance “clear as the sky, without-en blame or blot,” and saw revealed thereon a heart as pure, throbbing with a sense of the Infinite presence. And, from that moment, she became his beau-ideal of all that was lovely, pure, and graceful.

This person was Paul Saville, the young artist, who was now with a strong will, and with little money, voyaging to Italy, that eager-sought goal of genius—there to bask amid the beauties of the old masters, whose hands seemed to beckon him on to fame and immortality.

Bright, hopeful visions, how ye gladdened the heart of that young child of genius and poverty!

Dr. Woodville had already formed an acquaintance with young Saville, and, with pleasure, he now introduced him to Beatrice. The trio soon became excellent friends.

Friends! ah! Paul soon found that roguish love had donned the garb of sober friendship, and was playing strange antics in his heart, pushing aside, with matchless impudence, the grave old masters who had so long held their sway, and giving up the key of every chamber to the living presence of Beatrice!

Many were the pleasant devices of the Champion's passengers, by which life on ship-board was divested of its tedium. A daily paper was started, under the editorship of the clergyman, to which all contributed, and much mirth and good humor did its pages promote. Then there was back-gammon, chess, and even a sly little game at cards, when the reverend eye was not upon them, and often at evening, when the decks were nicely swept, and the full orb'd moon flooded the scene with her beautiful light, the dance went gaily on—their music, the fiddle of the old carpenter "Chips," as he was called, who, mounted upon the round-house, lustily plied the bow, if not with the skill of Ole Bull or a Paganani, yet quite satisfactory to those whose hearts, in the merriment of the scene, made music for themselves.

These accessories, however, were not required by Beatrice to speed the flight of time. There was to her a never-failing source of pleasure in the beauty of the sea; she found something new, something to absorb, or to suggest a topic for pleasant converse every time she looked upon it.

She joined, it is true, in their amusements, yet she better loved to lean over the quarter-rail and watch the tranquil

evening steal silently on to meet her sister day, and then folding her gently in her arms, rock her to sleep upon her bosom, with the lullaby of sighing waters. She would then watch the stars peeping forth, one by one, timidly at first, as if afraid to show their lovely faces, while the western sky still bore the pomp of the sun's decline. And, as she yet looked upon them, the waves that heaved and swelled to the eastern horizon, became as molten silver and mingled with the radiant sky, then up from their bosom slowly arose the full orb'd moon in lovely majesty, and as she cleared the wave and rode triumphant on the heavens, Beatrice would gaze into that brilliant pathway tracked by her beams upon the heaving mass of waters, and almost fancy that it led to heaven!

The last week of their voyage Mrs. Woodville was prevailed upon to go on deck, and, much to the pleasure of the doctor and Beatrice, her fears soon vanished. True, the first time she stepped her foot above the companion-way, and cast her eyes upon the wide expanse, "water, water, every where," she clung to the doctor's arm, and begged him to take her back—"if she had got to be drowned, she did not want to see the water," she said, but very soon she became more calm, and seeing so many people around her alive and merry, she concluded she might as well take her chance with the rest, so pulling out her knitting-work, she sat quietly under the awning, looking and listening to all that was going on, and working herself up to a high state of sympathy for poor Jack, swinging so fearless aloft.

And now the voyage was over. Bravely had the good ship borne them on their way across the trackless ocean, and with thankful hearts to Him who had preserved them

from all the perils of the deep, they now drew near their destined port.

Friendships had been formed now to be broken or weakened by separation. Hand had met hand in kindly pressure, which might never clasp again, and never more might that little band of voyagers meet, and when the Champion swung to her moorings, there was sadness in the hearts of all.



CHAPTER XII.

"It is a goodly sight to see
What heaven hath done for this delicious land,
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!"

ByRON.

OUR party from D——, not having any especial business to hurry them on, passed a day or two in Havre, very pleasantly rambling through its long, narrow streets, and visiting whatever places of interest their guide pointed out, feeling as every other traveler must feel, who, for the first time, touches a foreign shore, where the language, dress and customs of the inhabitants are so at variance with his own.

To Mrs. Woodville this contrast was most striking in the clattering, wooden shoes of the women, and their short, full petticoats, the slippery, polished floors, whereon she placed her foot as cautiously as if she was about to trust herself upon some icy pond—the strange men with woollen caps

that could not speak English, and the funny little children who could speak French.

Paul Saville still kept them company, his eagerness for Italia's "sunny skies" yielding to the influence of Beatrice's sunny smile. Indeed, he had so insensibly attached himself to their party, that they began to look upon him as one of them, and the final result of this intimacy was an invitation from Dr. Woodville to join them *en route* for Florence, where they intended passing the winter. An invitation which, it is needless to say, was gratefully accepted.

How much our travelers enjoyed their journey from Havre to Paris through the picturesque province of Normandy, where all spoke of the mighty past in the magnificent time-worn churches, in the ruins of castellated towers, ivy grown and deserted, and in convents whose pavements were worn by the feet of the monks of old—and spoke of the present, in the richly cultivated fields and vineyards through which the gay-clad peasantry were flitting like blue-birds and red, and in the little thatched cottages, seeming to the eye as summer arbors in some beautiful wide-spread garden.

This pleasant journey ended by leaving them at their Hotel in Paris—in Paris, that gay city of pleasure, that dark Erebus of sin! Paris, opening her arms to science and refinement, fostering genius, the friend of the poet, the school of art—and on the other hand, Paris—that great arena wherein youth and folly dash on their maddened course until lost in that yawning abyss from which there is no escape!

But we cannot accompany our little party in all their

pleasant wanderings about Paris and its environs—their visits to the vast galleries of the Louvre, to the gardens of the Tuilleries, St. Cloud, Versailles. Suffice it, their pleasure was not like those who go through such scenes, merely that they may have it to say, “I have been to the Louvre, vast affair that!” or, “I galloped through the Bois de Boulogne, fine shady trees there, ’pon honor, and I strolled along the Boulevards!” or, “I went to Pere le Chaise and touched with my own hand, the tomb of Abelard and Heloise—read—about them the other day in Pope!” or, “I saw at *Little Trianon* the Swiss cottage of Marie Antoinette—shocking bore to cut off her head!”

Not so did our travellers visit those scenes, but with hearts and minds alive to their beauty, and to the interest with which centuries had invested them. The intimate and close companionship which now united them, only deepened the interest which each felt in the other, and more than once did the doctor and Mrs. Woodville congratulate themselves in having formed so agreeable an addition to their party as Paul; and as Beatrice, hanging upon his arm, strolled with him through the shady walks of the Tuilleries, or in the broad gallery of the Louvre, her mind taking in more vividly the glorious impressions of art, as he pointed out with skillful appreciative eye their beauties, she would involuntarily ask herself if it was possible that she could be so happy! if she could be that Beatrice, the once wretched wife, the stricken mother, the maniac!

Blessed elasticity of youth which, like the tender sapling bends low to the blast, but revives again when the storm-cloud has passed, while the oak by its side, like

manhood in its prime, lies stricken, shattered, and revives no more!

But one could not stay even in gay happy Paris, forever, when fair Florence beckoned them on to her classic halls. Farewell then La belle France! away to Italy!

CHAPTER XIII.

"In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each dreadful, and each gentle scene."

"And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy!"

BEATTIE.

LET us glance for a moment at the early life of Paul Saville, and mark with what toil, what energy, he had overcome all those obstacles which poverty had placed in the path of his promotion.

He must have caught his inspiration from the primeval forest which skirted his humble home, and through whose solemn colonades his young footsteps so often trod awe-stricken—he then knew not why. He learned it from the stars which spoke to his young heart a language of mystical beauty, which he could not then interpret. He learned it too in the gentle whispers of the wind, amid the forest boughs, as if an angel there concealed its harp-strings swept, or in the terrors of the tempest, which rent the proud oaks asunder. He learned it in the beauty of the green fields, where the little grass-bird stealthily brooded, and the grass-hopper chirped merrily all the day

long—in the rippling of the road side brook, and in the unwritten music which nature everywhere chants.

For no books had Paul to foster his young mind, save only the few tattered volumes which chance had accumulated upon the little narrow shelf—yet even these, paltry as they might seem to one who sits in slippered ease amid shelves groaning with the weight of rare and costly books, even these filled him with delight, and, as he grew older interpreted to his eyes more clearly the book of nature he had been unconsciously studying, and decked his path with flowers.

Ere the bright stars paled in the dawning, the farmer boy was called to his daily labors, which ceased not until the heavens were again studded with the gems of night.

During the winter months, he, in common with other farmer lads, had the advantage of a district school, and these advantages he richly improved. His eagerness for study attracted the attention of the village Pastor, who kindly devoted to him a few evening hours, and thus Paul, at sixteen, might have challenged competition with many a son of wealth. He was looked upon by his less ambitious school-mates, as quite a miracle:

“ And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one poor head could carry all he knew !”

At length, urged by the good pastor, the father of Paul consented to his leaving the farm, and going where-so-ever his thirst for knowledge might lead him. That was a joyful day to Paul!

With a few homely articles tied in a bundle and slung over his shoulder behold him now setting forth upon that road which he believed was to lead him to the goal of all his wishes.

With a stout heart he journeyed on. The red-ripe strawberries peeped up temptingly from their green covers, the sparkling brook came laughing and dancing in his path to allay his thirst, and as evening came on the earth offered her bosom for his repose, and night spread her glorious canopy around him—the glow-worm and the fire-fly lit up his leafy bower, while the chirping cricket, and low, soft notes of the whip-poor-will wooed him to forgetfulness. Went ever prince to a more glorious couch!

Arrived at one of our most celebrated seats of learning, he sought admission to its walls, that by the labor of his hands he could compensate for the little instruction he might glean. Those scattered seeds fell into a rich soil, and brought forth an abundant harvest.

His native talent for painting, to pursue which had been his highest wish, was now guided and fostered by Mr. H——, at that time one of our most eminent artists, who had himself risen from obscurity to fame and fortune, and now appreciating and sympathizing with Paul, nobly came forward and provided him with means to go abroad, that he might have the benefit of the old masters.

Enough—Paul Saville is in Florence.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Chained to the chariot of triumphal art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart."

CHILDE HAROLD.

For love is a celestiall harmonie
Of likely harts composed of starres consent,
Which joine together in sweete sympathie,
To work each other's joy, and true content."

SPENCER.

IN a pleasant little villa upon the banks of the Arno, bathed in a perpetual atmosphere of beauty, equaled only by our own Indian summer, our friends have taken up their residence, and here, in that delicious climate, which no where finds a rival, under skies of cerulian hue, of golden sun-sets, and soft, silvery dawns, have six months glided away.

Their windows look forth upon the beautiful and fertile valley of the Arno, strewn with villas, with picturesque ruins, their crumbling pillars seemingly held together by wreaths of ivy, and upon mountain ridges, lofty, broken and uneven, losing themselves in the soft, rich haze of Italia's skies, and nearer upon Florence "la Bella," with

her majestic dome, her queenly palaces, and her graceful towers shooting up into the still air, and upon the green trees of the Cascine, waving in the same warm light which tinted the pencil of a Claud.

Together our friends have visited all those classic scenes, have viewed those glorious works of art, which but to name, makes one's heart thrill. Together they have stood by the tomb of Michael Angelo, and have gazed enraptured upon the Fornarina, and the St. John of Raphael. Yet why recapitulate those sights and scenes, upon which, when the eye of the traveller rests, he finds his most glowing anticipations more than realized! We will not, therefore, dwell upon them.

Paul Saville had now commenced his studies with all the enthusiasm which pervaded his early dreams, and, as his pencil traced lines of beauty upon the speaking canvass, an atmosphere of love permeated his whole being, and he dared lift his eyes to the bright picture which hope placed before him of Beatrice and fame.

To his excellent friend, Dr. Woodville, he had made known his early history—to him he had confided all his hopes and aspirations—no, not all—there was one secret which he jealously guarded from every eye—which he hardly dare whisper to himself, and which he could not profane by speaking aloud, viz: his love for Beatrice! For how dare he, a poor artist, aspire to the hand of Miss Woodville! no, he must leave his love unspoken, until happily the time might come, when he would have it in his power to offer her a home not unworthy, and yet not worthy her loveliness.

Yet not so deeply hidden was this cherished secret, as *to escape the penetrating eye of Dr. Woodville, who soon,*

casting a shrewd glance upon the other side, found that Beatrice too had the like secret, hidden snugly away in that little heart of hers.

"Ah, ha!" said the doctor, shaking his head, "I must look to this!"

So he sat down and began revolving the matter over in his mind pretty much in this way:

"Why shouldn't they be made happy, poor things! why should they be wearing out the best of their lives in a hopeless passion—it's all folly!"

"Simply because poverty forbids the banns!" quoth Prudence, sagely.

"Pooh, pooh, Miss Prudence, you reason pretty well, I acknowledge, but it won't hold! I have an argument which I think will do the business, answers the doctor, rubbing his hands. "Suppose I hand poverty a well filled purse, won't he take his grim old pinched face out of the way—eh?"

"You! Dr. Ichabod Woodville! you! why what is Paul Saville to you, or Beatrice, that you should speak of money as if it was silk paper or brass buttons! put up your purse, doctor," said Prudence, tossing her head.

At which the doctor coolly got up, and telling her to take herself off quickly, went to talk the matter over with his good lady.

"He is a fine fellow," said Mrs. Woodville.

"He is—a noble fellow, wife!"

"I should like to see him the husband of Beatrice. It is a pity that he has nothing but his pencil to depend upon."

"Nothing but his pencil! with his genius, my dear

wife, that pencil will, by and by, transmute all it touches to gold!"

"True—by and by—and until then, I suppose, they must live on hope!"

"I don't suppose any such thing," answered the doctor, "and, without intending any affront to the bright goddess, I must say that, in the present case, I should consider her quite a forlorn hope! no, no, as we have taken Beatrice for our daughter, I believe we will have to take Paul for our son! they shall be made happy if I can do it, and if I find they really love each other."

"Really love each other!" exclaimed Mrs. Woodville, laughing, "as if you could doubt it, doctor."

That evening, Dr. Woodville, putting his arm through that of Saville, strolled with him beneath the lofty trees of the Casine. It was the sun-set hour: sun-set in Florence—how lovely! when the heavens and even the very air we breathe is glowing, bright, luxurious, and the sun, like a monarch, sinks to his rest curtained in brilliant clouds of purple and gold! Nothing could be more charming than that spacious pleasure-ground, the Cascine, at such an hour as this, with its deep, rich green sward on which those superb trees rest, the shady, retired groves, the little temples and grottos scattered here and there through the lovely openings, looking into shades so inviting, and the Arno mirroring in its placid flow the trees and shrubbery which wave over it.

It was indeed most lovely, and yet if one may judge from the conversation which held them long within its pleasant walks, both the doctor and Paul were exceedingly blind to all its claims upon their attention.

Dr. Woodville was a straight-forward man. If he wished to know anything, he did not go round and round, twisting and turning this way and that like a dog scenting game, but came plump out with his question:

"Paul, you love my daughter—you love Beatrice," he said, with a benevolent smile which seemed to imply, "don't be alarmed, you may have her."

The young lover was taken by surprise—how could his secret have been betrayed! For a few moments he dared not trust himself to speak:

"Pardon my presumption Dr. Woodville—yes, I acknowledge I do love your daughter. How could I so long have been permitted to enjoy her society, to be in such near and happy communion with her, and not feel my heart captive to her surpassing loveliness! Yet think not that I could be so base, so ungrateful, as to betray the confidence you have placed in me, my dear sir, by seeking to gain her affections, or speaking to her of that love which is dearer to my heart than the life-blood which feeds it! No sir, well do I know the distance which separates Miss Woodville, and the poor artist. But you have discovered my presumption, and I—leave Florence."

"Well, now, that is a very sensible conclusion," said the doctor in reply, "you fall in love with Beatrice, without my consent, and when I am about to say to you, 'take her Paul,'—you cry, 'I—leave Florence!'"

"Do I hear rightly? can it be possible, Beatrice mine! O, Dr. Woodville, this happiness is too great!" cried Paul, seizing the hand of the doctor and pressing it to his lips.

"Was Beatrice indeed my daughter,"—said the doctor,

—“I could not have bestowed her hand upon one more worthy than yourself, Paul—but she is not, Beatrice is not my child.”

“Good heavens—not your child! Ah, doctor, you have dashed the cup of happiness from my lips!” exclaimed Paul.

“Listen to me, my dear young friend. The story of Beatrice is a sad one. I will trust you with it, because I know you love her, and Paul, should what I have to tell you alter your feelings toward the dear, innocent girl, you will religiously keep within your own breast the secret, both for her sake, and for mine.”

“Do not keep me in suspense, tell me all!” Paul exclaimed. Briefly, then but plainly, Dr. Woodville narrated the history of Beatrice, commencing with the time when she was brought to the asylum at D——, dwelt upon the interest which she even then awakened in his bosom, of her previous history, as related by herself, and also, that it was to place her far from the power of those who had so wronged her he had resigned his profession and brought her to Italy.

It was many moments ere Paul could command himself sufficiently to speak. Tears unrestrained ran down his manly cheeks, as he listened to this narration—he would fly to Beatrice, would press her to his bosom, and there folded to his heart, she should be safe from wrong and oppression!

“Well Paul?” said the doctor, breaking the silence.

“There are no words, Dr. Woodville, noble, generous man, which in their strongest sense can express the emotions awakened in my bosom, by the recital of that dear girl’s sufferings! so young, so lovely, so helpless—to have

been the victim of such villainy as would disgrace a fiend! Good heavens, my blood boils with indignation at her wrongs! and you, excellent man, what do you not deserve for your generous, disinterested conduct! But there can be no recompense to a soul like yours half so sweet as the pleasure of having done a good action, the self-satisfaction of knowing that you have rescued innocence from oppression—the lamb from the vultures! By heaven, I envy you, doctor! never before did I feel so keenly the sting of poverty, never before, even when my most ardent aspirations pointed to these congenial skies, where alone I might train my unfledged genius to no unworthy flight, not then did I feel as I now do the value of gold! I love Beatrice. I loved her before I knew her sad story, but now, my dear friend, love itself can hardly express the tenderness, the pity, the reverence I feel for her. I could be content to lay my life down this moment, if, by so doing, I could preserve her from future suffering! but now a poor unknown artist, what can I do! shall I take her from your fostering arms, only to plunge her into the depths of poverty! no—sooner would I renounce my love forever, than add one drop to the bitter cup she has already quaffed. Would to heaven I could find some more speedy road to wealth! cheerfully could I resign all my long cherished dreams of fame, if thereby I might become her protector, cherish her, love her, die for her!”

“My dear Paul,” said the doctor, “I appreciate your feelings, and as my greatest happiness consists in promoting the happiness of those I love, you shall marry Beatrice!”

“Doctor, you place Paradise in view, and then shut the gates upon me!” interrupted Paul.

"Not so. Mrs. Woodville and myself have already been talking your affairs over. We are childless, and in what way can we better enjoy that fortune, the result of long years of mental and physical toil, than by using it for the good of others! Take Beatrice then, Paul, and may God bless you both! I shall settle on her a sum sufficient for your mutual comfort and happiness, and so, my dear Paul, you need not throw by your pencil to obtain your wishes, but work on with a strong heart, and you will find wealth and fame."

"Can I ever repay such kindness! you have made me blest indeed! but Beatrice, doctor, does she—can I hope to obtain her love?"

"Try it, Paul. If I have any skill "in woman's eyes," I don't think your suit will be rejected. We will now return, for no doubt Mrs. Woodville and Beatrice are already on the *qui-vive*. Suppose you invite her to a stroll beneath these beautiful trees—yon moon seems to invite the confidence of lovers. I offer you no theme for conversation, your own heart may, perhaps, suggest a topic which will be mutually pleasing."

That it was so we may set down as conclusive, for ere that moon which had looked upon their stroll within the groves of the Casine, had waxed and waned, the nuptials of Beatrice and Paul Saville were solemnized.



CHAPTER XV.

"A cloud—a spur—
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play
Before and after—with thunder for laughter,"

BEN JONSON.

WHEN Hubert Staunton went from the presence of Mrs. Lorraine, it was with a vow that he would not rest until he had penetrated her secret. He would find Beatrice cost what it might. There could be no sacrifice of time, money or personal comfort which revenge would not repay four-fold! Revenge was a delicious morsel—he fattened on it, as the carrion crow upon his noisome repast!

Once found, he would force her from her retreat, she should be his in spite of her own resistance, or her proud mother's artifice, and then—ah! then would not his revenge be sweet!

His first step was to return to D——, cursing his own folly that he had not pushed his inquiries when already on the spot; it might now be too late. However, he would once more visit the Asylum. It might be Beatrice was still there, and the officials bribed to silence! if she was not, they must know where she was—he would touch

their fidelity by offering a larger bribe, and if money would not avail to draw the secret forth, threats should force them to compliance!

As a counter-check to his zeal, however, he received an important summons the next day, connected with his aunt's estate, and even the malice of Hubert Staunton must yield to the interests of his pocket, and it was, therefore, several weeks ere he found himself at liberty to pursue his search. And then, hurrying to the steamboat, the spire of old Trinity soon disappeared, as with swift paddle, the Lexington turned her bows toward New Haven.

Again defeated!

When Staunton reached D——, he found, to his chagrin, that Dr. Woodville had resigned the charge of the Institution, and left the village. Dr. Morton could give him no information.

He went through all the different wards, expressed the greatest interest in those unhappy beings, begged to see them all, and made the most particular inquiries of the keepers and nurses. He could obtain no satisfaction—they knew nothing of the person of whom he was in search, except Mrs. Boyd, and she, good old soul, kept her own secrets.

By a most singular coincidence, as he passed through the gateway where his horse stood, impatiently pawing the earth, Old Sybil was, at that moment, coming up the road, walking slowly along close to the wall under the shade of the trees. She had reached the village only the night previous, whither she had been sent by Mrs. Lorraine, to ascertain, if possible, some trace of Beatrice,

whose sudden disappearance from the Asylum seemed so strange and inexplicable.

Seeing a gentleman coming through the gate and about to mount his horse, Sybil hastened her steps that she might ask him in which way she could best gain admittance within the walls.

The recognition was mutual. One glance, and under that neat black methodist bonnet, Staunton detected Mrs. Lorraine's old nurse.

"Ah, ha!" thought he, "now I have tracked the fox! *yoicks!* yes, Beatrice is here then! this old woman has been sent on some message to her—ah—h 'infidel now I have you on the hip!'"

"Hi!" quoth old Sybil to herself, as she caught his glittering eye, "hi! what dat bad good for noting Massa Staunton doing here, I'd like for to know! Bless de Lord if I don't tink he got imperance—hi—he know where young Missy is—ole serpent!"

"Ah, Sybil, how do you do?" said Staunton, with great apparent cordiality, "Why, you look as young and fresh as a girl, Sybil! come to see your young mistress, eh?"

"Well, mebbe I is, and mebbe I is'nt!" replied Sybil, doggedly.

"Lucky I happened to meet you! how did you leave your mistress, Mrs. Lorraine?"

"I disremembers 'zactly—'pears as if I said 'good bye, Misses Anne, and jus come straight 'long."

"Ha, ha! Sybil, you are fond of a joke. Have you been here before? if you have not, I will show you the way in—indeed, Sybil, I would like very much to see

your unhappy young mistress Beatrice myself! come, Sybil, this way, follow me."

"Now, Massa Staunton, you'd better be jus gitting on to your horse, and not waste no more time wid me, for I an't gwine to go into sich a place 'long nobody but my own sel'—you'se very obligatory, massa, but ole Sybil know what's she's 'bout!"

"So I see, Sybil, and so do I. Now look here, if you will only take me to your young mistress, I will give you as handsome a silk gown as Fountain has in his store, or you shall have this!" handing out a well filled purse.

Sybil's honest blood mounted up into her dark cheeks.

"Hi! Massa Staunton," she exclaimed, "if you nebber see my little darling, Missy Beatrice, 'til ole Sybil take you dere, den you nebber will, dat's de factotum ob de bizness! you'd better believe I don't know noting! I wants no silk gowns—dis ole heart always beats honest under nice clean calico, and now I ant gwine to have it gwine to be wicked under silk! jus you 'member dat, Massa!"

"No, no, Sybil, you don't understand me. Now I feel a very great interest in this poor girl, of course, and all I want of you, Sybil, is—is just for you to say to the super intendant that I am a particular friend of your young mistress,—a particular friend of the family, Sybil, and then they will not hesitate to admit me, for to tell you the truth, I have been here twice already to see her, and these persons always tell me that she is not here—but you know she is here, don't you, Sybil?"

"Mebbe I does, and mebbe I don't!"

"Well, Sybil, will you do as I wish? will you take me in with you?"

"Take you to my little Missy—you'd better believe I won't do it, Massa Staunton!"

"You won't?"

"I 'spect not."

"Then, by heavens, Sybil!" exclaimed Staunton, passionately, "if you don't do as I tell you, or inform me this moment where she is, I will bind you with this halter, and I will take you into those walls as a mad woman, and say what you will, do what you will, I will have you confined—you shall be put in a strait-jacket! do you hear, you old black witch!"

"Don't get so 'cited Massa, or I 'spect dey tink you want dat jacket ye'self!"

"Will you do as I say?"

Sybil drew herself up proudly:

"De lor no! I tole you once, Massa Staunton, I won't do it, no how!"

Livid with rage, Staunton raised his arm to seize her—the next moment, writhing with torture, blind and furious, he stamped the ground, while old Sybil, coolly putting up her snuff-box, cried:

"Hi! hi! Massa Staunton, you *is'nt up to snuff* arter all! don't git too flusticated, I 'spect dey will tink you'se mad for sarten!" saying this, she walked swiftly up the avenue, that, if needed, she might claim protection from Staunton's wrath. "Now bless my ole nose, what am I gwine do! wasted all dat nice maccaboy on dat ole sarpent! 'spect he won't offer no more silk gowns to ole Sybil!"

We will not dwell upon the rage of Staunton—we could not, for it passed all bounds of speech or description.

Convinced now, by the appearance of Sybil upon the spot, that Beatrice was still within those walls, he made use of every art to gain access to her. He assumed as many shapes as Proteus, now as an old man—now as some foreigner anxious to visit the Institution. He hired persons to go there and pursue the search for him—but all would not do! Finally he gave it up, convinced she could not be there—where then? dead perhaps.

It was the first time in his life that Staunton had ever relinquished a scheme of villainy—but this was from necessity, so he must be excused from any inconsistency.

His threats against Mrs. Lorraine he had never dared to carry out, because his own *reputation* was at stake. They often met in the gay saloons of fashion, yet met as perfect strangers, which the world seeing, shrugged its shoulders, looked knowing, and whispered, “Mrs. Lorraine and her lover have quarreled!”

New York suddenly became very distasteful to Staunton—like Sir Charles Coldstream, he found “nothing in it.” He had long rioted in every dissipation—he was satiated.

Boston was too Puritan. Philadelphia too friendly.

Well, thank heaven, London and Paris would be new! he would try those untrod paths, and see if there was “any thing in them.” So gathering together his effects, he stepped on board a packet ship bound for Liverpool.

CHAPTER XVI.

“ The will

And high permission of all ruling Heaven,
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others.”

MILTON.

It is not necessary to follow the career of Hubert Staunton through those cities of the old world—neither would it be agreeable—it would be quite as much so to trace the slimy trail of a viper.

A lovely morning in October, found him in Florence, in company with friends who had traveled with him from Paris. They had passed several days in strolling around the city and its environs—had visited the Cathedral, the Church of Santa Croce and San Mare, and had stood admiringly in those spacious galleries of art, when one morning a gentleman whose acquaintance Staunton had lately formed, asked:

“Have you been to Saville's Studio? if you have not, I assure you, there is pleasure in reserve for you. He is one of your, countrymen too—a man of genius, and by the way, has the loveliest wife in all Florence.”

"That last argument is irresistible," was the reply,—give me breathing beauty, and I turn even from your Venus de Medicis! allons." So saying they left the hotel together and were soon introduced to the studio of Saville:

During the two years of his residence in Florence, Paul has been rapidly rising in his profession. Yes, genius has triumphed! he is already well known, admired, and pronounced by connoisseurs, as the most promising artist of the day. His walls are adorned with beautiful specimens of his talent, and orders more than he can execute are daily pouring in upon him.

The life of Paul Saville, happy in the possession of his adored Beatrice, and with triumph crowning all his patient toil, is as bright and cloudless as the skies which bend over him.

He received his visitors politely, and Staunton being presented as a fellow-countryman, there was true cordiality in the friendly greeting which he gave him.

After a little chit-chat they proceeded to take the circuit of the rooms. Suddenly Staunton paused:

"Good heavens—what an astonishing likeness!" he exclaimed.

It was a copy of Titians Bella before which he stood. An exquisite thing, and as he intended it for himself alone, Saville, while he retained all the grace of attitude and expression which that great artist had limned, had stolen the lovely head and bust of Beatrice, to make the picture perfect in his eyes.

"Quite a gem—a beautiful thing!" said his companion.

Staunton was nearly as white as marble—that sweet face, what reminiscences did it not recall!

PLATE 100
PUEBLO

ALL
TILE
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Suddenly Staunton paused "Good heavens—what an astonishing likeness!" he exclaimed.

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"The resemblance is most wonderful!" he at length found words to say. "Excuse me Mr. Saville, but will you tell me whether that fair face is a mere copy, or is it a portrait?"

"The painting, in its details, is, as you see, from Titian, the face, however, I painted to suit myself. It is the portrait of a lady to whom I shall be happy to introduce you, if you will dine with me to day. It is the portrait of my wife, Mr. Staunton."

Little did Saville imagine, that the person before him, to whom he was thus tendering the rites of hospitality, was identical with him who had been the relentless persecutor of his beloved Beatrice!

"I shall be most happy to accept your invitation,"—answered Staunton. This face reminds me painfully of a beautiful girl I once knew, but as all else that is bright and lovely fades the soonest, she too now sleeps in the grave! Should Mrs. Saville bear as striking a resemblance to that dear girl as this sweet picture, I shall feel that I have found a long lost friend!"

What vagaries does destiny sometimes play with us! we are as it would seem but mere shuttle-cocks under her hands, sent hither and thither just as she chooses to propel us! So with Hubert Staunton. Destiny was keeping up quite a pretty game with him, and little did he dream whither she pointed, when she sent him that day with feathers all standing, to dine with Paul Saville! well,

"May good digestion wait on appetite."

At the appointed hour he repaired to the residence of our artist friend—the same beautiful villa which Dr.

Woodville had hired upon his first arrival in Florence, but which was now presided over by our young and happy couple.—Doctor and Mrs. Woodville living with them.

Entering the drawing-room, with all that graceful ease and suavity of manner which he could so well affect, he advanced to meet Saville, who came courteously forward to welcome his guest, and then taking him by the arm led him across the room, and presented him to,

“Dr. Woodville, Mr. Staunton.”

Had a thunder-bolt riven the very spot where he stood, he could not have been more astounded! Dr. Woodville, too, recognized his quondam visitor, and the bow with which he met the introduction, was exceedingly formal.

There was no retreat, so, putting a bold face upon the matter, Staunton exclaimed:

“Ah, Dr. Woodville! I have had the pleasure of meeting you before, I am happy to renew my acquaintance, my dear sir! it is delightful to meet a friend in a foreign land!”

“And very disagreeable to meet a person we despise, Mr. Staunton,” returned the doctor, with emphasis.

“Exactly so—all sorts of people will travel, and we are just as likely to meet a foe as a friend, doctor. Florence is a charming spot—have you visited the Hospital St. Bonifacio?” replied Staunton with consummate effrontery.

“Have you friends there too?” inquired the doctor sarcastically.

Staunton understood the taunt, but had the prudence to hold his peace. He crossed the room, and placing himself at the window looked down upon the placid waters of the Arno.

Paul had left the room after presenting his guest, and gone in search of Beatrice. He now returned with her leaning upon his arm—their entrance being unperceived by Staunton, who, occupied with his own bitter fancies, still stood looking from the window.

“Beatrice,” said the doctor in a low voice,—“have courage—Paul be calm! That man is Hubert Staunton. Don’t be alarmed my child, you have nothing to fear, remember you have now a protector—a husband, Beatrice,—courage!”

For a moment the color faded from her cheek, her step faltered, and she leaned heavily upon the arm of her husband,—yet the doctor’s words reassured her, and the tenderness with which Paul drew her to him, as he passed his arm around her waist to support her, restored her to herself.

As Staunton turned from the window, it was with perfect self-possession that she awaited his approach.

Not so, Hubert Staunton.

Adept as he was, he was powerless now to don the mask of dissimulation! His adroitness in this art had been that day too severely tested, it had become strained, like an elastic wire, which drawn too tightly refuses to return to its original pattern!

First the picture,—with what power had that pensive beautiful smile stirred up his hidden thoughts, overpowering him with its life-like resemblance! Then this unexpected meeting with Dr. Woodville,—the man of all others he would avoid,—associated so stingingly with a scene he would fain forget, recalling reminiscences of the past, and all connected too with that same sweet face in

the picture! and now—good heavens—can he believe his eyes—was he dreaming—he stood before the living, breathing form of Beatrice! of her whom he had so wronged—of Beatrice whom he had so vainly sought! the only one for whom he had ever any feeling allied to affection! she was here—Beatrice was before him, more beautiful than ever, a lovely, graceful woman—the wife of the Artist!

He gazed wildly upon her, pale, trembling:

"Beatrice! Beatrice! can I believe my eyes! is it, indeed, Beatrice who now stands before me!" he at length exclaimed.

"Sir!" returned Beatrice, waving him off with chilling hauteur, as he would have taken her hand.

"Is it possible you do not know me—can you have forgotten me!"

"Mr. Staunton you are our guest—for your own sake, I would forget. Presume not to allude to the past, sir."

"Beatrice, Mr. Staunton can be our guest no longer," interrupted Saville. "I invited you here, sir, as a stranger—my heart warmed to a fellow countryman, and as such, my house was opened to you. Henceforth its doors are closed upon one whom I shame to acknowledge! you will excuse us therefore," and coldly bowing, he led Beatrice out.

Enraged, humiliated, confused, Staunton was about to rush from the room, when Dr. Woodville, touching him on the shoulder, said:

"So you have found that 'young woman?'"

If any thing more had been wanting to fill up the mea-

sure of his wrath, it was this! Almost foaming with rage, he turned:

"Fool! fool that I was not to detect your artifice, old man! I would have torn that girl from you and bid defiance to your power!"

"Indeed!" said the doctor, coolly.

"You deceived me! you told me Beatrice had left the Asylum—that she had been taken away! it was a falsehood, old man!"

"It was rather unfortunate for your philanthropic schemes, Mr. Staunton, that only a few weeks prior to your visit, she should have been taken away as I told you by an old gentleman!"

"Well!"

"And that old gentleman was myself, sir! Think you I did not penetrate your motives! think you I was so blind as to believe you a friend to that poor young girl! that I could gaze day after day upon her sweet face, watch the ravages which suffering was making upon her tender frame, listen to her piteous lamentations, and not be aware that she was the victim of some great wrong! If you did, you were mistaken. I saw it all. And when it pleased heaven to grant success to my efforts and my prayers for her restoration, and reason returned to its beautiful temple, to rescue her, sir, from those who had well nigh destroyed both life and reason, became my sole object, and thank God I have succeeded! But let me tell you, Hubert Staunton, had I then known the facts as I now do, you would not have left those walls without the chastisement you deserved!"

With uplifted hand, Staunton sprang forward as the doctor ceased speaking, who, with folded arms, stood

calmly confronting him. He quailed under that stern dignity.

"Dr. Woodville, your age, sir, alone protects you from my just resentment!" he said, as his hand slowly dropped.

"And were you not too pitiful a wretch to meddle with, I would toss you from yonder window into the river below—a cooling bath for puppies! As it is, make your exit by that door, and hark-ye, take a physician's advice, Mr. Staunton—the air of Florence will not agree with you—you had better leave it!"

The next morning, Staunton quite astonished his fellow travellers, by announcing his sudden determination to leave Florence. He was already tired of it—this staying for weeks in one spot, when one was travelling to see the world, he pronounced a great bore. He was anxious to visit the "Eternal City"—there, indeed, he might, perhaps, content himself for a season amid her magnificent ruins—he might return after he had seen Rome, Venice, Pompeii, visited Vesuvius, &c., but now, he must really bid adieu to Florence, fair and beautiful as she was—so *adios!*

But as his companions were not yet ready to leave, Staunton departed *seule*.

His brain for the last twenty-four hours had been like a seething caldron—Macbeth's witches could not have desired a better. Rage, mortification, jealousy, revenge, whirled round and round with other evil passions—now this one swam at the top, now that—until finally the whole seething mass coalesced and spread itself out upon a sheet of paper in the following manner:

"FLORENCE, October 30th, 18—.

"CHARMING MA'MA LORRAINE:

"We are in Florence, Beatrice and I—yes in this delicious clime of love and beauty. You would not know her, Beatrice I mean, so radiant in her matured charms—so gloriously beautiful! You well remember what power her young, budding loveliness exerted over my heart, binding me a willing captive, satiated as I was, perhaps, with other and older beauties! she was so fresh, where others were so faded—so naive, where others were so artificial—so innocent, where others were so artful—so perfectly unconscious of her beauty, where others were so vain! Have you ever seen that exquisite picture of Modesty and Vanity? you have, perhaps, a recollection of my charming Beatrice's countenance, which will answer admirably to that of Modesty—while for Vanity, commend me, madam, to your mirror—you have a fine one!

"Beatrice often laughs when we speak of the past, that her beloved Hubert, from pity only, should have so long been led by a woman whom he despised for her jealousy, and whose credulity was his sport! but we are happy now, loving and beloved, what more can we ask! Adios—my angel sends her love to dear ma'ma.

"How shall I subscribe myself? suppose for old acquaintance I say

"Adieu, dearest, dear Anna! your own devoted

"HUBERT.

(How do you like it?)"

"There," cried Staunton, throwing down the pen, "there—that will be gall and worm-wood to that proud

woman! the next mail shall speed this delicious morsel on its way—so far, my revenge is sure, for the rest time will show!"

The next morning he was *en route* for Rome,—ere another week he had joined a party going to Vienna. And, such was his restlessness, so goaded and pricked on was he by his evil passions, that he hurried from place to place, seeking, yet finding no rest, until like the Jew of old, he became a wanderer over the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Now go your way.
God and good Angels guard ye as ye go!
Blow fairly, winds of Heaven. Ye ocean waves,
Swell not in anger!"

SOUTHEY.

PARTINGS are sad things. From those we love, it is a bitter drop in our cup of happiness, however full, and to part with them when the cup we have to drink is dregged with sorrow, is more bitter still! We cannot say a careless adieu to a friend at any moment, we are always sorry to watch their retreating forms, or ourselves going,—to turn back to some pleasant window, and see there kind faces watching our departing footsteps! But when we are about to separate from our dearest and best friends for a long time, perhaps for years, and in the uncertainty of all human life, it may be never to meet again—then "the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

Such were the feelings of the little group the last evening that the doctor and Mrs. Woodville passed under the roof of Paul and Beatrice.

After a residence of nearly three years in Florence,

their hearts turned with longing to their native land. The skies of Italy were fair, but the skies of America were fairer! They had postponed their departure from time to time, only from their reluctance to part with their dear children, for such they seemed, until at length letters from home rendered it imperatively necessary that their return should be delayed no longer.

Their last day in Florence was a sad one. Never had the sun shone down upon a more lovely landscape, rich with the relics of ages, than that viewed from their windows. Never had the atmosphere been more voluptuous or rife with the odors of that delicious clime, yet to those so soon to leave them, all things were draped in funeral gloom. And yet it was pleasant to see how each one strove to hide their sorrow from the other—how they busied themselves about little trifling matters, how they dwelt with such pertinacity upon every subject not connected with the morrow.

Cheerfulness knocked very hard to be admitted—her shadow only passed in.

Paul had painted life-sized portraits of Beatrice and himself and had them securely packed for the voyage, and had re-produced upon the speaking canvass the noble, benevolent features of Dr. Woodville and of the kind old lady for himself, while Mrs. Woodville went about gathering as many relics as a pilgrim to the Holy-Land to bear with her, to her far off home,—this would remind her of Beatrice—that seemed so much like Paul!

“And where are my flowers Beatrice? I must not forget them—they grew in your little garden, and”—— the good lady was seized with a violent spasm of coughing,—“they will soon be withered I know, a mere bunch

of dry leaves, but I shall remember where they grew, Beatrice!"

There have been such partings, however, both before and since, when a bunch of flowers has been a fragrant gift to memory. We have all may-be taken a leaf, a bud, a twig from some cherished spot—perhaps from the sod that lies cold upon the faces of those we have loved—we put it away among our little treasures, and by and by, in some unexpected moment we come upon it—tell me, are there written words, or dotted lines can speak to us in more thrilling tones than those dry withered leaves!

Paul and Beatrice accompanied their dear friends to Havre, that they might be with them to the last, and went with them also on board the packet-ship the morning she was to sail.

No sooner did Mrs. Woodville attempt to go below than she was seized with one of her old fits of nervousness:

"Dear, dear, how can I ever go down into that little cabin, and climb into one of those horrid berths! I declare I had rather not go home at all! and then I shan't have you Beatrice to nurse me," she cried, disconsolately, as she sat down upon a coil of ropes,—“I shan't have you dear girl to comfort me, and fix up my pillows, and hold my head!"

"But you will have father, he is a better nurse than I am, you know," Beatrice answered:

There was not a little tartness in the reply:

"Beatrice, you don't know anything about it! why, when I was laying there all cooped in that horrid little berth, pitching up and down, this way and that, as if I was of no account, why the doctor would stand over me, holding on to the sides

of the berth, as if he expected every moment his feet would slide from under him, and say, "take it easy my dear, you will soon get over it!" It used to make me downright mad! why, I should just as soon think of telling a dying man to take it easy, for he would soon get over it!"

The doctor laughed a real genuine hearty laugh:

"I am sure, my dear wife, I must have looked very sorrowful and sympathizing."

"You tried to do so, I dare say—but I could see a smile lurking round the corners of your mouth, and a twinkle of the eye, that I understood well enough,—and then, there was Beatrice,"—

"Well, what did Beatrice do?"

"I saw her more than once turn away her head and smile, indeed I did!"

"Only when you would sometimes beg us to throw you overboard"—said Beatrice laughing,—“for then I could not help thinking how comical you would look bobbing up and down upon the waves, with your head all bound in a red handkerchief, and that gay flowered dressing-gown floating about you, like some great sea-bird with its wings all spread!"

"Saucy girl!" said Mrs. Woodville, now laughing herself,—“well come Paul, give me your arm, I may as well go down first as last."

And now the time came when the last farewell must be spoken, for already the sailors were weighing anchor, and the trim sails only waiting the word of command to spring to the breeze:

"You will come to us my children by and by," said Dr. Woodville, holding a hand of each,—“you will come to us, and if we are not there, you will find us in the lit-

the church-yard, come and see us where we are sleeping, children, and drop a tear upon our silent graves! Now may God in Heaven bless you both my dear, dear children!" and folding them together in his arms, he strained them to his bosom.

They must go—they can tarry no longer!

The last embrace is given, the last farewell is spoken! They have gone. But there are fond eyes watching from the shore, as the stately ship speeds out to sea, and long after all objects on land had become indistinct to those upon her deck, did Paul and Beatrice watch her fast fading outlines—now she seems like some sea-bird, soaring far off over the waves—now she is a mere speck upon the horizon—she has gone! no, another heave of Ocean's swelling seas, and she is there—a faint dot upon that glowing sky, and now—ah! now she has gone indeed! In vain do they strain their eyes for one more trace of the noble ship.



CHAPTER XVIII.

"Childhood should be all divine,
And like an endless summer shine."

BARRY CORNWALL.

WE will also cross the Atlantic, and plant our steps once more upon our native shores.

Noiseless is the flight of time, silently then we too will pass with him over a few brief years, and mark what changes he has wrought with some of our characters.

And first our little Amy, the frolicsome pet we saw last at Leslie Farm.

The old farm house still stands beneath the old oaks, which alone are unchanged. The roof has turned gray, and the green moss and lichen peep from the warped shingles—the house has donned a more sober garb, as becomes one who notes gravely the changes which are going on. The timbers which support the little porch are dingy and weather-riven, and the floor complains at the slightest touch. The barn begins to stoop and grumble under its burthens, and the corn-crib maliciously scatters the golden

ears committed to its charge. Yet, while decay has thus been stealing silently on, beauty and strength have followed close, for the tender saplings have shot up into graceful trees, the kernals which the farmer planted, now yield their luscious fruit, and the sweet-briar has climbed and climbed, until now it is creeping along the eaves as if determined to view what is passing upon the other side of that great barrier which has always been such an obstacle to her seeing the world. Upon the old oaks alone the hand of time has neither laid decay, nor added beauty. Still do they stand as proud in their strength as when the foot of the Indian alone trod the pathless forest of the west.

Other children, too, are playing around the porch and tumbling upon the green sward—children not brought in coaches either, with bank notes in their hands, as the farmer would say, but with stout, wooden spoons to dive into the porridge-pot, and with these rapidly increasing mouths opening like young robins and craving food, there has come harder toil, more privations. The farmer looks worn, there are wrinkles on his brow, and his shoulders show the yoke of labor, while Mrs. Leslie, altho' she steps briskly and sings cheerily, yet the silver threads mingle with her dark brown hair, and her brow wears an anxious, troubled look—there are lines upon it left by midnight toil, and watches, with her sick little ones.

With Bessie, now a stout, handsome child of twelve years, Amy shares the charge of the younger children, and also the other labors which naturally devolve upon the eldest of a family—a farmer's family especially.

That human nature is prone to selfishness, the most unselfish cannot with truth deny—the purest metal has its alloy, and the purest heart may still have some grain of baser matter.

And, although Mrs. Leslie would have shrank from committing any act of unkindness toward her, yet there were tasks and duties given Amy to perform, which she would have hesitated to impose upon her own children. And yet she loved her little protégé nearly as well as she did Bessie, and never regretted making any *personal* sacrifice for her sake.

Not so her husband. So long as Amy was the only baby, he loved her and petted her, she was a winning, little creature, and, one must possess a less tractable heart than the farmer, not to be won by the sweet smile of an infant! But when others came, one by one, to fill her place, he began to shut his heart against the little girl. For several years the promised funds for her support had not been remitted, and the farmer, at length, began to grumble audibly.

He did not consider that, ere long, even his selfishness would be satisfied with the labor of her hands, that she would soon become a help, and not a burthen! no, he could not look to any future contingency—he could only see her as she was now, a mere helpless, little child, eating the bread and wearing the clothes which, by right, belonged to his own children.

Farmer Leslie was not a bad man either. He had kindly feelings, and would have resented any injustice to Amy *elsewhere*, as if she had been really his child. Strange inconsistency! when the children were at their sports, romping about the fields, or hunting hen's nests in

the old barn, tumbling over the fragrant hay, he could not tell why—but the laugh of Amy, tho' sweet as the carol of a bird, was discordant to his ear: and again, when he would find her idling round, as all little girls will sometimes do, but busy with her own little thoughts, he would say:

"Here, Amy, why don't you go into the garden and weed the onions?" or,—

"Run to the barn and shell some corn for the fowls—quick, I tell you, I won't have any drones about my hive!"

The cheerful, happy tempered child did not notice any unkindness, but thought her father the very best any little girl ever had, and, if sometimes a harsh word, may-be a blow, would bring a tear to her eye, or a pout to her lip, for Amy could pout and shrug her little brown shoulders as well as any other little girl of her age, yet it was quickly forgotten, and from tears sprang a smile as bright as the sun upon the dew-lipped clover.

Her old friend, Harry Gorden, left Auburn when Amy was but five years old. A farmer's life had become irksome to him. Without any prospect of being able to own a farm for many years, it seemed to him that he was a "mere hewer of wood and drawer of water" for other people. He made up his mind it would not do. He was willing to work, but he wanted to realize something more from it than the pleasures of sight—viz: to see the billowy grain which he had scattered, ripening for others, or the grass he had swathed, feed other men's cattle! no, no, that would not answer. So he made his way to the great metropolis, where he was now a clerk, with—golden temples in cloud-land, and vast "Castles in Spain."

Every summer Harry came back to the old spot, and never without some little gift for Amy—a doll, a book, or a paper of sugar-plums, which Amy always shared with her little sisters.

She believed herself, of course, the child of farmer Leslie—no one had ever hinted otherwise, and Mrs. Leslie would have highly resented any interference with their secret—Amy was her child, she said, just as much as any body's child! Bessie could but just remember how astonished she was one day, when she came in from play, to see her mother sitting there with a dear, little, cunning baby in her lap—but then, babies always made their appearance so mysteriously—she was just as much surprised, she said, when, one morning, her mother called her to the bed-side, and she saw Lucy's funny, little head snuggled down close to her, and another time, too, when her father led her to the cradle, and there, of all things in the world, was a little tiny, boy baby—little Johnny,—so Amy's advent was no greater mystery than that of the other children.

There was very little resemblance between Amy and her sisters and her little brother. They were stout, ruddy children, with very white hair, and large, blue eyes, fine looking, active, and gave promise of strong help to their parents when they should be going down the vale of years.

Amy's hair was black as the raven's wing, and formed a perfect little nest of ringlets, tight and crisp, setting upon her finely shaped head. Her eyes were a soft, dewy black, of a peculiar oval shape, deep set, and shaded by long, curling lashes,—her nose was a little *retrousee*, or, to expose it without this delicate French covering, I must

say it was, in truth, a turn-up nose, but which gave an arch expression to her face, increased by two little dimples lurking at the corners of her full, ruddy lips. Her complexion was rich, not dark, nor yet light, there was a warm tint about it which painters love to catch—only she would get terribly sun-burned!

She was even now taller at nine years of age than Bessie. She was no fragile tender plant either, but as strong and healthy a young twig as one would like to see. She had a nice little temper of her own too. She was no lamb-like, meek child, that would have her hair pulled by a play-mate, without a slap back with her little hand, or have her play-things snatched away, without a struggle—it was snatch and snatch. Amy was generous too and forgiving, she would almost run her little feet off to serve any one, and with a happy smile, would give up any little luxury, if she saw Lucy or Johnny looking with wistful eyes—but they must not attempt to take it from her! no indeed—then my lady stood up for her rights.

She was always going around hunting up motherless chickens, and lame goslings, picking up stray little ducklings, wrapping them up in soft wool, and tucking them away in all sorts of odd places—took little kittens that had been sent to try the water cure, and hid them under the barn, or would sometime astonish the old cat, by bringing back her whole brood, after she had been vainly seeking the “tuneful nine,”—refusing to be comforted even by a saucer of milk. She was a friend to little pigs, and devoted to lambs, and would plead as eloquently for the life of a doomed calf, as an able lawyer for that of a fellow-being.

Mrs. Leslie had taught Bessie and Amy their letters at her leisure moments, which knowledge, they, in turn, im-

parted to the younger children. But Amy soon out-stripped Bessie. She mastered old Webster's spelling-book word for word, and was extremely proud when, gathering the children about her, she could read to them that very interesting tale of the milk-maid and her chickens, or the story of the naughty boy up in the apple-tree, upon whom "the virtue of stones," was about to be exemplified: she could repeat too with great pathos, suiting the action to the word, "yes little nest I hold you fast!" She had picked up a little geographical knowledge from an old torn coverless school-book, which Mrs. Leslie had thumbed in her younger days, and she had the multiplication table perfect. So far her education went and no further.

The Bible and the Hymn Book she especially revered. These two sacred volumes had always rested upon the same little candle-stand, in the same little corner, ever since she could remember, and the child always walked more softly when she drew near it, and looked upon it with a stilly awe she could not understand. When she was a very little girl her mother would sometimes show her the pictures of Mary and the blessed Babe, of Joseph flying with the young child into Egypt, or of Daniel in the Lions Den, and so on through the sacred volume, and when she had learned to read, Mrs. Leslie would allow her and Bessie to hold the book in their laps, and read it aloud. And this became her greatest pleasure—no task so difficult but was cheerfully accomplished, if she might be allowed to read a few pages in the sacred Book. Chapter after chapter, and verse after verse she committed to memory, and would go about repeating them softly to herself, and she had a habit too of applying them with singular aptness, as if they sprang involuntarily to her lips

She learned many little hymns too, and catching the airs from her mother would sing them very sweetly, as she sat upon the old worn door-step some calm summer night.

In after years how often she thanked God for the little seeds which she then unconsciously planted in her young heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape
Lay as if it were created in all the freshness of childhood."

Not as a child shall we again behold her.
For when with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again unfold her
She will not be a child."

LONGFELLOW.

AUTUMN came now like a monarch in regal splendor and took his march over the land. As he passed the groves flashed before him, and the humble shrubs hastened to don their gayest attire. The hill-sides hung out their gorgeous tapestry, and even the stubborn rocks adorned themselves with variegated garlands in his honor. It was one of those lovely days which follow in the path of the autumn king, when a soft transparency floats over the face of the landscape, subduing the gorgeous drapery of the woods to more mellow tints, and filling the air with that "dreamy and magical light" which our poet Longfellow has so beautifully depicted. The "sound of dropping nuts" too was heard, the crow loomed black as he lazily

beat the air, and the provident squirrel rustled the leaves with his soft bushy tail, and then scampering nimbly over the fences hied him to his nest with nuts for winter cracking.

A happy party of little children left the old farm-house that morning for the woods.

The chestnuts were ripe. The frost had opened the prickly burrs, and the brown glossy kernels strewed the ground. This was always a joyous event, and when, the night before, the farmer told his children, that on the morrow they could go to the chestnut-woods half a mile distant from the farm, they could scarcely sleep, so anxious were they for the dawn of day.

Breakfast over, they set forth, each provided with a little basket or pail. Their nimble feet soon put distance behind, and by nine o'clock they had reached the grove, when one universal shout of gladness awoke the "dreamy air," and rang through the old trees, as the children saw the bountiful harvest spread around them. And now, where to commence the forage, was matter of grave debate. Here the nuts were in heaps, and still pelting down from the topmost boughs, and there:

"O, come here!" Bessie would cry, "I have found such a nice spot!" and away they would all scamper for it, yet ere half-way there, Amy would call:

"Come back—come back—O, Bessie do see the nuts!"

At length concluding to divide their forces, where there was so much to be gleaned, Amy and Lucy began filling their baskets at "the very best spot," while Bessie with little Johnny were picking up the nuts at another "very best spot!" and many a shout of child-like glee rang through the woods that day!

Filled soon and heaped high were the baskets and pails, and then the children sat down upon the sunny banks, or upon the trunks of fallen trees, and divided their dinners, which they had brought with them, scooping up the water in their hands from the little brook which gurgled over the stones, half hidden in the russet leaves of autumn, or stooping down lave their rosy lips in the sparkling stream. Then they sang their little songs over and over again, they laughed until echo laughed with them, they played hide and seek behind the logs, or in and out among the trees—hand in hand they danced around the moss grown trunks, until Amy suddenly starting up, declared it was time to be going, for mother said they must be home before sun-set, and she could already see his great red face going down the west. So, hastily gathering together their baskets, the merry children shouted "good bye" to the old woods, and started for home.

Long did Amy remember that day!

They walked rather slowly along the road, for even their active little limbs were beginning to tire, and were about half-way home, when they saw a woman coming toward them, who as they drew near, sat down upon a large stone by the road-side, as if awaiting their approach. With childish curiosity the children turned their eyes upon her, while the old woman herself seemed to be eyeing them as curiously. Yet to their surprise the face upon which they looked was that of a colored person, perhaps some fifty years of age.

This was a very unusual sight, for at the time, but few of the colored race had found their way to the west, and those few were old family servants, who preferred emi

grating with their masters and mistresses from the Eastern States.

Bessie and Amy had once or twice met with them when they rode over to Auburn with their father and mother, but to the others, the sight was not only novel, but terrifying. Little Johnny clung tightly to Amy's dress, and began to cry lustily, while Lucy hid herself away behind Bessie, and only dared to peep out one eye in wonder at the strange black woman.

"Why massy sake," said the old woman, with a long silent laugh, "why what de child so scare for! nebber seen old nig' afore? hi—look here little massa, I got someting for de little boys when dey don't cry," and putting her hand into her pocket, she drew forth an orange, and then with another dive, up came a handful of raisins,—“hi', dems de nice tings for little boys, and little gal too—here Missy,” as she handed some to Amy, “and now dat pretty little Missy must hab some, and little scared gal too!” and so saying she distributed her gifts freely among the astonished children, pulling forth raisins and figs from the “vasty deep” of her pockets, until they almost believed they had found the Good Fairy their mother sometimes told them about in her stories. Even frightened Johnny, soon forgot to cry, and took the orange in his little hand, quite reconciled to his fate:

“Bery nice little children! where be you gwine, eh?” asked the old woman, always with her eyes fixed upon Amy.

“We are going home now, we have been in the woods yonder chestnutting all day—won't you have some?” said Amy, throwing a handful or two into her lap:

“Now de Lord lub dat child? ah, I knows dat voice and dat eye! hi—it go jus straight to dis ole heart!”

"What did you say?" asked Amy, for the old woman had spoken very low, as if to herself.

"Noting at all, child, only jus ask what you'se name—dat's all!"

"Amy Leslie."

The old woman nodded her head and smiled to herself.

"Well, little children, I guess I'd better be gwine—it's getting kinder late, won't you walk 'long de road jus a little bit, it's lonesome, you better believe!"

Amy glanced at the sun, it was almost down, yet thinking they should oblige the old woman by going a little way with her, the children turned and retraced their steps in the direction of the grove.

They had not gone far, when she turned off the main road into a narrow lane, thickly shaded by trees, where, to the surprise of the children, a carriage was drawn up on one side of the path, for it could scarcely be called a road.

At the sound of their childish voices, a lady put her head out of the window, and gazed long and earnestly upon the children, then hastily drawing down her veil, sank back in the carriage.

"I 'spect dat lady, mebbe, like some of dese nuts—jus you come 'long me, little missy, and you stay here nice little boy; cause p'raps de lady wouldn't like so many little children t'wonce!" and Amy, following the old woman, bashfully advanced to the carriage, holding up her little basket.

Her sun-bonnet had fallen off upon her shoulders, thus revealing her bright, handsome face, with her eyes lifted to the veiled features of the lady, with a beautiful, *half-timid* expression which gave them a peculiar softness.

The woman went up close to the window and spoke a few words to the lady in a very low voice, then turning to the child, she said:

"Jus git into the carriage, little missy, just a minit, child, case de lady wants to kiss you, you is sich a pretty, little gal!"

Amy hesitated a moment. It seemed singular, even to her artless mind, that the lady should want her to get into the carriage—yet rather pleased, too, at the compliment, she went round the other side, and blushing, sprang lightly in. Sybil followed, (she has been already recognized by the reader,) and ere Amy had time to think, the driver applied his lash to the horses, they bounded forward, the carriage rolled rapidly out of the lane into the main-road, and then swiftly bowled along over the turnpike.

Surprise for a moment kept the child silent, then rising, and pouring the half nearly of her chestnuts into the lady's lap, she said:

"Please let me get out now, I want to get out."

"Only jus sit still, little minit, don't you lub to ride in such a nice coach, eh, little missy?"

"Yes, I suppose it's very nice, only I had rather go back now! Bessie and the children will be waiting there all this time, won't you please, ma'am, tell the man to stop his horses and let me get out?" This last appeal she addressed to the lady.

"Not yet, soon," was the answer, but the voice trembled and sounded hollow.

After waiting patiently for a few moments, Amy again said:

"May I go now? indeed, indeed, I must go!" and the tears stood in her pleading eyes.

"No, child—I am going to take you home with me," answered the lady, "so sit still."

"Do you live far? will it take long? for I want to go home," Amy said, almost sobbing.

"Yes, I live many miles from here, and it will take a great while to get there. I am going to take you home to live with me, so don't tease any more, my head aches."

Amy began to be frightened, her breath came thick as she said :

"But I don't want to go home with you, if you please, ma'am, I want to get out now, I want to go to my own home!"

No answer was made, and still the carriage rolled rapidly on. Amy saw the sun was setting, and she knew from the rapidity with which they had come, that she must be two or three miles from home, she began to get desperate as she thought of Bessie and the children, and what her mother would say :

"Oh, do let me go this minute—won't you take me back? pray, pray open the door, won't you please?" and, seizing the knob, she began to jerk and twist it violently.

Mrs. Lorraine now threw up her veil, and probably to intimidate the child, fixed her large, piercing eyes upon her face, and said, sternly :

"Let go the door, do you hear, little girl—and sit still. It will do no good to cry, you are going with me!"

That tone of command roused Miss Amy's temper in a moment—I have said she was no lamb. That cold, stern

eye had no intimidating effect upon her, but throwing back her little head like a young princess, her eyes flashing, and the color mantling her temples, she said :

"I tell you, I will get out, and I won't go home with you! I don't like you, and now, if you don't let me get out, I'll scream, yes I'll scream just as hard as ever I can—so there!"

Old Sybil laughed another silent laugh :

"De lor, Misses Anne, if I shant jump right off de handle! jus hear dat child—hi! it somehow makes dis ole heart glad!"

Amy behaved very fairly. She gave her enemies time to consider her terms, but finding they were not to be complied with, she prepared for action accordingly—planting both her little hands upon her hips as if to sustain her efforts, she opened her mouth to its full extent, and deliberately sent forth three long, shrill screams! Old Sybil clapped her hands to her ears :

"Y—ah, y—ah, bless de Lord, what's all dis! hi—I believe my ole head split!"

Mrs. Lorraine seizing Amy by her shoulder shook her violently, "Now stop, you bad girl—do you hear me—stop!"

"Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing!" cried Amy, with flashing eyes, the verse apparently shaken into her mind by this rough treatment—"for I wont stop—there—now I'll scream again like any thing—there!" and another, even more shrill, issued from her lips.

"Tie a handkerchief quickly over that child's mouth, Sybil—here is my scarf, I will see, Miss, if you will not stop!" and, after a great struggle, in which Amy bore her

part bravely, making her little hands and feet fly in every direction, she was finally obliged to surrender—her hands were bound, and a handkerchief tied tightly over her mouth, yet even then by all sorts of defiant gestures with her head, and stamping with her feet, the child endeavored to atone for the robbery of her voice.

Still the carriage rolled swiftly on. They had long since left the turnpike, and were now upon a narrow cross road.

Amy's belligerent powers finally exhausted themselves. She now thought of home, of her dear mother, of her sisters and little Johnny, and of what they would say when she did not come back all night! and then she began to weep and moan piteously. At length her little frame was exhausted, and sobbing, and grieving, poor little Amy finally fell asleep.

Then Sybil removed the handkerchief from her mouth, untied her hands, and putting back the moist curls from her brow, rested her head quietly upon her bosom.

"Poor little child, how she do sob and take on! 'clare to goodness, Misses Anne, I feel mighty bad about her!" said Sybil, the tears standing in her honest eyes.

Mrs. Lorraine made no answer, but continued looking upon the sleeping child, as if studying every lineament of that little, troubled face. Sometimes her brow would contract, as if a sudden spasm racked her frame, then an expression of tenderness would steal over her features, and more than once, the tears sprang to her eyes, altho' she hastily averted them, lest Sybil should detect her emotion. At length, turning to the old nurse, she said with affected carelessness:

"Sybil, do you—do you see any likeness?"

She had apparently been expecting some question of he kind, and now replied with great emphasis.

"Likeness! why you had better believe, Misses Anne, [nebber see sich a likeness, nebber! why I 'clare to de Lord, de berry minit I see her coming 'long de road wid her little basket,—dere it be down in de corner, and all de nuts skeltering 'round de carriage, poor little gall! dat bery minit I say to myself, 'dere Sybil, what you ole heart say? don't it say dat's you'se little Misses Beatrice's baby! likeness! why she do look 'zactly like you, Misses Anne, and more too!"]

"Like me, Sybil, did you say?"

"'Cept de eyes, dems like Missy Beatrice—jus sich soft lubbing eyes, only dey is black, den de hair, pretty, curling hair, jus like yours was when little Missy Beatrice was a baby, and de 'plexion like Misses Anne's too— don't know noting 'bout her nose, 'spect mebbe 'tis her father's."

"Hush, Sybil!" interrupted Mrs. Lorraine, sharply.

"Beg pardon, Misses Anne, but her nose han't got noting to do wid de Lorraine noses, dat's the fact!" answered Sybil.

"She must have a very bad temper, tho'; I suppose, she has always had her way with those people!" said Mrs. Lorraine.

"Well, it was kind ob natrel dat she wanted to go back. Hi! I 'spect dey will feel drefful bad over dere!"

"Nonsense, Sybil! they will, probably be glad to get rid of her. By the way, what did you do with the money?"

"I jus slipped it into de little boy's basket—mebbe dat will make dem feel better, poor tings!"

"Well, I have undertaken a great task, I see—I am

almost sorry, and then such a little vixen too!" continued Mrs. Lorraine.

Sybil laughed:

"She's proper spunky, I 'spect, poor little gal! Sybil hopes she won't break her heart!" and she passed her hand tenderly over the little head which rested upon her bosom.

"Children's hearts are not so easily broken, Sybil; this child is like all others—fine dresses, and a nursery full of toys will soon console her. In a week she will cease to think of these people."

"Mebbe she will, and mebbe she won't!" was Sybil's answer.

CHAPTER XX.

"But to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despair!"

KEATS.

Soon after dark they reached a small log tavern which seemed to invite the weary traveller to repose, ere entering the long stretch of woods, upon the borders of which this humble tenement hung out its sign of welcome.

Apparently their arrival was expected, for, as the carriage drew up to the door, mine host was there to let down the steps, remarking, at the same time, that "supper was e'en a most ready to put on the table."

Amy, poor child, still slept, and Mrs. Lorraine now wrapping a large shawl closely around her, as if to conceal her humble garb from the eyes of the inn-keeper, requested him to carry her into the house. Lifted carefully in his arms, the little girl was then borne into a small room adjoining the kitchen, and placed upon the bed, Mrs. Lorraine and Sybil following.

As soon as they were alone, the latter took from her pocket a key, and unlocking a travelling trunk which

stood at the foot of the bed, proceeded to take from it and arrange the various articles of a little girl's wardrobe,—a pretty dress of dark silk, a little merino shawl, snowy stockings, and pretty little boots, and then drew forth from a small box, a neat straw bonnet lined and trimmed with green.

"Dere, Misses Anne, won't she look like a picter in dese pretty clothes?" she said, laying each piece upon a chair by the bed-side.

"Let the child sleep, Sybil," answered her mistress, "I have concluded to remain here until morning, if I can be made comfortable. Don't leave her for a moment, for if she should awake she will try in some way to escape. I will go and ascertain if we can all be lodged here."

Sybil stood over the sleeping child, and as heavy sighs would now and then burst from her little grieved heart, the tears rolled down the cheeks of the faithful old nurse:

"Poor little lamb!" she said, stroking her curls. "Well I dun'no, 'pears as if I wished she was back 'long of dem little children, dere she was jus like a bird singing in de woods all de day long, and now she's gwine to be shut up in a cage, poor gal! well, I knows one ting, Sybil will lub her and be good to her, dat she will!"

Mrs. Lorraine soon returned, and telling Sybil that she would now remain with the child, bade her go out and get some supper, and nothing loth the old nurse obeyed.

The door closed and Mrs. Lorraine was alone with her grand-child, that innocent child, of whom she had robbed her only daughter, from whose unconscious arms she had torn her, unpitying, and left a helpless infant to the tender mercies of strangers, and who now lay before her the victim of another great wrong! for had she not rudely

snatched her from the only hearts that loved her, from those whom she considered as her parents, from her little playmates, and from the only home she had ever known—and for what?

Was it to atone for past neglect by giving her now those advantages of education and society which by right were hers? was it to train her young mind to lessons of truth and virtue? or was it only that she might still have it in her power to injure her daughter thro' her child—to put upon her the yoke of dependence, and make her the slave of her ill-humor and caprice!

Let us hope, in all womanly charity, that these last were not her motives!

Alone with her grand-child!

Why was it the little sleeping form before her had power to awe that haughty woman! why did she tremble and bury her face in her jeweled hands as she sat there by the bed-side.

“Ah, conscience doth make cowards of us all!”

Said one who well understood human nature, and Mrs. Lorraine now shrank from its accursing voice. The scene, too, had its influence. The moon broke through the branches of the large trees which waved across the window and streamed full upon the bed, and upon the white sanded floor in fantastic shadows, and as the wind swayed the nearly leafless boughs to and fro, they tapped startlingly against the narrow panes. The great forest made solemn music in the night wind, and the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will floating near, seemed fitting incantations to call

up the shadows of the past, which now like Banquo's ghosts passed, one by one, in terrible distinctness before her.

"Guess I'd better wake up little Missy, and gib her some tea and a bit of bread," said Sybil, entering unperceived. "Why is you asleep, too, Misses Anne? do jus look at dis ole candle all sputtering itself down into de candle-stick—don't gib no more light dan noting at all!"

"I am not asleep, Sybil," answered Mrs. Lorraine, but in such hollow tones as startled the old woman.

"Den you is sick at heart for sure!" Sybil stood for a moment as if undecided what to do, then going to her mistress, she took her hand gently, and pointing to little Amy, said:

"Oh, Misses Anne, if you'se troubled, only jus look at dat pretty, innocent little child, Missy Beatrice's child! forgib all my poor young Missy do, 'cause she was jus like de poor silly little fly in de big spider's web! forgib her, and lub her little gal! do Misses Anne, and bless de Lord dat child will be jus like de Balm of Gilead in you'se heart, I 'spect if you will only jus let her in!"

"No Sybil, I am afraid I never can love her, I thought I could, but the sight of her recalls too many scenes I would forget! I wish I had left her where she was!"

"Try Misses, try to lub her, she's such a pretty little gal, and looks so 'zactly like you!" pleaded Sybil.

"I thank Heaven, she does not look like *her*!" said her Mistress rising.

"Only 'cept de eyes!"

"Waken her now, Sybil, but be careful, these people must not suspect any thing unusual."

Mrs. Lorraine then sat down by the window, and the *kind old creature* went to the bed, and in her most coax-

ing tones attempted to awaken little Amy. It was some moments, however, ere she succeeded in rousing the child, and then she only half opened her eyes, looked about her dreamily, mechanically swallowed the tea which Sybil put to her lips, and then sank back again upon the pillow in the deep sleep of childhood.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Thou art gane awa', thou art gane awa',
Thou art gane awa' frae me." —

BURNS.

IN the mean time the sudden disappearance of Amy was causing great trouble and sorrow at the Old Farm-House.

The children had waited long and patiently by the road-side, expecting every moment to see her return. They supposed the lady was only giving Amy a little ride to please her, and Bessie felt half envious of her sister's superior luck, for she thought it must be so much more delightful to ride in a handsome carriage, than in father's jolting one-horse wagon!

"I think I ought to have gone I'm sure, for I am the oldest!" she said pettishly, "and me ought to go too, for me's the youngest!" added little Johnny, taking his mouth from the vent which he had made in his orange.

But now the sun was down, and the road began to look dark in the gathering shadows. They had still a quarter of a mile to go, so they dared not remain longer, but with

a last vain look in the direction which the carriage had taken, the children bent their steps homewards.

Mrs. Leslie stood at the gate anxiously looking for them.

Some how or other she said, she had felt uneasy about them all day, and now as the sun had set, and the twilight deepening, she was sure something must have happened. Still they came not, and the poor woman was almost as frantic as the mother of Hood's "Lost Heir:"

"This way and that she wildly ran.

O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick, stark, staring wild!

Has ever a one seen any thing about the streets like a lost looking child!"

And like her, no sooner did she see them running down the road than her fears gave place to anger, and each one of the little stragglers was doomed, in her motherly affection, to a box on the ear, at least a good shaking and a supperless pillow!

"You are nice children to be sure aint you," she cried as they came up panting with the haste they had made, "to stay out'til this time of night! I wish the bears had got you! Come here you Bessie, its all your fault and Amy's, come into the house this moment, I'll teach you to stay out like this another time!"

"We waited for Amy ever so long mother, we started before sun-down from the woods," said Bessie whimpering.

"And what did you keep the children waiting for, Amy, I would like to know, come along in!"

"Amy aint here, mother," cried Lucy.

"Aint here—why what does the child mean! where is she?" for until this moment, Mrs. Leslie had not missed her from the group. Then the little tongues were all let loose at once.

"Oh, mother, dont you think, ——" said one.

"An old black woman and," —— cried another.

"A great big orange, and some rai, ——" added Johnny.

"Yes, and then Amy got into a beautiful" ——

"Carriage, and a lady in a vail "

"And the black woman."

But poor Mrs. Leslie understood it all, and staggered into the house with a sickening feeling that Amy was lost to her forever.

"O! I shall never see her again! Oh, Amy, Amy, my dear child! what shall I do, what shall I do! Oh, Gabriel, Amy has gone! yes, she has got her, she has taken her away from me!" and the poor woman was nearly frantic in her grief. The children, too now seeing their mother weep, all began to scream and cry, Johnny declaring with sobs, and shaking his little fist, that the old black woman had taken poor sister Amy off into the woods to eat her up!

One hour before, had any one told the farmer that Amy was to be taken from them, he would probably have answered, coldly, that he was glad of it, that it was time she went! but mark the difference now, no sooner did he understand from the incoherent grief of his wife what had occurred, and that Amy had really gone, than his heart dropped like lead in his bosom, and a feeling of regret and sorrow came over him, which brought the tears into his eyes:

"*I will go after her this minute, Betsy, don't fret—*I

will arouse the neighbors—I'll see if the child is to be taken from us in this way! what business has any body got with Amy, she is ours! don't you cry wife, I'll soon bring her back!" he exclaimed, starting for the door.

"It won't do any good, no, no, we shall never see her again, Gabriel!" continued Mrs. Leslie, rocking herself back and forth, Oh, Amy, I didn't think when you went off this morning, I should never see your dear little face again! Oh, Amy, Amy! Well, I must say," she cried, suddenly starting up and bustling about to get the children their supper, "I must say, she is no lady—a proud good for nothing creature, I'll warrant! why didn't she come for her, like a decent respectable woman, and tell me she was much obliged to me for what I had done—not that I want any thanks, no, indeed! for it was always a pleasure to do for Amy, ever since I had her—but to come sneaking about the place and steal her away just as they do the poor niggers, she ought to be ashamed! and then I'll bet any thing she'll whip her, and scold her, and,—Oh, I should like to catch her at at, I should—if she does, I'll—oh, dear, what will Harry Gordon say, I should like to know! I hope that woman—I hope,"——and sinking down in a chair, she gave way to another violent paroxysm of grief:

"I am going now, wife!" said the farmer, putting his head in at the door, "my horse is ready, don't cry any more, we will soon have Amy with us again.

At this moment Lucy came running up:

"Mother! father! see what Johnny has found in his basket!"

It was a small but heavy package directed to "Mrs. Leslie," which upon opening proved to contain gold pieces

to the amount of two hundred dollars. Within the envelope was written:

"You will never see the child again. Search will be vain."

"I don't want her money!" indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, throwing it down upon the table, "that won't give me back my child! but you see Gabriel, you may as well put up your horse, it will be of no use to go for her—we shall never see Amy again I know!"

The farmer's eyes sparkled at sight of the gold:

"Well, this is some satisfaction at any rate!" he said, drawing a chair to the table and counting out the money. "This will enable me to pay for that three acre lot, and buy the oxen I was telling you about, Betsy. I am sorry tho'to part with little Amy, she was a good girl, a nice little girl! Bessie I hope you will always be as good as she was! I wish they may treat the poor child kindly. After all this money comes just in the nick of time, don't it Betsy?"

But Mrs. Leslie scarcely looked at the trash,—much less did she think of it.

A sad night was that for this good woman. Not once did she close her eyes in sleep. If Amy had died, she thought, and she had put her away under the green sod, in the church-yard, she would not have felt so bad! If she had died, she would have gone to Heaven, and she might have wept over the spot where she lay by the side of her other little Amy! but now she was never to know what became of her! she might be abused and beaten, sick and dying, and she would never know it!

And the farmer slept soundly by her side, dreaming of *lands and oxen*, but gold could not out-weigh grief in the *heart of Mrs. Leslie*.

CHAPTER XXII.

"A shadow has fallen
O'er my young years,
And hopes when brightest
Are quenched in tears."

MRS. JAMIESON.

"COME little Missy, I 'spect its time to git up—guess de little birds been singing long ago!" said Sybil, as the day dawned within the little chamber.

Amy opened her eyes and looked wildly around the strange apartment.

"Where am I? where's mother?" she cried, starting up.

"Here you be 'long ole Sybil, child, jus where you was last night! come jump out now.—hi! see dese pretty clothes, an't dey bootiful dear! let Sybil take off dese ole duds, and dress Missy in dis little silk frock—hi! won't she look proper pretty!"

Amy sprang from the bed, and rushed toward the door. Mrs. Lorraine caught her arm.

"Stop. Where are you going?" she said.

"I am going home, I don't want to stay here!" Amy answered with great dignity, holding up her little head.

"Where's my chestnuts?"

"What did you say your name was?" said Mrs. Lorraine, still holding her arm.

"Amy Leslie—now let go of me if you please."

"Well, Amy, now sit down and listen to me," continued Mrs. Lorraine, fixing her eyes sternly upon the child. "You are not going away from me again, and you need not try. You are now my little girl, and I am going to take you home with me, to live in a beautiful house, where you shall have servants to wait upon you and ride in a carriage every day. You shall have pretty dresses and just as many dolls and playthings as you want, you shall have books and sugar plums too—but you must be a good girl, and do as I tell you, it will be of no use for you to cry, or to attempt to go back to your mother! you are more than a dozen miles from the farm, and you can't get back. Now let nurse dress you, and don't ask to go home any more as you call it."

Amy listened in silence, never once removing her eyes from the face of the speaker.

"And what made you take me away? why didn't you get some other little girl to live with you?" she asked quietly.

"Because I wanted you, Amy."

"Then why didn't you ask father and mother for me? what made you run away with me?"

"Don't ask so many questions, go and let Sybil dress you," said Mrs. Lorraine, turning her face away.

"Don't you think it was wicked, ma'am?" continued Amy.

"I told you to go and be dressed, the carriage will be at the door in a few moments.

Amy said no more, but walked slowly and sadly across

the room, where Sybil stood waiting for her. As she raised her eyes to the face of the old woman,

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the Leopard his spots?" she asked gravely.

"Bless you no, child! de Lord he made us all, some white folks, some black folks—'spect He lubs all alike—we'se all his children, de Bible say!

Amy did not appear to notice these words,—the passage she quoted, had suggested itself probably from the dark skin of the old woman, as she stood by the window, with the bright flush of the morning sky resting upon her face, and was already forgotten.

She suffered Sybil to remove her little stuff gown, well patched and darned, too, it was, her coarse shoes and stockings, and replace them with those so temptingly spread out upon the bed. She made no remark, and as Sybil finished dressing her, she quietly gathered up the old faded clothes, rolled them up neatly and placed them under her arm.

"You can leave those things, Amy," said Mrs. Lorraine, who, with a half smile, had been watching the little girl's proceedings.

"If you please, I can't—I am going to take them with me!" answered the child.

"Nonsense! what are you going to do with them?"

"I shant know myself any more in the clothes you have put on me, and so I want to look at them I wore when I was Amy!"

"Well, give them to Sybil then, she will put them in the trunk for you, you silly child."

"No, I thank you, ma'am, I will keep them myself, and then I shall know they have not been left behind," said Amy, *still holding on to her treasures.*

"'Clare, Misses Anne, 'pears as if dis child would jus take ole Sybil right off de handle, she's so ole fashun like! gib you'se little duds to me, Missy, you better believe I'll take good care ob dem, 'deed I will, don't you be 'fraid to trust Sybil, dat's a good little gal!"

Amy looked her steadily in the eye, and read there probably, the honest purpose of the old woman, for without another word, she placed her little bundle in her hands.

What a change one little half hour had wrought in the appearance of the child! well might she say she would not know herself—even poor Mrs. Leslie could scarcely have recognized her little Amy now!

"She will not disgrace me at any rate!" thought Mrs. Lorraine. "She is really a beautiful child, and as Sybil says, does look like me!"

The sun was just rising as the carriage turned from the little inn and entered the deep forest through which the road ran for a distance of five miles on the Albany route.

CHAPTER XXIII.

" But never let th' ensample of the bad
Offend the good, for good by paragone
Of evill, may more notably be rad,
For lo! in heaven whereas all goodness is
Eamongst the angels, a whole legions
Of wicked sprites did fall from happy blis,
What wonder then if one, of woman all, did mis!"

SPENCER.

MRS. Lorraine, reader, whom we have just seen at the little way-side inn, you could not at a first glance recognise as identical with that Mrs. Lorraine, who six or eight years previous, in all the pride of wealth and conscious beauty, swayed with her magic smile the world of fashion of which she was the favored cynosure.

True, years will mark their growth on every form and face. Yet it is not years that have worn the deep lines upon that lofty forehead, nor touched with sallow faded hue the clear transparent olive. Nor is it time alone which has silvered so white those tresses of raven black, or dug those hollow caverns from which her soul of pride still looks out! No, not these alone. There are more *subtle fingers than time can paint with*,—powers more po-

tent even than his to bow the head, and furrow the brow, and these have well performed their work upon Mrs. Lorraine!

There have been hours of mental anguish known only to herself and to her God, there have been nights of tossing to and fro' when sleep tho' wooed by opiate charms, still refused to visit her wearied couch, hours when conscience would be heard whispering of Beatrice, and her deserted babe, when too, maternal love, tho' crushed by detraction, still struggled to be free, and more bitter still—the pangs of Jealousy, and of Love scorned and mocked! A powerful host these to rule the heart of woman!

Yet is there one thing more, perhaps, as galling to a mind like hers, which has never soared above the adulation of the world, which has frittered away talents in the frivolous pursuit of pleasure only, whose life is fed by flattery, and which has nothing stored within itself upon which to turn, when these hollow mockeries have ceased, and that is, the self-evident fact that she is fast falling from the giddy height she once held supreme! nay that she has already fallen, for, although her receptions are still brilliantly attended, yet she feels, ah, bitter feeling!—that it is only as the agreeable hostess she is now regarded, or more mortifying still, it may be that the “flesh pots of Egypt” have drawn thither many of those who circle through her rooms! and she sees too, younger and fairer forms receive the homage which once she claimed, and for which she still thirsts. If she flies to her mirror, alas! a new line is traced on her brow by that humbled *vanity* which sees its accessories dropping off one by one!

In fact, Mrs. Lorraine can neither grow old gracefully, or peacefully, but disputes her ground inch by inch, with hoary age. She fills up his wrinkles, and restores her faded complexion by artistical blending of *rouge et blanc*, the silvery threads he has strewn, she buries beneath a pall of as brilliant black as the hair dresser can supply, while she snaps at him spitefully with teeth of the most pearly porcelain! With these, and the "skilful appliances of the modeste, she shows to the world at fifty—Mrs. Lorraine, really a charming woman — by wax light!

Her love for Hubert Staunton, gave place to scorn as bitter as love had been trusting and sincere.

It must be remembered, that Mrs. Lorraine at the time when Hubert Staunton first pleaded for, and won her affections, had seen her fortieth year—a time of life when a woman of sense does not expect to receive the adulatory professions of a lover. She may be still admired for well preserved charms—(that very expression "well preserved" has in it a smack of candied fruit, the freshness and fragrance gone,)—she may be admired for her grace of manner; for a cultivated mind, or a pleasant gift of speech, which Shakespeare declares to be an excellent thing in woman! These are charms which become all: yet she does not expect to bring to her feet the young, the gay, or elegant man of fashion, or that he will pass by fair and lovely forms of youthful beauty, to lay upon her altar of forty summers the homage of true and passionate love!

Even Mrs. Lorraine, vain as she was of her charms, did not expect this. A thousand flatterers had whispered in her ear, idle words of love and admiration—it pleased her, it amused her: she knew she was handsome, then why not be told so, for it fed her vanity with the food it most craved. She had never dreamed of inspiring such ardent

love as Hubert Staunton, young, handsome and gallant, now breathed in tones of melting tenderness. We know his art—was it then strange that Mrs. Lorraine should have yielded to the flattering delusion, fancied herself still charming enough to excite all the love he professed, or, that she should have reciprocated with all the ardor of true and passionate affection, his false, yet well feigned vows of love!

How much the more terrible then her awakening from this sorcerous dream!

Therefore, when false to his professions, insolently triumphing in her love, Staunton stood forth the villain he was, boasting of his perjured vows, and proclaiming her the proud loving woman—as but the dupe and slave of his artifice, then from her heart love died out as a flower is said to wither under the deadly exhalations of the Upas. She now scorned him, loathed him—she thought him unworthy her hate— it was herself she hated for having loved him!

The sudden disappearance of Beatrice from the asylum, was still wrapped in mystery. The most cunning stratagems of old Sybil failed to elicit any information. Mrs. Lorraine then visited D—— herself, and made the most scrutinizing search, but with as little success. No trace of Beatrice could be found.

Sometimes she believed her dead, or again, that she had fled with Staunton! for only through the power of death, or Staunton's wiles could she, she felt assured, have eluded her search. She hoped it might be death!

Then to confirm her suspicions and blast her with its insults came that letter, which Staunton penned in Florence,—that base tissue of falsehoods, wherein he represented himself as the husband of her daughter! but it was

not this which so enraged her—this she could have borne. It was the taunts, the sarcasm bitter as if every word had dropped from a pen dipped in gall—this it was which stung her to madness! She believed the base fabrication, nor was it strange that she should, for Staunton had well prepared her to credit any slander which he might charge upon her daughter.

It was a few months after this that a package from Beatrice was one day placed upon her writing desk. She knew those characters—she saw the foreign post-mark, and without one moment's hesitation, while both heart and brain seemed on fire, she thrust it into the grate, and as she watched the paper shrivel and twist in the curling flames, and finally mingle with the ashes, she wished it had been the heart of Staunton she held there, for even so had he made her heart to writhe!

Rash woman, what have you done! you have thrown away the only earthly happiness which might have been yours! for had you read that last appeal for a mother's love from your child, all would have been explained. You would have found the soul of Staunton doubly steeped in falsehood, found that you had cast an innocent child from your heart, who would have loved and cherished you, and all through the arts of the villain whom, in your blind delusion, you had worshiped as a God.

But you did not. And now that last chance in the mysterious foldings of fate is lost to you forever, and never, no, never will the holy bond of mother and child be again united!

Years passed on.

One must have something to love, even the most cold hearted have a yearning for some object on which they may sun their frigid souls when in the "melting mood."

What had Mrs. Lorraine to love? Nothing. Even her self-love had grown less as she saw her personal charms fading.

At length her thoughts reverted to the little infant, which, nine years before, she had left to the tender mercies of strangers, or to their cruelty, she then cared not which. Did she still live? These thoughts for weeks passed through her mind without arranging themselves into any definite form or object. Then suddenly came the resolution to ascertain this fact, and, if living, to bring her home,—and what then? In another week the “what then?” was defined.

She would adopt this deserted grand-child. She would make her will at once, and bequeath to her all her property, lest in the event of her own sudden death, Beatrice might claim it! Yes, this child should be her heir—she was her own flesh and blood too—had never known her mother. She could mould her as she pleased. Only one condition would she assign to this will, viz—that should the child ever discover the secret of her birth, and thereby wish to hold any intercourse with her mother, or give to her even a dollar of her fortune to save her, perhaps, from starvation, then she was to forfeit the whole! and without any reserve, the estate was to be shared equally by the charitable institutions of the city.

This resolution formed, she hastened to put it into execution. Indeed, she could scarcely wait to ascertain whether the child still lived, ere she sent for her lawyer to draw up her will.

Again the faithful old nurse was taken into the confidence of her mistress.

The plan was to proceed to Auburn, from thence Sybil was to visit the farm as a weary foot traveller, and seek a

shelter for the night. She could then easily discover if the child was there, she would recognize her at a glance, Mrs. Lorraine assured her, declaring with a toss of her head, that *her* grand-child could, of course, have nothing in common with the coarse featured children of a laborer. If the little girl was there, then Sybil was to entice her from the house—her mistress to be waiting in the vicinity, and thus bear off her heiress.

She was more fortunate than she expected. She had brought Sybil, in her carriage, within a quarter of a mile of Leslie Farm, and was about to return to the inn, when the gay, happy laughter of the children issuing from the woods, attracted her notice. Something seemed to whisper her errand done. So, directing the coachman to draw up the carriage within the little lane, Sybil went forward to reconnoitre. No sooner did her eyes rest upon poor little Amy, so unconscious of her fate, than she recognized at once the family traits, for “’cept de nose,” as she said, the child was a true Lorraine.

The result is known. With this explanation, we will now follow our little heroine whom we left jolting over the road in that deep, dark forest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing,
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing."

Hood.

LITTLE Amy sat perfectly quiet in one corner of the carriage, as it made its tedious way over the road, scarcely raising her eyes or appearing to notice any thing around her. Indeed Sybil thought she must be asleep, until, peering under the little straw bonnet to ascertain, she found those soft eyes downcast and swimming in tears, altho' not one drop fell from their drooping lids.

Poor little Amy's heart was full, so were her thoughts. She felt very sad. Why had she been taken away from her dear home! and would she ever see them again,—her dear father and mother, and Bessie, and Lucy, and little Johnny! she wondered if they felt as bad as she did, if they cried when she did not come back, and what father and mother said, and if mother did not think the children had a great heap of chestnuts, and if she gave them the slice of ginger-bread she promised them! And then, when *she looked down* upon her silk dress, and saw a little

pair of feet she did not know, and yet which she could move, and lifted up her hands, her own little hands with gloves on, and knew they were hers after all, and felt the motion of the carriage, it seemed to the child that she must be dreaming, or else she had been changed into some other little girl—*only they forgot to take away her thoughts!*

To relieve the tedium of the scene, or perhaps to get away from her own troubled thoughts, Mrs. Lorraine, looking at the sad little face before her, said :

"Can you read, child?"

"I am nine years old!" replied Amy, throwing back her head as if pride had been a little touched.

"I did not ask your age," said Mrs. Lorraine, "I asked you if you could read."

"I can read the Bible and the Hymn Book, and mother says I can never read any better books!" was Amy's reply.

"De Lord bless de child!" cried Sybil, patting her knee.

"Don't say any thing more about your mother, Amy you must look upon me now as your mother!" said Mrs. Lorraine, in a tone which she meant for a kind one.

And Amy did look upon her. She opened her eyes very wide, and took a deliberate survey of Mrs. Lorraine's countenance, then turned her head to the window.

"Well, what are you staring at me so for?" was the impatient demand.

"Nothing, ma'am, only, if you please, I don't like the change. I love my own dear, good mother better than I ever can you, I know," was the little girl's reply.

"I have a great mind to put you out of the carriage at once, you *ungrateful*, naughty child, when I have given

you such beautiful clothes, and am going to make you so happy!"

"Oh! if you will put me out I will love you dearly, I will," eagerly exclaimed Amy, "I ain't a bit afraid, I can find my way home I know, and I won't tell any body that you run away with me! won't you please put me out, for I don't love you at all!"

What Mrs. Lorraine would have said or done we know not, for here old Sybil came to the rescue, and stood between the child and her mistress' anger.

"Ant dese nice, pretty woods?" she said, "hi, look dere quick, little Missy—dere's little squirrel scampering up de tree—dere he goes—see—see! pretty soon we'll get out ob dese ole woods, and den you'll see some pretty little houses, and den, bime by, we'll come to a great big town! hi! and den, little Missy shall go in de steam-boat—ebber seen steam-boat, eh?"

But the only answer of Amy, I am sorry to say, was a rapid jerking of her little elbows, and an emphatic:

"Do hold your tongue!"

Old Sybil laughed to herself, and nodded her head approvingly at the little straw bonnet, while her mistress held up her hands in despair, as if she had undertaken the training of a wild Indian.

When at length the carriage cleared the forest and was once more in the open country, it was piteous to see the longing look the child would cast upon every farm-house which they passed, and how she would strain her eyes to watch the little children playing in the fields or road. Sometimes she would exclaim:

"Oh that looks just like little Johnny! there—that little girl is almost as big as Lucy! father has got just such a horse, only his tail aint as pretty as old Dick's: I de-

clare if I should'nt think that was Bessie's cow, I am going to have one next spring, father said so!" and sometimes the child would sob outright, but seldom,—she seemed to have made up her mind that it would be of no use.

Sybil ingratiated herself wonderfully in the favor of Amy before night, by listening to all her little talk, asking questions about the children, and appearing much interested in the superior merits of farmer Leslie's geese and turkies, over those gobbling in the farm-yardsthey passed, or of the pigs grunting about the domiciles.

The journey to Albany was a tedious one, and it was not until the evening of the third day, that they reached the capital.

Here every thing was entirely new to Amy. She had never before seen a block of houses, or paved streets, and the sight of so many people passing and repassing, together with the unusual bustle, confused and frightened her—the poor child was glad to go to bed.

Early the next morning they went on board the steam-boat, Mrs. Lorraine immediately retired to the cabin, but allowed Amy to remain on the deck with Sybil. Having been so successful in gaining the confidence of Amy, the old nurse thought now to speak a good word for her Mistress, so taking advantage of Mrs. Lorraine's absence she now began praising her in high terms. The faithful old soul longed to have her Mistress love the little girl, but she was afraid Amy was not taking the right way to win it. So she told her she was going to be such a happy little girl, just as soon as they got home, that her Mistress loved her very much indeed, and was going to get her every thing beautiful, and that her Misses Anne was the

very best Misses in all New York, only as she added, a little 'ticular at times!

Amy listened incredulously. It seemed so strange to her, that such an excellent woman, as Sybil represented her Mistress to be, should have taken her away from her father and mother, without saying a word to them about it:

"I don't think she's good," she said.

"Child you must not say dat, dat aint pretty!"

"Because," continued Amy, "mother always said it was wicked to rob little birds-nests, and would never let Bessie and me, touch even the eggs, just the eggs Sybil,—and one day Bessie took a little bit of a robin just hatched out of the nest, and went and hid it, because she wanted to keep it for her own, and O mi! when mother found it out, how she did scold! and she told her she had done a very wicked thing, she did, and she made her go and carry the little bird right back!"

"Dat was 'zactly right—must'nt nebber rob de little birds!" said Sybil.

"Well, I'm sure your Mistress is ever, ever so much wickeder, for I am a little girl, and she has robbed my mother just as much as Bessie did the old robin—there, 'are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall to the ground without my father!'—what made her do so, Sybil?"

"Lud a massy child, how you does talk!"

"Say, what made her do so?" persisted the child.

"Well, I dunno,—'cause little Misssy look like her I 'spect," answered poor old Sybil in desperation.

"Look like her, me look like her! why, I do-n-t! why Sybil, I had rather, yes, I had rather look like you enough sight!"

"Dear, dear," chuckled the old woman, "'pears to me, I shall go off straight! but child you mus'n't say you had rather look like old nig'—de Lord lub her!"

At length New York with her many steeples and long line of shipping hove in sight. It was evening, and the streets and houses were all lighted up. As they neared the wharf, Amy said it reminded her of the picture of Solomon's Temple, in mother's Bible, all stretched out with a candle in each window.

"Now you are at home, Amy. Are you tired?" said Mrs. Lorraine, as the boat touched the wharf.

Amy could not answer, she was so bewildered with the scene around her. The hurry and bustle upon the deck, the pulling of the ropes, the passengers running this way and that, to gather their baggage, some rushing one way to greet a friend, others impatiently springing to the shore, the loud voices of the hackman, the crashing and confusion of carts and carriages, and then so many people pushing her about that she had never seen before!

She scarcely knew when Sybil lifted her into the carriage and told her to look out and see the pretty sights. They drove up Broadway to Franklin street, then almost the suburbs of the city. As the carriage rolled on, Amy thought herself in fairy land, passing in succession so many beautiful houses, and brilliantly lighted stores, the windows all filled with pretty things,—she could not refrain from clapping her hands and proclaiming her pleasure volubly:

"I told you so Sybil," said Mrs. Lorraine significantly, "I told you the child would soon forget."

"P'raps she will, and p'raps she won't," was the laconic reply.

They soon turned into St. John's Square, and drew up

before Mrs. Lorraine's residence. No sooner did the carriage stop, than the hall door flew wide, disclosing a group of servants gathered in the vestibule awaiting their mistress—a waiter in livery sprang down the steps, opened the door and assisted Mrs. Lorraine to alight, he then lifted out Amy, who, taking the hand Mrs. Lorraine extended, was led up the long flight of marble steps.

The mistress of the establishment spoke kindly to her domestics, and then passed on with Amy, who looking nervously back, and not seeing Sybil, hesitated, and finally stopped.

"If you please ma'am, I had rather go with Sybil," she said.

Mrs. Lorraine manifested her annoyance, by a very forcible squeeze of the little hand she held, and then proceeded through the handsomely decorated hall, and up the broad stair-case, to her dressing-room, almost dragging Amy after her.

The elegant Jane, who still presided over the toilet of her mistress, was there to receive her as she reached the landing. She was all nose, cheek-bones, and chin; her eyes and mouth were the smallest of inlets under those huge promontories, around which waved a foliage of long willowy curls. Jane had grown old with her mistress, to whom she was much attached, for with all Mrs. Lorraine's faults, she ever treated her domestics with kindness. She understood her mistress perfectly, could bear with her whims, and what was as difficult, so managed herself that those whims could bear with her.

As she saw Mrs. Lorraine ascending the stairs, she gave a little theatrical start, as if she had been the last person *in the world* whom she expected to see:

"Jane, I am very glad to get home," said Mrs. Lorraine in a languid tone. "This journey has been a horrible undertaking for me, with this child too!"

"Oh, dreadful, madam, I am sure! do repose yourself a moment upon this lounge, let me remove your shawl. There's an ottoman, young Miss, won't you sit down, let me loosen the strings of your bonnet."

Amy looked up in her face as she said this, and laughed outright, she could not help it. Jane smiled too, and said she was charmed that her young lady did not appear more fatigued. Amy afterwards confided to Sybil that Jane's head reminded her of her father's old gobbler, so sharp and narrow with such long gills—meaning poor Jane's ringlets.

After this inadvertent burst of laughter, Amy sat very still, looking about her with wonder and curiosity, thinking whether Queen Esther, or the Queen of Sheba had such a beautiful place to live in.

It was indeed a beautiful apartment, and might challenge the admiration of a less unsophisticated person than our little Amy. The walls were of a delicate rose tint, bordered with a deep wreath of silver leaves. Over the mantle, which was of white marble finely chiseled, hung a portrait of Mrs. Lorraine herself, in all the matured loveliness of five and twenty. Other pictures adorned the walls, all appropriate to the apartment—Diana and her Nymphs, Venus rising from the Sea, Ariadne, and several other small but well executed paintings. A full length mirror swung in a frame of richly carved rosewood, and opposite, another more spacious was set in the wall, surrounded by a wreath of gold and ivory, the pendant flowers so exquisitely carved that they seemed as if about to drop upon the toilet beneath them, which was of pale

sea-green velvet, hung around by a curtain of deep lace, and the windows were shaded by silken hangings of the same hue. The carpet was luxurious to the foot, and Amy first thought that the bright roses falling from the oval basket in its centre, must be real roses, and she longed to pick one up.

But what was nearly as strange to the child as all these novel surroundings, was the sudden change in the manners of Mrs. Lorraine. That stately step and erect bearing were superceded by a languid, indolent movement, a sort of fine lady affectedness, and she spoke in low, die-away tones to Jane, which to little Amy was quite unaccountable and mysterious.

"I am really too much fatigued, Jane, to endure the exertion of going down to supper," she said, "order it sent up, and for your young lady too—hand me my vinaigrette, Jane—now place that foot-stool nearer,—don't I look horribly?"

"Oh, no, really, madam, considering your dreadful journey, you look charmingly, I am sure you must be exhausted! I will order some refreshment," saying which, Jane swept from the room.

Mrs. Lorraine now sat erect, and resuming her natural tone and manner, said:

"Amy I want you to listen attentively to what I am going to say. This is your home now, and if you are a good little girl, you shall always live here with me. You are my adopted daughter, tho' you must call me your aunt. You must never speak to the servants or to any one about those low people you have been living with, you must forget all about them. Now, you must love me, *and I will try to love you.*" She took the little girl's hand *as she said this*, with a degree of kindness quite unusual

—she hesitated for a moment, then added: "You have never kissed me, Amy—kiss me now and we will be friends."

Amy looked up, the expression of Mrs. Lorraine's eyes were sorrowful, so the child put up her mouth and kissed her.

"I will try to love you, may-be I shall, by and by. Mother used to tell us that we must always remember that Jesus said, "Love your enemies," and a tear rolled down the cheek of the little girl.

Mrs. Lorraine bit her lips:

"So you think I am your enemy, child! if I had been, I should have left you to grow up in ignorance and poverty. I told you the other day, you must never tell me any thing more your mother said, as you call her!"

"It was not mother, it was Jesus," answered Amy, quietly.

The entrance of the waiter, bearing supper, was opportune, for Mrs Lorraine found more to embarrass her in this simple little child from the back-woods, than an assemblage of gifted men or women had the power to do.

"Jane, is your young lady's room prepared?" she asked, languidly setting down her tea cup.

"Yes, madam, all is arranged," replied Jane with a graceful wave of her hand. "I have, I believe, followed your orders, and I hope my young lady will find her apartment agreeable."

"Come, Amy, I will show you where you are to sleep," said Mrs. Lorraine, opening a door which led into a pretty little room adjoining her own sleeping apartment.

It was a tempting place for any little girl. A pretty carpet of blue and white was spread upon the floor, a drapery of *snowy dimity* hung around the bed, looped up at

each corner with a blue cord and tassel. There was a pretty bureau and dressing-glass, a small table filled with books, all in new and handsome bindings, and in a little bedstead close by her own, lay a wax doll nearly as large as life.

It seemed as if Mrs. Lorraine was resolved to take Amy's heart by force also!

"This is your own room, Amy, all these pretty books are yours, and here is Dolly too. Jane will undress you—good night."

Amy's eyes wandered over the little room, she looked at the books, she looked at the doll, and then at Mrs. Lorraine:

"I thank you," she said, going up to her,—*"I will kiss you again.—Won't you please to let Sybil undress me instead of Jane?"*

Mrs. Lorraine rang the bell:

"Send Sybil to your young lady; good night Amy."

In a few moments the old nurse made her appearance:

"I 'spected little Missy would want to see ole Sybil! hi—aint dis a pretty place, for a little gal to sleep in—eh?"

"Sybil, what does 'adopted' mean? Mrs. Lorraine says I am her adopted daughter."

"'Dopted—ha—well 'dopted I 'spect means to take a little child what is'nt you'se own, and bring em up kinder as if dey was you'se own—dat', what it is I 'spect: does you understand Missy?"

"I don't know, I think I do," answered Amy, as she pulled off her little shoes and stockings. "I suppose it is *just like Pharoah's daughter taking Moses for her son. Mother has got the picture of it in the Bible—it is so pretty*

Sybil ! there's a dear little basket, all in the bulrushes, and little Moses laying in it just as cunning as can be—sometimes when Johnny was a baby, Bessie and I used to play he was Moses, and put him in a basket, and carry him down to the spring, but mother said it was wicked. Don't you think that is what adopted means, Sybil?"

"'Spect so for sartén ! said Sybil, rolling up her eyes.

Sinking upon her knees, Amy then repeated her simple prayers, and went to her pillow to dream of the old farm-house.



CHAPTER XXV.

"Her smiles and tears—they pass as light winds pass
O'er lakes—to ruffle, not destroy their glass."

BYRON.

THE sleep of the little girl was broken by the song of the sweep, and the shrill cries of the milk-man, mingling with those other discordancies with which a great city arouses from the arms of night. Half frightened, Amy sprang lightly from her bed, ran across to Mrs. Lorraine's chamber, and opening the door passed softly through. It was all quiet, there was no sound except the ticking of the *or-molu* clock which stood upon the mantle, and the window shades were still closely drawn down. Amy patted to the bed-side, but Mrs. Lorraine was not there. She saw only an old lady sleeping beneath those rose-colored curtains, her white hair escaping from the richly worked border of her cap, and her face looking yellow and cadaverous. The child tip-toed softly back, wondering who that old lady could be.

She now ran to her window, and drawing aside the *curtains* looked out upon the morning.

It was a strange sight to the little girl,—little plots of ground divided off by high white fences, some of them covered with creeping vines, others supporting fruit trees trained up against their sides. Some of the yards had handsome borders of gay autumnal flowers, and arbors covered with grape vines, the large purple clusters hanging temptingly from the trellis, and others had only a brick pavement surrounding a narrow patch of grass. Her further prospect was obstructed by high walls of dingy brick, or unsightly weather-stained tenements of wood. Amy raised herself up on tip-toe, as if to look over them, but she only gained a small spot of blue sky over-head, and that was all which looked natural to her.

Casting her eyes below, she now saw Sybil at work among the flowers in the little yard beneath. Softly opening her window, she cried:

“Sybil! Sybil!”

The old woman looked up with a cheerful laugh:

“Hi! dat you Missy,—good morning, lady-bird.”

“Oh, Sybil! what is all that noise?” continued Amy.

“I have heard it ever so long.”

“What noise?” said Sybil listening.

“There—that—hark now, don’t you hear?” for at this moment the cry, “*sweep oh! s-w-ee-p-oh, swee-p-oh!*” sounded very near.

“O, dat’s only de little chimney-sweep, ’spect you see him pretty soon—yes, dere Missy—see dat little feller coming up dere out ob dat chimney!”

Amy laughed merrily as she saw the head of the little sweep emerge from a neighboring chimney, wondering how he ever got up there, and how he would ever get down and then as he poured forth his not unmelodious music, she listened perfectly delighted. At length

with a flourish of his brush, the black head disappeared, and then:

"May I come down there, Sybil?" she asked.

The old nurse assented; so hastily dressing herself as well as she could, Amy tho' not without some difficulty, found her way down into the yard.

The smell of the fresh earth, as she helped Sybil weed among the flowers, was sweeter to her than the fragrance of roses, for it reminded her of home, and while she busied her little fingers in pulling off the decayed leaves, or in tying up the stalks, her tongue flew very fast. She told Sybil about the nice little garden father gave her and Bessie, and how they used to get up before sun-rise to weed it, and what pretty flowers they had, and that their radishes were fit to pull before father's were—to all of which information, Sybil attended with the grave importance the subject demanded.

Amy thought the little yard very pretty, and she had never seen so many beautiful flowers before, but when Sybil took her into the conservatory, where the gardener was clipping the delicious tea-roses, and sweet Heliotrope, to make into boquets for his mistress' drawing-rooms, Amy was enchanted, flying from flower to flower like a little humming-bird, and manifesting so much pleasure, that the gardener gave her a little pot of pink daisies for her own—and Amy was happier than she had been yet. Sybil then led her up stairs into her own little room, and taking a neat pink gingham, and a little muslin apron from the bureau, proceeded to dress her more neatly than her own hasty fingers had done. Amy's toilette was soon completed, and she looked as fresh and sweet as a rose,—she needed no hair-dresser but a bowl of clear water, into which plunging her little head, she would just give it a

toss, and then the little curls would wreath and twist themselves lovingly together, all spangled with water-drops over her head.

Sybil then informed her that she was to breakfast in the nursery with Jane, for that her Mistress always took that meal in her dressing-room:

"And does that old lady eat there too?" inquired Amy.

"What ole lady, little Missy?"

"The old lady I saw in the bed this morning," and the child then told the old nurse of her early visit to Mrs. Lorraine's chamber.

Sybil laughed to herself, and shook her head:

"Well de Lord knows it's no wonder de child didn't know Misses Anne's self wid out all dem flustifications and fixens up! 'spect I wouldn't know her nudder!" then turning to Amy: "now child, you must'nt nebber speak 'bout dat ole lady, 'cause Misses Anne won't like it, she be very 'tickler frien' of hers!"

After breakfast Amy went back to her own little room, where she tried to make herself happy with her beautiful doll, and in looking over the pictures in her pretty books. It answered very well for a time, but her grief was too fresh to be long diverted even by such tempting bribes. She sat there alone, feeling very sad and very home-sick poor child, and when Jane ambled in to conduct her to the presence of Mrs. Lorraine, she found her eyes were red and swollen from weeping. She strove to comfort her in the choicest and most elegant language which she could command, and looking in the glass as she took Amy's hand to lead her out, declared with a sweep of her ringlets, that she really felt "sympathetically nervous" on her account, for which Amy said "thank you Jane!" She knew Jane

must have made an effort of some kind for her, 'tho she did not know what, and was therefore bound to receive her thanks.

Mrs. Lorraine took no notice of her sad little face, but ringing the bell for Sybil, told her she had better take her young Mistress into the Park. She could not have suggested a pleasanter diversion for Amy's thoughts, and when the child found herself in the square, her feet upon the unfettered earth, and saw the trees and the grass about her, she sat down upon one of the little benches with a feeling of quiet enjoyment. To be sure the trees were nearly stripped of their verdure, and the grass looked yellow and sere, yet it had charms for Amy beyond any thing contained in the splendid adornings of the mansion she had just quitted. The trees seemed like old friends, and when she shut her eyes, and listened to the wind sweeping through their branches, they sounded to her ears like the old chestnut-woods. She did not care to run about, but sat perfectly still with the old nurse, watching the merry groups of little children playing about under the trees, or trundling their hoops up and down the walks. Amy wondered if she should ever be as happy as they seemed to be, and if any of those pretty little girls and boys had been taken away, as she had from their father and mother.

Poor little Amy!

The next day and the next were spent in shopping, and it certainly would have turned almost any little girl's head to have had such a quantity of beautiful clothes as Mrs. Lorraine now purchased for her. Dress-makers too were kept in constant employ, until the child was fitted out with such a ward-robe as Mrs. Lorraine thought became her future heiress.

When the pretty frocks, some of silk, some of white cambric, others of merino and gingham, were all completed, Jane hung them up in Amy's closet, giving each one as she did so a dexterous shake, so as to display its particular beauties to the eyes of the little girl, who stood looking on with childish pleasure. She could not believe that all these pretty dresses were really hers, for she had never been the possessor of more than three at one time, in her life—there was her gown of dark woollen stuff which mother spun and wove herself, then she had a home-spun gingham for afternoons, and for Sundays she and Bessie had each a pretty blue and white calico, which father bought for them in Auburn. She looked at them over and over again, felt of them, examined the trimmings, and then running down into the greenhouse, she asked the gardener if he would'n't please to give her one of those handsome African lilies just bursting from its stalk.

It was a presumptuous request, altho' little Amy did not know it to be such, for she had always plucked flowers at home as freely as God scattered them in her path. However, the gardener had taken a great fancy to the child, so after a moments hesitancy, he cut the flower and put it in her hands. Amy thanked him with sparkling eyes, and then running back to her room, she began examining first the gorgeous lily, and then her gay dresses with great interest.

"What are you doing Miss Amy?" said Jane, who came in with a pretty little bonnet in her hand, which had just been sent home from the milliners.

"I was thinking of that pretty verse in the Gospel according to St. Matthew," (Amy was always very literal) —"about the lilies—don't you know Jane?"

"I cannot say I comprehend," replied Miss Jane—"what is it."

"Well, I will say it to you—'and why take ye thought for raiment'—mother said that meant clothes, Jane—'consider the lilies of the field' (and here she held up the flower before her listener,) 'they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!' arrayed means dressed up—now don't you think this lily is a great deal the prettiest, Jane?"

"Why, Miss Amy, a flower is a flower, and a dress is a dress—let me try on your new bonnet—I declare, you look like a perfect little angel, Miss Amy!"

"I wish you wouldn't call me an angel, Jane. If I love God, and keep his commandments, mother said I would go to Heaven when I died, then I shall be an angel, but I aint one now!"

"Really madam," said Jane, afterwards repeating this conversation to Mrs. Lorraine, "really Miss Amy is a most prodigious child!"

Amy was indeed, no angel, as we shall presently see:

"Sybil, I want my clothes," she said the next morning.

"You'se clothes child? why dey be all in de bureau and in de closet in perambicular order, I 'spect."

"No,—I mean my Amy clothes—them I had on Sybil when,—when"—and for the first time since she had been there, she gave way to a violent paroxysm of weeping. She had shed many tears it is true, but quietly, silently to herself, perhaps after her little head was upon her pillow, but she had never given way to such loud lamentations before.

"O for de lands sake, don't cry so child, you make ole Sybil go right off de handle you will! what de matter—dere tell her Sybil what it be!" cried the old nurse, stroking Amy's troubled face.

"I told you,"—said Amy, suddenly drying her tears with her apron, and lookingly quite fiercely—"I told you I wanted my Amy clothes!"

Sybil knew that her mistress had sent them up to the garret to get them out of the child's sight, and would be very angry if she gave them to her:

"Well, I dun'no, I disremembers 'zactly where dey is," was her answer.

"Did'nt you tell me you would take care of them for me?"

"Why sakes alive, did I say so little Missy?"

"Yes you did, you know you did, Sybil! where is that trunk, for I will have them!"

"Lor child, don't be in sich a flustrum, I'll jus go ask Misses Anne 'bout em, 'spect mebbe she'll let you hab dem."

"I 'spect she will!" cried Amy mimicking and for the first time allowing herself to speak harshly to the old nurse. Then, pushing her on one side, she passed through into the dressing-room, where Mrs. Lorraine sat sipping her chocolate, and daintily picking a chicken wing.

The child walked directly up to her and in a tone as if demanding a right, said:

"Aunt I want my Amy clothes, if you please?"

"Your Amy clothes! what is the child talking about! don't you know it is very rude to disturb me when I am eating my breakfast?"

"I mean the clothes I had on when you took me away in the carriage," persisted Amy.

"What those horrid old things!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, setting down her tea-cup, "no child you cannot have them, why what possesses you, never ask for them again!"

"But they are mine, aunt, and I want them."

"You will not have them: now go back to your room, what have you been doing to yourself, why you're a perfect little fright!"

Amy turned to obey her, and then asked in a milder tone:

"Won't you please Aunt, let me have them, O I do want to see them so much?"

Mrs. Lorraine was angry at the pertinacity of the child, and said in her sternest manner:

"You shall not have them, Amy! I will give them to the first beggar girl that comes along, and that will end the matter!"

This was more than Amy could bear. She turned like a young tigress:

"I wont go--so there! I will have my own clothes, I will, I will, I *will*! I like them better than all the nice frocks Jane put in the closet, I do, and you may take them and give them to the beggars!"

"Go to your room this moment!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine stamping her foot.

"Will you give me my Amy clothes?"

"Have I not told you no! how dare you ask me again!"

"Then take these!" cried Amy with flashing eyes,—and forthwith she began to strip off, first her apron, then her little cape, and was about to slip off her frock, when Mrs. Lorraine, as pale with passion as rouge would allow

took her by the arm, and after a violent shaking, dragged her across the room, and pushing her into her own little chamber, locked the door.

After a little while the anger of Mrs. Lorraine subsided. She could not help acknowledging that she was in the wrong. It was perfectly natural that the child should wish to see her clothes, and she had promised her too that she might have them, and when she remembered how carefully the little girl had rolled them up, and entreated they might be saved, she felt sorry that she had denied her simple request. Amy had always behaved well, and had exerted herself to be happy in her new home, and for this burst of temper she felt she was herself to be blamed.

While in this mood, Sybil came in, and struggling with her pride, she finally told her she might give Amy the things, but on no account was she to let the child know that it was with her permission:

"You must make her think Sybil, that you got them without my knowledge, and that I would be very angry if I knew what you had done—now mind, Sybil—it will not answer for me to yield my authority so easily."

"I 'spect I'll manage it," was the answer.

Amy was still sobbing, but more in "grief than in anger," when Sybil came in with something concealed under her apron. Looking all around very mysteriously, she came up softly to the child, saying:

"Hi! little Missy, see what ole Sybil got! don't say no-ting, hush—jus look dere!" putting the little bundle in Amy's lap.

With a cry of glad surprise she sprang to her feet:

"O I'm so, so glad! thank you dear Sybil!" she then unrolled those homely articles, kissed them over and over

again, held them up before her, then spread them out upon the bed, and at length, rapidly throwing off the dress she had on, slipped the little patched frock over her nice white petticoat. Then she ran to the glass, nodded with a joyful laugh to the little Amy whom she had not seen so long, and then turning to Sybil gravely asked if she might wear them to the Park:

"De luddy, no, child! you must jus gib dem tings right away to me, or else hide dem somewhere nudder—hi! hi! won't Misses Anne be most drefful put out, if she know I gib dem to little Missy!"

"Why, didn't aunt say I might have them?"

"Hem—hem! why you knows, child—hem! why what de matter wid my ole trote—hem! you knows Misses Anne said you must nebber hab dem tings, no how!"

"And you went and got them without my aunt knowing any thing about it, didn't you, Sybil?" said the child in a tone of surprise.

"Well, what's de fuss! massy on me, I jus got dem—what harm dem little tings gwine do, I'd like for to know!"

"Then, Sybil, you have done a very, very wicked thing, so you have, and I don't thank you at all, and I shall just go and tell my aunt, I shall!" said Amy, beginning to undress herself faster than she had dressed.

"Dear, dear little Missy, pray don't, 'spose ole Sybil—don't!" said the old woman, laughing aside.

"Well, I don't want to hurt you, I am sure, Sybil, but I must tell aunt what you have done—I hope she won't be very angry with you!" so saying, Amy opened the door and stood once more before Mrs. Lorraine:

"Aunt, I hope you won't be angry with Sybil, please don't, but here are my Amy clothes. She brought them

to me, and you did not know it—I would not take them for any thing, when you said I must not have them. But won't you please not scold Sybil, aunt."

Mrs. Lorraine raised her eyes to the face of the little girl, and worldly as she was, she was touched by the honest purpose of Amy, the innate rectitude which forbade her doing what she knew to be wrong.

"You may keep your clothes, Amy," she answered, "although you were a very naughty girl this morning; but as you have shown so much self-denial in bringing them to me when you knew that Sybil had no right to give them to you, I will forgive you, and you may keep the things, as you seem to value them so much."

"Thank you, aunt. I am very, very sorry I was such a naughty girl this morning! I know I was very wicked, but I couldn't help it somehow! I will try to be good always now—won't you kiss me, please, aunt?"

Amy looked so much as her mother did when she was a little child as she said this, that for the moment, forgetting all the bitter years between, Mrs. Lorraine drew her to her bosom and kissed her.

"Don't be afraid," whispered Amy to Sybil, as she passed her at the door, "I don't believe aunt is very angry with you."

"Now jus hear dat blessed little critter! well, I'se wicked ole sinner I 'spect, to cheat de little gal so!" said the old woman, slowly shaking her head.



CHAPTER XXVI.

"Those dark eyes, lit by curiosity, flash beneath the lashes,
And still her velvet cheek is dimpled with a smile."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

FOR two or three weeks Amy was left to do pretty much as she pleased. She could read her nice books, or she could go up in the nursery and play with dolly and her beautiful toys, or she could run in the Park with a hoop of her own. If she preferred, she could sit in the drawing-room with her aunt, dressed in one of her fine frocks, and see all the ladies and gentlemen who called, each pronouncing her a "little love," and the very picture of her aunt, which Amy thought very strange, tho' Mrs. Lorraine smiled complacently at finding herself thus again complimented through her little grand-child.

At the end of that time Amy was one morning introduced to a lady of middle age, of a grave yet pleasant countenance, whom she was told was to be her governess, that she was going to teach her a great many things, and that she must be a very nice girl and obey whatever Mrs. Bowem said.

She was then led up stairs to a room in the third story. In the centre stood a large round table covered with green

baize, upon which were placed piles of school books, writing books, slates, etcetera. A pair of handsome globes sat one in each corner, and several large maps were spread out upon the walls.

Ah! little did the child know that her small, hesitating feet were treading in the very footsteps of her own dear mother—that those walls had once resounded with the tones of her mother's voice, that she had sat at that same table, and with head bent down pored over those books of learning, that with her hands those globes had been so often turned, and that now, far off on a foreign shore, that mother knew not even of her child's existence!

What strange events are brought about in the evolutions of time! How much there is of romance in every heart and home were it only made known?

In Kavanagh, Longfellow, speaking of the irresolute school-master forced "to teach grammar when he fain would have written poetry," says "Mr. Churchill never knew that while he was exploring the past for records of obscure and unknown martyrs, in his own village the romance he was longing to find and record, had really occurred in his neighborhood, among his own friends."

And so it is. Beneath every roof a *Gobelin* sits, making strange pictures of our lives, weaving in light and shade the mingled threads of hope and despair, joy and grief, may-be of shame, which form the tapestry of our lives, and through which we are daily walking on, on to the grave!

Amy looked around the room with childish wonder.

"I hope we shall pass many pleasant hours here, my little girl," said Mrs. Bowem, "and very profitable ones too. Do you love to study, Amy?"

"I think I shall like it very much," she replied.

"I hope you will, for if you learn your lessons well, I will make a very nice girl of you one of these days. Now before we commence our studies, I wish to know something of your proficiency—how far are you advanced in geography, Amy? can you tell me?"

Amy hesitated, at length she made answer:

"The surface of the globe is divided into land and water."

"True, child, of course you know that—but how many States have we?"

"A state of grace and a state of sin, mother says," answered Amy, innocently.

Mrs. Bowem opened her eyes in surprise at this strange reply.

"I see you don't understand, well, what do you know of arithmetic?"

Here Amy felt more confident, and she began:

"Twice one are two, twice two are four, twice three are six, twice four ——"

"Very well, very well, can you do sums in long division?"

"I don't know what you mean, ma'am," said Amy, shaking her head.

"Well, grammar then—can you parse?"

"I don't wish to if you please, I had rather stay here."

Again Mrs. Bowem opened her eyes wondering what kind of a twig she had now undertaken to bend.

"Can you write nicely, Amy?"

"I can make pot-hooks nice as any thing," replied the child.

"And you read well of course?"

"Yes, ma'am. I can read any where in the Bible without spelling, only some of the hard words, and the tenth chapter of Ne-Nehemiah, about Seraiah and Azariah you know."

Mrs. Bowem smiled :

"Well, Amy, suppose we begin to-day. I dare say you will be a nice little pupil—come, draw up your chair."

The little girl did as she was ordered, and sat down by the side of her governess.

And thus Amy's education began.

It was a great change for the child, from the free, joyous life she had been leading at the farm, to be cooped up all day in that little school-room with the constant labor of study set before her. Not that she disliked it, on the contrary, she was very fond of her books, and made rapid proficiency. Mrs. Bowem found her extremely uninformed, yet she soon discovered she had a fine mind, and possessed an eager desire for information, therefore she took great pains and pleasure in teaching her.

But the child greatly puzzled her at times by her strange remarks, and her scriptural quotations, always appropriate, yet sometimes excessively annoying; and she was finally obliged to forbid her from repeating the scriptures on pain of punishment, except on Sundays, when she told her she would hear her say as many verses as she liked. One day in particular she made Mrs. Bowem quite angry. The good lady had the bump of self-esteem pretty well developed, and, perhaps, had a good claim to it—she was fond of displaying her acquirements, and one day was expatiating very largely to her little pupil, who sat looking upon her as if she was really Solomon himself in all

his wisdom, when the child, slowly shaking her head, repeated:

"Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity. For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever."

The mental education of Amy did not commence alone. Like Mr Turveydrop, Mrs. Lorraine thought a great deal of "deportment."

The manners of Amy were not from the school of fashion, but from nature. There was a quiet grace in her little figure, and in the pliant movement of her limbs, infinitely more pleasing than all the set forms which she was now daily forced to practise. She neither sat or moved quite genteelly enough for her fastidious aunt, and many lessons did she receive upon that important subject, not only from Mrs. Lorraine, but from her governess, and the all-mannered Jane, upon her "down-sittings and her up-risings."

The polishing process commenced therefore at once. Nature was very unceremoniously waved back to her native wilds, and Madame La Mode with her refining brushes, set to work upon the child. Fortunately Amy was not an apt subject—with all the rubbing she would be natural, would show the grain!

Sybil was the only one upon Amy's side. She grew wrathful:

"Nebber see such fuss 'bout noting! why de ole Harry could'n't de chile come into de parlor widout spreading out her petticoats jus as if she wer gwine to fly!"

Under all this restraint the little girl sometimes tired of herself. She found herself and Amy very poor company, there seemed to be nothing in common with them. If Amy wanted to play, her other-self was afraid she

would rumple her dress or soil her ribbons,—if Amy wanted to rush down into the yard and plunge her little hands in the rich loam, her other-self was shocked at the idea of making her fingers so black,—if Amy wanted to pull off her shoes and stockings, and wade with her little bare feet through the rain puddles in the yard, her other-self put her hands before her eyes and cried “O fie!”—if Amy wanted to put her little elbows on her knees and read her books, the other told her to sit up or she would get crooked, and if she wanted to scamper like a kitten, her other-self said it was not genteel!

She was very much flattered and petted by her aunt's visitors. Mrs. Lorraine did not always treat her kindly, for she was an overbearing woman, yet she afterwards atoned for it, as she thought, by the most foolish indulgence. Nor was Amy always obedient, although she never again gave way to such a violent exhibition of temper as we saw her lately indulge.

In fact our little Amy was in a fair way of being spoiled.

But she had acquired, or rather it was innate, a habit of reasoning within herself, if the thoughts of a child can be dignified with that name, and some little passage from scripture or a line from some hymn would always rise to her mind to check her vanity or curb her pride.

The light from the little candle-stand in that humble kitchen of the old farm house, which she had looked upon with such childish reverence in her infant years, still played about her path, tho' in an atmosphere not friendly to its beams!

The Bible was still her favorite volume, and she would often turn from the attractive tales of Fairy-Land to read

about Joseph and his brethren, the history of Ruth, and the prodigal son.

Old Sybil was the confidant of all her secrets, and when released from study, or tired with the long sermons of her aunt, she would fly up into the nursery, which was Sybil's *sanctum*, and there unburthen her mind of all its little troubles, or give the old nurse a share of her pleasures. To Sybil only could she speak about her dear old home at Leslie Farm. She loved them just as dearly as ever—her father and mother, and sisters, but she had ceased to cry when speaking of them. All her most pleasing anticipations, as did all her scenes of past happiness centre around the old farm house. Mrs. Lorraine would never allow her to speak of them in her presence, but old Sybil would bless the child, and hear patiently, over and over again, all her childish anecdotes.

One day Amy inadvertently spoke of her mother, as she, of course, called Mrs. Leslie, in the presence of Mrs. Lorraine.

She was not in a good humor, and rashly told the child that Mrs. Leslie was not her mother—that she had only been sent to the farm house to nurse, and if she ever heard her call those low people her parents again, she should be severely punished.

Amy listened incredulously:

"Then where is my mother, aunt?" she asked.

"She is dead."

"Where is my father?"

"He is dead."

"Then I have'nt got any father or mother, nor no Bessie, nor Lucy, nor little Johnny, after all!" cried Amy bursting into tears, and sobbing bitterly, "Aunt, won't *you tell me something about my mother, please?*"

"Not now, Amy."

"Did you ever see her? did you ever see my father? O, do tell me!"

"I will, perhaps, when you are a good deal older, but not now; and listen to me, Amy, you must never, as long as you live, speak upon this subject until I give you permission. Do you hear me, Amy? I shall be exceedingly angry if you do—indeed I don't know what I should do to you!"

"I promise you I will not," answered Amy, "but I wish you had'nt told me, for then I could have had my old father and mother, and now I have'nt got any! may I just ask you one question, aunt—just one?"

"Well!"

"If I was only put there to nurse, what made you come and steal me away? they had'nt any right to me, had they?" said Amy.

"What a ridiculous question—*steal!* go up to the nursery, Amy, but remember, not one word of this to Sybil, do you understand?"

"I won't speak of it, aunt, because I promised you I would not."

And little Amy kept her word. But her thoughts were often very sad and very busy.



CHAPTER XXVII.

"My tongue is rough, I have neither the voice
Nor the heart of flattery about me—I have no
Cunning in protestation! I speak plain soldier."

SHAKSPERE.

THE holidays were approaching. Mrs. Lorraine had sent out invitations for a Christmas dinner, and finding it necessary to replenish her table linen, she ordered her carriage and drove down into Pine street.

Amy looked like a little fairy, only perhaps too plump and rosy for fairy-land. She wore a pretty coat of scarlet merino, trimmed around with Chinchilla fur, and a cunning cap of the same upon her head, tied under her round dimpled chin, with a bow of scarlet ribbon, her close clustering curls, glossy as polished jet, forming a perfect wreath around her temples and forehead. Mrs. Lorraine felt justly proud of the little heiress as they passed down Broadway.

The carriage stopped at the establishment of a celebrated linen draper, and Mrs. Lorraine proceeded to examine the goods placed upon the counter for her inspection, Amy meanwhile amusing herself with looking about among the half opened boxes and packages which strewed

the floor, and up at the open hatch-way through which a bale of goods was swinging to and fro in its descent, and wondering what all those ugly rough things could contain.

Tired at length she joined her aunt, and mounting upon a high stool by the side of the counter, stood patiently waiting for her to conclude her purchases. But it appeared as if she never would get through. Piece after piece of beautiful damask was offered for her inspection, still she was not suited. The salesman who had the charge of that particular department was out, so one of the young men informed Mrs. Lorraine, but would soon return, and a few moments after Amy had joined her, he came in. Bowing politely to his customer, he proceeded to make inquiry as to the style and quality of the article she demanded.

The eye of little Amy was on him. She started—looked again more earnestly, a glow of delighted surprise suffused her bright face, till her cheeks were as red as her ribbons, her eyes sparkled through a dew of pleasure, and with a joyous cry she bounded upon the counter, and threw her arms about the neck of the astonished salesman:

“Oh, Harry! dear, dear Harry—how glad I am! don’t you know me? don’t you know your little Amy?” she said kissing him with almost every word.

It was now Harry’s turn to express his joy and surprise, for in the salesman of Messrs. Diaper & Co., we recognize an old acquaintance—Harry Gorden!

He knew that voice, and that blessed little joyous face. He had heard of Amy’s abduction and he understood it all!

"Why Amy! Amy Leslie!" he exclaimed, bending her little head back, that he might look into her bright eyes—"is this my pet-lamb! how glad I am to see you, you dear little thing!" and hugging her closely to his breast, he kissed her over and over again.

Mrs. Lorraine tossed the goods from her hands back upon the counter, and rising up with her most stately manner, she caught Amy by her elbow:

"Amy, release your arms,—come away with me this moment," she exclaimed.

"This little girl and myself are old friends, aren't we Amy?" said Harry, still clasping her tightly to his bosom: "in fact Madam,"—he added in a lower tone,—*"she has been my pet, since the day she was left in Betsy Leslie's arms—I was there, so you see I know all about her!"*

Mrs. Lorraine was too much a woman of the world to betray the emotion which these words occasioned; but drawing up her head still higher, she said:

"Then sir, as my niece, you will please to consider her as unknown! come away this moment, Amy!"

The child burst into tears:

"Oh, aunt, may'n't I stay a little while longer, please? Harry, dear Harry, won't you go home with me? mayn't Harry come in the carriage with us Aunt?" she cried, still clinging to her friend, and resisting all efforts made to separate them.

"No little cosset, I can't go now, come, I will carry you to the carriage, for your aunt is in a hurry—there you dear little thing, kiss me, and don't cry!" he said as he placed her by the side of her aunt:

"O Harry, shan't I never see you again? won't Harry come and see me aunt!"

"One of these days, perhaps, pet—now kiss me good bye, you dear child!"

"Drive home!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, imperiously, and the spirited horses bounded forward, leaving Harry Gorden standing upon the curb-stone kissing his hand to the sad looking face looking from the carriage window as it rolled down the street.

"Amy, who is that man?" said her aunt, drawing up the sash.

"Why aunt, he is my own, own Harry Gorden, and I do love him so! I love him most as well as I do father, I must'nt quite you know! he always brings me something pretty, and takes me to ride in his uncle's chaise, his uncle is a doctor, and don't you think he brought me a beautiful doll once all the way from New York! O dear I forgot I was in New York myself now!" she added half laughing:

"Well Amy, he is not a proper associate for you now! I don't open my doors to such people! it was all well enough, perhaps, when you were at the farm-house, but now you may as well understand that I shall not allow you to continue the acquaintance, so you need think no more about 'your Harry,' as you call him!"

Amy was full of grief. She made no answer, however, but sat with her mournful eyes fixed upon her aunt's countenance, as if trying to study out what kind of a heart was concealed beneath that stern exterior, and whether she had ever loved anybody! it seemed so strange she thought that she wouldn't let her love her father and mother, *the live ones*, nor her little sisters or Johnny, and now she wouldn't let her love Harry!

When Amy reached home, she went directly to her

room, took off her coat and hat, and then throwing herself upon the bed cried herself to sleep.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate, Mrs. Lorraine thought than this unexpected rencontre. She had never dreamed of the possibility of Amy's being recognized, or meeting with any of her old associates at a distance so remote from the scenes of her infancy! and now to chance upon a person who not only knew the child but *knew so much*, was an event as perplexing as it was unforeseen.

What had she not to fear! this man, this Harry would betray her! her desertion of the child would be made public! The Leslie's would come down upon her. The world now thought Amy her niece, but when it should be discovered that she had herself taken her a poor helpless little infant, to a distant locality, and there deserted her—good heavens, what scandal might not the world indulge in! then the resemblance so marked! She could not own her as her grand-child, without betraying the base part she had acted toward her only daughter!

In fact Mrs. Lorraine's reputation was at stake, and she must make a bold move to win it back from slanderous tongues! so opening her ebony and gold escretoire, she penned the following note:

"Mrs. L—— of No. 2, St. John's Square, requests Mr Harry Gorden to call upon her at 7 o'clock this evening, upon business of importance."

Super-scribing this to Mr. Harry Gorden, Salesman at Messrs. Diaper & Co., she affixed an imposing seal, bearing the Lorraine arms, as if that *Lion couchant* had power to awe the insignificant shopman, and despatched it by a *domestic*.

Punctual to the hour, Harry Gorden was ushered into Mrs. Lorraine's boudoir, and as that lady has not yet descended from her dressing-room, we will in the meanwhile take the liberty to observe more closely our old friend.

As Harry has now reached his twenty-seventh year, we must not be too familiar, we will therefore call him Mr. Gorden. Mr. Gorden then possessed a fine manly figure, broad shouldered, erect, and denoting the strength of Hercules, such as we see among our independent class of nature's noblemen—our farmers. He had a full, clear dark eye, piercing as the eagles, when excited by injustice to others, or personal wrong, yet soft as the doves when moved by kindness and affection! waving, almost curling hair of the deepest brown, shaded a square open forehead, on which one might read the truth and greatness of his soul. In fine there was that in the appearance of Mr. Gorden, altho' blunt both in speech and manners, which never failed to inspire respect and confidence.

With a graceful sweep, Mrs. Lorraine made her appearance, introducing herself to her visitor, who in turn announced,

"Mr. Gorden, from Auburn," laying a particular stress upon the word "*Auburn*."

"Sir, be seated," motioning to a chair.

But Mr. Gorden, with a slight bow, remained standing, his arms folded, and one hand holding his hat.

"I sent for you, Mr. Gorden, that I might have an opportunity of conversing with you confidentially concerning the little girl whom you saw this morning, and who appears to be a great favorite of yours—is it not so?"

A bow was the only answer.

"No doubt it appears very singular to a person not acquainted with the facts, that a child of such tender age should have been entrusted to the care of strangers, excellent people no doubt, but still strangers. Yet there are circumstances, Mr. Gorden, which I cannot at present explain, which induced such a procedure, in this case of the most urgent necessity," again like Antony she "paused for a reply"—none came, and she continued:

"These circumstances, Mr. Gorden, exist still. Yet such is my anxiety for the future happiness of the child, that I have been induced to remove her from those worthy people. I wish her to receive a better education, and have the advantages of such society as she could not possibly have enjoyed in that remote district. You appear to be much attached to her, and I presume you would not willingly injure the child, or by any act of word or deed, militate against her future advancement,—am I not right?"

"Go ahead!" answered her auditor, without removing his eyes from her countenance.

Mrs. Lorraine shrank within herself at this uncourteous address! she—the proud, haughty Mrs. Lorraine to be spoken to in this manner by a shop-man!

"I was remarking, Mr. Gorden, that as you seem so fond of Amy, you would not willingly injure her. Therefore you will greatly oblige me, and at the same time confer a favor upon the child, if you will keep strictly private all you may know concerning her previous history."

Again Mrs. Lorraine paused, but the firmly compressed lips of her listener remained sealed.

"And not only is this secrecy necessary here in the city, Mr. Gorden, but should you see any of the family

who had the charge of her infancy, I trust you will not speak of having met with Amy, or that you know where she is! it would only lead to very unpleasant scenes, and be highly injurious to the child. As a man of honor, I presume, I may place confidence in you."

Gorden despised cant and hypocrisy in every shape. He detected the sophistry of Mrs. Lorraine, and it excited his indignation. I have said he was blunt in speech, and he now spoke from his honest heart the honest truth, and used no hypocritical gloss. Perhaps he was never more blunt, he certainly had never felt more excited.

Waiting for a moment to ascertain if Mrs. Lorraine had finished what she had to say, he began:

"I am a man of few words, madam. If I understand the whole upshot of what you have been saying amounts to this—you're in a scrape, and you are afraid of me. You deserted your infant ——"

"Good heavens!" interrupted Mrs. Lorraine with a slight scream, "do you mean to insult me, sir! my infant—the child is not mine!"

"So much the better—well, you leave your—the child with my old friend, Betsy Leslie, as good a woman as ever stood in your shoes—well, then after she has watched and tended her, night and day, like a mother, I mean like one who deserves the name, you break Betsy's heart by stealing into the fold and robbing her of her little ewe lamb! you see I know all about it, and now as I take it you are afraid of close questions to which you can't give answers!"

Mrs. Lorraine bit her lips, beat the floor rapidly with her foot, for every word was stabbing her pride! She saw she was of no more consequence in his eyes than

her waiting-maid, or Betsy Leslie herself—really it was shocking!

“As you have taken the child home,” continued Harry, “you want nobody to pry into your affairs, I suppose—it would be an awkward business for you no doubt! To my mind Madam, Amy would have been better off if you had left her where she was, but you did not and it can’t be helped now. However, you needn’t be uneasy because I happen to know your secrets—only don’t spoil that little girl, don’t spoil her I say! you have taken her into your hands as sweet and fresh as a wild rose, or a meadow daisy, don’t go to training her up, and pruning and clipping to change her into some wonderful exotic—don’t you do it I say!”

“And I may rely, I suppose upon your silence?” said Mrs. Lorraine.

“For the sake of Amy, I will be silent.”

“And the Leslie’s, Mr. Gorden?” she continued in her blindest tones.

“Now look here, Madam, it will be a confounded tight business—my tongue don’t like the bit any more than a young colt, and to hear poor Betsy wishing with the tears in her eyes, that she knew where her child was, and moaning for her like a poor dumb animal that has lost her young, I tell you Madam, it will be a thundering tight job for me to rein in!”

“But on Amy’s account you will be secret!” urged Mrs. Lorraine.

“I have said it. Where is Amy?”

“She is with her Governess, Mr. Gorden.” Mrs. Lorraine was evidently much embarrassed, as she continued:

"I was going to observe, that as I wish to—to withdraw Amy's mind as much as possible from the past, I, I was going to observe, Mr. Gorden, that, perhaps _____"

"I know what you wish to say," interrupted her auditor, impatiently—"don't be mealy-mouthed, out with it in plain words "Mr. Gorden never come into this house again—you can't see Amy"—there, that is what you wish to say!"

"Really sir, you are so excessively blunt in your speech!"

"Not at all, I like it—when I was a plough-boy, I liked to cut a furrow without two hefts of the plough! but be easy, I shall not trouble you with my presence again. Good evening."

He walked to the door, then suddenly turning back, said:

"Mrs. Lorraine, that little girl has always been dear to me, it seems as if she was a part of myself, a lamb that I cosseted with my own hands. Be kind to her, be as faithful to your charge, as Betsy Leslie was to her's, and I will be content never to see her dear little face again!"

And as Gorden passed into the hall, a very sonorous nasal sound attested the strength of his feelings!

"Betsy Leslie, indeed! low fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, rising and going to the mirror—"really he has shocked my nerves—but he is honest—I need have no fears of him."

Leaving our little heroine to pursue her mental accomplishments with Mrs. Bowem, and her P's and Q's, to the care of her aunt and the elegant waiting maid, we will now return to our other friends.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“ Oh, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here !”

WRITTEN.

Once more in Florence.

The noonday had been excessively sultry, but as the sun sped downwards to the golden cloud-land of the west, a grateful breeze swept through the fair city, moving to pleasant music the trees of the Casine. It floated up Palatial streets, and filled the darkest lanes with gladness, it glided gently in at open casements, subduing the langour of suffering, and cheering on the labor-worn to renewed toil.

To one apartment it brought a sweet yet brief forgetfulness of pain, for as it softly swayed the muslin window-shades, and stole caressingly to the brow of the invalid, her weary eye-lids closed, and but for the gentle heaving of her bosom, it would seem that the fingers of death and not sleep had folded their silken lashes. Leaning over her pillow, stood one whom we should know. Yet how changed! The bright glow of hope sustained, and love

made happy, which shone thereon when last we met, we see no longer. There are now deep lines of care and sorrow resting upon the countenance of Paul Saville!

A beautiful little girl of three summers is nestling quietly down upon the foot of the couch, and as her ringlets catch the rich sun-glow through the undulating hangings, they shimmer in golden flakes around her neck and shoulders, and in their profusion almost conceal the little face bent down so earnestly over her doll.

The stillness of the sick chamber remained undisturbed. Saville still kept his place by the pillow of Beatrice, fearing to move lest he might break the sleep, which he trusted would prove so salutary after a day of restless suffering. Even little Pauline appeared to comprehend the importance of that repose to her Ma'ma, for as she once looked up and caught her father's eye fixed lovingly upon her, she pointed with her little finger to the pale sleeper, and then with a sweet smile placed it upon her rosy lips:

"Paul!"

"Yes, dearest Beatrice, I am here," said Saville, stooping over her, and touching her pale brow with his lips, "you have slept a little while, and now as the heat of the day has passed, I hope you will feel better—you do feel better, do you not, love?"

Beatrice looked at him mournfully, then placing her hand upon her bosom, she said almost in a whisper:

"Paul there is something here which tells me that we must soon part! I feel that I am not to remain with you much longer!"

"Do not say so dearest! you are better, it is only the sultriness of the atmosphere which has oppressed you.

Let me raise you up—there—don't this delicious breeze revive you?"

Beatrice shook her head and smiled lovingly up into his mournful eyes:

"Ah, Paul, for your sake, and for the sake of our darling child, I would that it was so! I would fain stay with you a little longer, if it was His will! my poor, poor little Pauline, what will become of you when I am gone!" she added, looking upon the little girl with loving eyes as she spoke, then opening her arms, the little creature with a bird-like laugh, sprang into them, and nestled her head closely to her mother's bosom.

Saville was too much affected to speak. Going to the window, he drew aside the curtains to admit more freely the evening wind, and then returning to the bed-side, he lifted Pauline from her mother's arms, and imprinting a fervent kiss upon her little mouth, placed her upon the floor:

"Were there no letters to-day, Paul?"

"None from home, dearest."

"And I shall never, never hear from them again! O, Paul, if I might have been permitted to have looked once more upon their beloved features! But you will see them some day, Paul," she added after a pause, "you will see them, and you will tell them how much I loved them!"

"My dearest you grieve me, you are no worse, indeed you look better! cheer up love, we shall yet be happy, you will see Dr. Woodville again!"

"In Heaven I hope to meet him, no more on earth, Paul! once before, my dear husband," she continued, "did I believe myself to be upon the brink of eternity—do you remember, it was when my poor baby died! how dark and

desolate did the world I was about to leave appear to me then! stretched upon a low pallet within the walls of a hospital, in a strange place, and among strangers—with no kind hand to sustain me, no kind voice to cheer me! The grave was not more cold than those who should have cherished me—then why should I wish to live, when as I trusted my Heavenly Father would receive me to his bosom! Oh, Paul can you wonder that except for the helpless little babe upon my bosom, I could desire life!"

"You must not dwell upon the past," said Saville, pressing her to his breast, "are you not happy now? see, your husband's arms are around you, look at me, dearest."

Beatrice hid her face for a moment in his bosom:

"Happy, Paul! O, I have been too happy! and now when my Father calls me from you, I fear I am not ready to obey his summons! how can I leave you, Paul—how can I leave our darling! May God forgive me, for it is to His hand I owe all my blessings—it is He that hath made my path so pleasant. Pray with me, Paul, pray that we may both be able to say, 'Thy will, O God, not mine be done!'"

Paul sank upon his knees, and still holding the hand of Beatrice, their souls united in silent prayer to Him who could alone sustain them in this bitter hour of trial.

"Poor little Pauline!" said Beatrice, as her eye followed the graceful movements of the child about the room. "How can you take care of her when she has no longer a mother!"

Paul lifted the little girl in his arms:

"Love shall teach me how, Beatrice. I will never part with her, by night or by day, for her sake I will still live on and struggle through a dreary world! my precious,

precious child!" pressing a long kiss upon the lips of the little one, as he released her from his arms. And now, my love, let me read to you, you are exhausted and need repose."

"I had rather you would bring your easel, dearest Paul, and let me once more watch your hand gliding over the canvass as I have often done, giving life to the beautiful conceptions of your mind; will you, Paul?"

As her father passed into his studio, little Pauline crept up close to her mother, who, passing her hand fondly through her golden curls, said:

"Daughter, ma'ma is going away from little Pauline,—will her little girl be good and love papa?"

"Me will be very good, and love papa so—so much!" lisped the child, stretching out her arms wide, and then clasping them tightly to her bosom, as if to express the length and breadth of her affection.

"And won't you forget ma'ma? and will you talk to papa about her when she has gone?"

"No me won't forget my own dear ma'ma—but where ma'ma go? won't ma'ma take papa and little me?"

"No, darling, you cannot go now—by and by ma'ma hopes papa and little Pauline will come to her."

"And may I wear my pretty little red soos when I come?" asked the little girl in a tone of eager delight.

Beatrice smiled sadly, and drew the little head close to her bosom, then raising her eyes to heaven, she softly murmured:

"Oh, heavenly Father, to Thee I commit this dear child! With Thy protecting arms encircle her. Keep her in her innocence, O Father, and in Thy love defend her from all harm, for Thy Son's sake who loved and blessed little children!"

In a few moments Paul returned, and placing his easel where the tender eyes of Beatrice might rest upon him, he commenced to paint. But his movements were mechanical. No inspiration guided the artist's hand to creative beauty, no sublime thoughts awaited the life-giving touch of his pencil! no—his soul was shrouded in despair!

As if taking her last farewell of that beloved face and form, the eyes of Beatrice lingered upon him lovingly:

"What are you painting, Paul?" she asked at length.

"See, Beatrice," he replied, turning the easel so that her eyes might rest upon it, "don't you remember it—it is St. Catharine."

A smile of seraphic beauty beamed upon her face as she answered:

"Ah, Paul—even so do I hope to be borne by angels to the bosom of my Father!"

For a few moments neither spoke again. Then beckoning her husband with her thin, pale hand, she said:

"I feel very faint, dear Paul—raise me, it may be death!"

Paul hastened to administer a restorative cordial, and bathed her face and hands with vinegar. She looked up with a sweet smile:

"Thank you, dear Paul, I feel better now. She closed her eyes a moment, and then turning them again upon the anxious face bending over her, she said, "I have strange visions come over me sometimes! do you know, dear Paul, that I have an almost certain conviction, at times, that I have another child than our dear Pauline—that the babe I mourned as dead still lives! there is, and

always has been a feeling I cannot define which whispers it to me!"

"It cannot be, my dear wife! remember the particular inquiries made by Dr. Woodville, and the answer of the physician at the Hospital confirming the fact of your infant's death. And what motive, dear Beatrice, could any one have in taking her from you?"

"You are right, Paul. And it was best that she should die thus early. Our heavenly Father received her sinless soul as he gave it—pure and undefiled! My mother—Paul would that I could have seen my mother again ere I died! now that earth is fading from my sight, and eternity so near, I feel that I have erred in not writing her, again and again, never ceasing to write, until I gained her forgiveness and her love!"

"Not so, dear Beatrice—you have done all you could to restore her confidence and affection. Think no more of it, my dearest wife—one day the secrets of all hearts shall be made known!"

"Do you think she ever received that letter wherein I explained all the past, and disclosed the falsehoods of that man—of Staunton?"

"Certainly she must have received it," Paul answered.

"O, say not so!" cried Beatrice, with sudden energy, "say not so, give me some hope that even yet her senses are deceived—else why should she not have written to me, why not forgiven me! Paul, you will some day go back to our dear land and leave me sleeping here. Promise me then that you will go and see my mother—that you will take to her our little Pauline. You say she resembles me, she will perhaps grow more like me. Then, in the lineaments of my child, let my mother look upon *me and love me again!* She will not refuse to receive

her and take her to her heart—how can she? Tell her all, my husband—bear to her my love and my forgiveness—will you, dear Paul?"

"Yes, Beatrice, I solemnly promise you that I will," said her husband, kissing her with much emotion.

She now turned her eyes upon the portrait of Dr. Woodville, which hung opposite the bed.

"Dear old man! you will mourn for me I know! methinks he smiles upon me, Paul, and now, as ever, that benign glance speaks peace to my soul!" She closed her eyes, her lips moved as if in prayer, then pressing the hand of Paul to her heart, she told him she would try to sleep.

Her fond eyes no longer watching him, no longer obliged to feign calmness, when the storm of desolation was sweeping over his soul, Saville now gave way unrestrainedly to his grief. With all his efforts to delude himself into the belief that she was not yet to leave him, the bitter truth was, alas, but too self-evident. He saw that his adored Beatrice was fast passing away, and that, in a few days, his eyes would no longer rest upon her beloved features—that he should be alone!

No words can portray the feelings of the wretched husband, as with slow steps he paced the chamber of death!

Little Pauline had climbed upon the couch, and pillowed, poor child, upon her mother's bosom, had fallen asleep. Her beautiful face was upturned, with a smile still playing about her little mouth, as if slumber had closed her eyelids while yet she was looking up into that dear mother's face.

The golden twilight shed a celestial brightness through the room, transfiguring all things with delicious har-

mony. Already the lovely face of Beatrice shone as that of an angel as the mellow light fell upon its marble-like beauty.

The vesper bells chimed harmoniously with this glowing atmosphere, and both spoke of heaven!

Slowly opening her eyes, Beatrice, with a sweet smile, extended her hand to Paul.

"May God have mercy on me!" he mentally exclaimed, for he saw the fatal hour had come. In that seraphic beauty there was already more of heaven than earth. He saw that the hand of death was even then loosing the soul of Beatrice from its frail tenement!

Woe for the stricken hearted!

Yet gently, tenderly was death performing his mission, while around the couch blessed angels hovered, ready to bear their sister spirit to her home above.

"Paul, raise me up a little, let me lie upon your breast! ah, my precious child—don't waken her, Paul, raise us together in your arms."

The wretched husband could not speak—he could only fold mother and child to his bosom in silent agony.

"God will comfort you, dearest!" whispered Beatrice. "I am going from you only for a little while,—I am happy, yes Paul, I am ready to go, 'Yea tho' I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, Thy hand shall lead me, Thy staff shall comfort me!'" she softly murmured—her lips still moved as if in prayer, while a smile of ineffable beauty irradiated her countenance.

"Farewell dearest Paul—kiss me once more!" she said and as he pressed one long last kiss upon those lips,

"Without a sigh,
A change of feature, or a shaded smile

She gave her hand to the stern messenger,
And, as a glad child seeks its father's house
Went home!"

Alone with his dead!

O, the desolateness of the heart thus bereft of its dearest treasure! Hopes, wishes, happiness, all crushed by the same dread power which has stilled the pulse of life within that beloved form, by whose side we kneel. It is not then we can say "thy will be done!" When the blow descends we are struck down to the earth, and our selfish grief holds us there in bitter lamentations—we cannot then acknowledge the hand from which the blow came—the hand which has thus stricken our hearts' dearest and best affections! But even then, unworthy as we are, he is with us—he pitieth the grief of his children, even as an earthly father pitieth! He gently draws us to himself—he encircles us with his arms, he binds up our hearts, and pours balm into our wounds! Happy those who refuse not to be comforted, but can with child-like submission, say "Father thy will, not mine be done!"

Little Pauline still slept unconscious of her loss, her golden curls falling upon the pulseless bosom of her mother! Lifting her gently from her sad pillow, her father placed her upon the sofa, and then kneeling down by the bed-side gave way to his passionate grief.

The twilight faded out, yet still he knelt there, and then darkness enfolded alike the living and the dead!

"Pa'pa! Ma'ma!" cried little Pauline, awaking from her happy sleep.

Then Paul arose, and imprinting a kiss upon the marble brow before him, took his motherless child tenderly in his arms, and bore her from the apartment.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"It is most sad to watch the fall
Of autumn leaves ! but worst of all,
To watch the banner rose of health
Pass from the cheek ! to mark how plain
Upon the wan and sunken brow,
Become the wanderings of each vein !
The shadowy hand so thin, so pale !
The languid step !—the drooping head !
The lip whence red and smile have fled !"

L. E. L.

As the canker worm will in time corrode and destroy the fairest plant which can gladden the eye with its beauty, even so had the early sorrows of Beatrice preyed upon her tender frame. Her sufferings, like the canker, had undermined the stamina of her young life, while yet in its freshest vigor, and, altho' the flower was still beautiful and its bloom unsullied by decay, yet at the root the insidious work was going on.

After the birth of her little girl, the disease assumed new strength. Beatrice sadly felt it to be so ! Yet no one could trace this gradual fading out of life, for never had her beauty been more radiant, and most of all were *the eyes of Paul* blinded to the painful reality. Sometimes *she would speak to him of her danger—he would not lis-*

ten—he laughed at her fears! What, Beatrice dying with that splendid bloom upon her cheek—with those brilliant eyes! no, it could not be, it was impossible! Alas, poor Paul!

When we walk in the church-yard some pleasant summer morning, we see beautiful fresh roses blossoming among the graves, shedding loveliness and beauty upon the tomb! Under their glowing foliage the grave lies hidden! With such flowers does consumption adorn her victims—their roots are in death!

Never was there a more happy wife and mother, than Beatrice—never a happier husband and father, than Paul! Pleasantly then did their days glide on—one bright dream of gladness. The sunny skies which bent over them, but typified the sun-light of happiness, in which their hearts rejoiced.

Aside from her failing health, there was only one thought to disturb the peace of Beatrice, and that was the alienation from her mother. Here early sorrows she had buried—she was too happy now to give them room in her heart..

It was after the birth of her little Pauline, that she resolved to make one more appeal to her mother's affections. As she pressed her own dear child to her bosom, it appeared impossible that she should be again repulsed. With her maternal love so ecstatic and glowing, she could not believe a *mother* would refuse to listen to the pleadings of her child!

In this belief therefore, the first use Beatrice made of her returning strength, was to write her. It was a long and touching letter. It went back to the days of her childhood. It explained away all the ignominy under which *she had rested*, through the baseness of Hubert

Staunton, thereby, like the unwinding of the wrappers which concealed the mummied gods of Egypt, disclosing a loathsome mass, offensive to humanity.

This was the letter which in the rashness of unbridled passion, Mrs. Lorraine had consumed! by that act effacing all hope from the heart of her child, and destroying her own happiness!

Long, long, and with patience did Beatrice await an answer, but when months passed on, and a year rolled by, then with the sickness of "hope deferred," she awoke from her cherished dream.

The mail-bags in 18—, altho' less pursy, were more slow in traversing the Atlantic, than in 1855, when puffed out with their own importance, in shape like one of Don Quixott's wine-skins, they bound from shore to shore, impelled by the breath of steam, and in the same ratio inland communication was fettered to the slow lengths of clumsy stage coaches, and lean Rozinantes over rough jolting roads, up interminable hills, and down hills interminable, with a nice ditch maybe at the bottom, for a resting-place! All honor though to the stage-coach of olden time!

It was not often, therefore, that letters were interchanged between our artist friends in Florence and Dr. Woodville. Yet such happy seasons did come to both. Seals were broken, and fond words of affection read with moist eyes and gladdened hearts, and tho' the broad Atlantic rolled between the writer and the reader, yet thought leaped all distance, and for the time they sat face to face, hand pressed with hand in pleasant communion.

The success of Paul realized his highest expectations, *which is saying* a great deal, for the imagination is apt to lead her votaries up very steep ladders! and not

until he saw too clearly the ravages which disease was making upon his beloved, did his interest flag or his hand "refuse its cunning." But when, day by day, her step grew more weary, her form more ethereal, and he heard that hollow, warning cough, then did his strength and courage fail!

His hours were now all devoted to her, to study her every wish and thought became his only happiness! Beatrice saw it all, and felt with a bitter pang for *him* how much he loved her, for full well she knew he would soon be called to part with her.

She soon became too feeble to leave her chamber, and then Paul would lift her gently in his arms, and bear her to a shady little alcove in the garden, where the soft rippling of the Arno made soothing music, and there, with little Pauline upon his knee or playing at their feet, he would read aloud some favorite author, constantly deluding himself with the belief that Beatrice would soon be better.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity!" Had the days of Beatrice always been as free from cloud, as since her marriage with Paul, she might never have been raised above earthly hopes and aspirations! But when through grievous wrong her early life had been overwhelmed in the darkness of despair, a ray from heaven had penetrated the gloom, and guided her, a humble, trusting child to the feet of Jesus. She was now, therefore, resigned to go home when she should be called! It was for the sake of the dear ones she was to leave behind, it was for their desolateness alone that she grieved!

The hour came. The last fond ties were severed, and Paul was left alone!

Within a little grove of olives in the environs of Florence, Beatrice was laid to sleep. It was a lovely sequestered spot,

“A slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers, along the grass is spread.”

CHAPTER XXX.

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart!"

SHAKESPEARE.

YEARS took their weary round, and still Saville remained with his motherless child in Italy. After the death of Beatrice he secluded himself almost entirely from society, shunning even the presence of his most intimate friends, and as such morbid indulgence of gloom, which sees no light beyond the dark grave, and forgets that from the portals of the tomb the ransomed soul has sped to brighter worlds, as such indulgence will, in time, almost inevitably produce misanthropy, so it proved with Saville, and thus in the prime of manhood, in the full career of successful ambition, he hated the world, himself, all but his lovely and innocent child!

It is melancholy to contemplate the fate of a man so gifted by nature as Saville, thus abusing his genius, robbing the world of the benefit of his labors, and yielding

himself so unresistingly to that sickly mood of mind which, like the fabulous Vampire preys upon the very life-blood of its victims!

True he still pursued his glorious art—but it was to him a mere exchange of genius for bank-notes,—he had lost that heavenly fire which gave life to his creations. His conceptions were still beautiful, yet when brought to light they lacked the soul which should have given them perpetuity. For the *soul* of the artist is as important to his picture as the colors upon his pallet, or as the unhewn stone is to the sculptor—he cannot work without them, and yet what are they in themselves? mere spots of blue, red, green and yellow paint, or a block of senseless marble! Let the painter spread those colors upon his canvass, a mechanical grouping of trees and water, of men and women, unless his soul pervade the work, giving life and harmony to the whole, what is it after all? colors only—merely an extended pallet! Or let the sculptor place himself before that solid mass, and hew and chisel the human form divine, yet unless his soul speak through that sculptured image—it is but senseless marble still! we see that it has limbs, and eyes, and mouth, yet for all that, there is no vitality—we look only upon a block of stone!

Did Cole thus paint? Did Greenough thus create?

The clime of Italy is not congenial to the gloomy walls of the misanthrope. One by one his acquaintances dropped away from him, preferring the more genial influence of her glowing skies, and the rich research of her storied halls. Even those friends who best loved him tired in time of those ascetic visits, and, therefore, Saville was left unmolested to the indulgence of his melancholy moods, which sometimes led him to rush forth like one

demented, from the face of man, and wander for hours amid the ruins of the Val d'Arno—ruins which the past has spared, as if to point the present to the vanity of earthly ambition. They have looked upon the rise and fall of nations, have seen generations spring into life, flourish for awhile like motes in the sun-beam, and then pass silently away from sight and memory! And they still stand majestic—watching afar the countless multitude coming to join the solemn caravan of the dead which have passed on before.

The only link which bound Saville to the world was his child, and even her presence, lovely as it was, sometimes failed to cheer. She was inexpressibly dear to his widowed heart, and often, as, with saddening eye, he followed her slight, graceful figure flitting through his desolated home, the fear smote him that she was not long to gladden his sight,—she seemed too fair and frail a flower for earth.

Pauline was the very counterpart of what her mother had been at her age, only more delicate. She had the same pure skin, fair as the lily with the tracery of azure veins transparent, the same almond shaped eyes of the deepest blue, with long, silken lashes, as if to shield them from all impurity, and she had the same rich profusion of golden hair playing around her fairy-like form in streams of light.

The forming of her young mind was his greatest solace, for in that he still seemed in communion with his lamented Beatrice. It was pleasant to carry out the views he had so often heard her express, to converse with her about her mother, and implant in her mind the germ of those lovely attributes which so adorned her character. But combined with his other moods, this proved a very

desultory sort of training, tho' the seeds fell in good ground.

As for her education, frail as he believed her constitution to be he dared not confine her too closely to any set rules, it was a lesson to-day, perhaps another to-morrow, or quite as likely the following week, and Pauline was left meanwhile to amuse herself with her nurse, Antonia, a good, faithful girl, who liked well this immethodical way of life in which she and her young charge were permitted to indulge. Sometimes strolling about in the pleasant public gardens, now mingling in with the gay multitude which, on foot or in dashing equipages, thronged the more frequented walks and drives, now indolently reclining themselves upon the grass beneath the shade of olive trees in some sequestered glade, or hand in hand gliding in solemn awe through the dim aisles of some venerated church, and dropping devoutly upon their knees before the image of every saint, for Pauline was a firm little friend to the good saints, of whom Antonia related such surprising miracles—or at other times they would stop at the corners of the street, hemmed in by the idle crowd, and listen to the wild chant of the Improvisatore.

Thus was she allowed to come and go just where she pleased, or wherever Antonia chose to take her—so long as he saw his little girl well and happy, Saville gave himself very little anxiety about the improvement of her mind.

Italy has been called the clime of song, and Pauline was a glad little creature, all sunshine and music. She could prattle Italian much more fluently than English, which, except when with her father, she seldom spoke, and indeed her voice sounded so sweetly musical, breathing *the soft language* of Italy, that her father himself quite as

often spoke to her in that tongue. All the little songs too, with which her heart was running over were pure Italian, and her bird-like voice caroling those sweet snatches of song, like Irving's Bob-o-link," a succession of rich tinkling notes," crowding one upon another, were irresistibly charming. She had caught too the art of the Improvisatore, and if ever she succeeded in winning a true unclouded smile from her father, it was when she would place herself before him, and, taking her little guitar, recite in childish phraseology some wonderful adventure of herself and Antonia.

Thus passed the first eight years of Pauline's life. A sort of Humming-Bird existence among flowers and sunshine and song; never stopping to imbibe deep draughts, but ever on the wing sipping delight from all.

And now Saville began to experience the evils attendant upon those years of morbid gloom. His health rapidly declined, for with the "mind diseased" his vital energies had also suffered. With the loss of health, came also the bitter thought that by his death his child would be thrown defenceless upon the world! To breathe his last sigh in Italy, and be buried by the side of Beatrice, had ever been his wish, but how could he leave his lovely child alone and unprotected in that luxurious clime! He shuddered at the thought! He therefore decided upon returning to his native land—there, he felt he might leave her without any protection, save her innocence.

Yet that dire calamity he might avoid—he had promised Beatrice, that he would some day take her child to her mother, he would do so now. Time must have softened the heart of Mrs. Lorraine, to look with kindness upon her daughter's memory even had she been guilty

of the charges imputed to her, but when he should make known her perfect innocence, then with what affection she would receive Pauline to her bosom, happy that, by kindness and love to the orphan, she might atone for the injustice which she had heaped upon her mother!

He knew not, however, whether Mrs. Lorraine was living, whether Dr. Woodville still lived! And now bitterly did he condemn himself for the neglect with which he had treated the letters of that excellent man, until they came no more to importune him. It might be the hand of death which had checked those kindly messengers of love, and that the great good heart from which they sprang, was even now cold in his grasp!

There was another motive which impelled him to take his child to his native land, a duty, which the anxiety upon her account, made more vivid by his sure decline, now urged itself upon him. Lovely and good as little Pauline was, he saw she needed the rein of discipline, it was time she should be made subject to the laws of order, and her volatile fancies be brought under restraint.

His arrangements were soon completed, and his little household scattered. He could not take the faithful Antonia with him, for such had been his improvidence, that he had but sufficient means to defray the expenses of the voyage, and provide temporary shelter upon arrival.

Taking little Pauline by the hand, he led her for the last time to the grave of her mother, feeling that even his child's happiness could hardly compensate for the sacrifice he was making in tearing himself away from those beloved remains.

Yet this was not the last farewell of Saville to that hal-

lowed spot. In the solitude of the night-season he was there, prostrate by that little mound which the moonbeams shivered, as if in that narrow space Beatrice reposed. He heard not the gentle voices of the stars, whispering, "look up to Heaven, for here thy loved one dwells!"

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CHAPTER XXXI.

"One whose mind.
Appears like a ceremonious chapel
Full of sweet music."

WEBSTER.

It was fortunate for Amy, who in our shifting programme is again before the reader, that Mrs. Bowem was a woman of correct principles, who looked not merely to the superficial graces of her young pupil, or deemed that with her mental accomplishments, she need have no charge of her moral improvement. To Amy, this was all important for with her aunt's petulance, her pride, and her exaction, with Sybil's well-meant but weak indulgence, joined to the foolish flatteries of the maid, she required the counteracting influence of such a person as Mrs. Bowem. One who was always consistent, ever kind, but never indulgent when the good of her pupil required a strict enforcement of her rules, never urging her counsel when Amy was not in the mood, but judiciously seizing the right moment, gently reason and overcome the error.

Amy loved and respected her. There were many times *it is true*, when self-will was opposed to the stern decrees

of her governess, and the old temper would rise up ready for rebellion, yet ere the tear of passion had dried upon her cheek, or the frown passed from her brow, she would throw her arms about her neck and entreat to be forgiven. Thus she learned to curb her temper, while she retained all that natural independence of character, which now as in her earliest years made her shrink from oppression, or injustice.

Mrs. Lorraine, justly proud of the capacities of her grand-child, spared no expense upon her education. With quick application, and a retentive memory, Amy's little head at fourteen, was well stored with the useful and ornamental,—the latter was all which Mrs. Lorraine would have required in the furnishing, but with Mrs. Bowem's assistance, she had contrived to slip in many a solid tho' less pretending article. She could read and translate French with ease and even elegance, had some little knowledge of Italian, and with a correct ear and graceful touch gave promise of great excellence in music. Amy found nothing dull which was placed before her, and never felt so happy, as when, after pouring patiently for hours over some mathematical problem, she mastered the key, and with sparkling eyes proclaimed her success.

But the perfecting of her education remained with herself, as it must with every youthful mind. The groundwork was laid, and the seeds planted by other hands,—now she must till the soil herself, and it rested with her whether the seeds thus sown, were to be lost amid weeds and rubbish, or bring forth perfect fruit,—for weeds or flowers will spring up in every mind,—it cannot remain inert.

Mrs. Lorraine did not find our little heroine, by any means the pliant willow which she expected to bend to

her wishes, not when those wishes were such as the conscience of Amy told her were wrong!

She was always respectful to her aunt, always kind. No one had more patience than Amy with all her whims, or was so attentive to her many self-loving requirements for ease, at the expense of others comfort, and if she was ill, would never tire of waiting upon her,—she would stand for hours by her bed-side rubbing her temples and doing every thing in her power to relieve her sufferings.

But she would never yield up her self-respect, her self-rectitude, nor would she refrain if necessary to speak, from giving utterance to her true thoughts, even if by so doing, she should incur the severe displeasure of her aunt. Often did her artless yet bold declarations of right and wrong, put to shame the studied sophistry of Mrs. Lorraine, who could but respect her even for those very traits which most displeased and annoyed her. Amy wished she could love her, and often wondered why she could not. She felt grateful to her for her many kindnesses, but that was all,—she could not respect her, and, therefore, could not love her. There are cases in which love may exist without respect, we may love and cherish those tenderly, whose foibles wring our hearts with sorrow—but we cannot respect them. I doubt whether a child can really respect a dissolute father or mother, although they may love and pity them. Amy, however, felt no such claim to love Mrs. Lorraine. Her earliest associations with her were those of violence, and a sundering of her dearest ties, and since then she had discovered no particular trait in her character as it developed itself, which could command her respect—on the contrary.

Poor Amy had discovered who that "*old lady*" was whose identity had so greatly puzzled her the first few

weeks after her arrival in St. John's Square. This *Duality* was, for a long time, quite as incomprehensible as the masterly transformations of the Ravels would have been, but gradually admitted more freely behind the scenes, she became initiated into those mysteries which produced this wonderful metamorphosis. And when she saw Mrs. Lorraine come forth rejuvenated by the hands of Jane, to whom were intrusted the magic powers, adorned with her jewels and arrayed in the most becoming costume,—for full dress, always a rich black or royal purple velvet, than which nothing could have been more elegant, or on occasions where less dress was required, heavy and lustrous brocades which rustled as she walked, for she would never appear in any thing which should seem too youthful for *forty*, where her years had taken a dignified stand, neither retrograding or advancing—then the finishing off, the laces, the ruffles, the chains, the rings, the brooches, the turban so exquisitely formed of India's spangled gauze, or other delicate fabrics, and with sometimes a toque of crimson velvet looped with sprays of diamonds, resting upon her own (for she had paid for it) beautiful glossy hair, and when thus adorned, Amy saw her come forth, her scriptural adaptations still vigorous, she could seldom refrain from mentally exclaiming:

“Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but within are full of dead men's bones!”

She still retained her preference for the Bible above all other volumes, and as her mind expanded, and she could more fully comprehend its divine truths, she more than ever enjoyed the study of its pages. With her governess she often held long and profitable conversations, unmind-

ful of the contempt which she saw upon her aunt's countenance when she found her thus employed.

Mrs. Lorraine had a set code of the necessities and belongings to "good society" of which religion was one—that is, the "cream-cheese" religion of Mrs. Potiphar reduced down to skim-milk. She owned a pew in St Johns, with cushions of crimson velvet, kneeling benches *en suite* and like Milton's Deliah she came sailing in,

"Ornate and gay,
Like a stately ship,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and streamers waving."

And sinking her knees into the yielding velvet, buried her face gracefully within her perfumed handkerchief, and then listened or seemed to listen with becoming sanctity to the words which fell from the lips of the excellent Bishop H——, under whose spiritual teachings she weekly sat. Yes, religion was a very good thing in its way, very respectable, very prosy to be sure! but this sitting down to read the Scriptures for pleasure, as Amy did, was perfectly incomprehensible! so strange when there were so many other more useful and entertaining books on which she might spend her time.

These sentiments were usually addressed confidentially to Jane, who, with upturned eyes, would exclaim:

"Upon my word, madam, it is as you say the most unaccountable thing in nature. Miss Amy is always perusing the Bible with just as much pleasure as if it was the Children of the Abbey or the Mysteries of Udolpho! really she is a pyramid of the Scriptures.

Sybil took great delight in listening to Amy, who would *often go and sit* with her for the purpose of reading some

favorite chapter, and, upon one occasion, the good old creature was so carried away by her gratitude for Amy's kindness that she exclaimed:

"Now jus you remember, little Missy, what I say,—if dis ole Sybil ebber get to de blessed heaven, she will tell de Lord who it wer' toted her 'long de road—she will for sarten!"



CHAPTER XXXII.

"In the silent watches of the night, calm night that breedeth
thought,
When the task-weary mind disporteth in the careless play
hours of sleep,
I dreamed, and behold, a valley, green, and sunny, and well
watered."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

BUT had Amy forgotten the old farm house, and those
whom she once loved so well!

No, she had not,—but their memory was like some
pleasant dream, dreamt long ago, indistinct, but still ex-
citing the mind to recall more vividly that which made it
so charming and so enduring. With so many new subjects
for thought crowding themselves upon her, with new
scenes and associations so very opposite to her life at Leslie
Farm, it is not strange that these early impressions should
have somewhat faded—yet her heart, true to its first affec-
tions, still lingered there. She could not recall the features
of her dear foster-parents in the "long ago," but she felt
that somewhere, she did not know where, there were
those whom she had loved, and still loved!

The first nine years of her life were to Amy a shadowy grouping of pleasant fields and orchards, of flowers and ruddy apples, and beautiful singing birds—of a long, low cottage with large trees about it, of her father in a farmer's frock, of a little tin kettle in which she sometimes took his dinner to a distant field, of her mother spinning, and of little girls and a little boy, with whom she played in the barn, and fed the chickens! sometimes more vividly than all would the old chestnut woods arise before her, she could see the setting sun as it flooded their tops with golden light,—and then, the painful scene which ended that pleasant day was sure to throw her into a fit of weeping.

Forbidden, however, to speak of those past days, it was only to Sybil she ever dwelt upon them. Not even to Mrs. Bowem did she betray aught of her earlier associations, because her aunt had commanded her silence.

She had never forgotten her staunch friend, Harry Gorden. Her accidental meeting with him had the effect to impress his features upon her mind too forcibly to be soon obliterated. She was sure she should know him any where, and months after that happy day, she never went out without taking hope with her that she might meet him again. More than once she was half-tempted to run away down into some of those busy streets and inquire at every door, if that was Harry Gorden's! and in those more childish days, whenever she felt herself aggrieved by an act of injustice or of real discipline, then the form of Harry would arise in the distance as her champion, he was to come to her rescue, and slay her aunt and her governess as David slew Goliath!

True to his word, Gorden had never betrayed his knowledge of Amy.

Once in a season he left the busy turmoil of the city behind him, shook the hot dust from his feet and fled to the green haunts of his childhood, there to refresh himself amid rural sports and scenes for the dull routine of Pine Street. He was no sentimental lover of dame nature, however, always praising her beautiful face, and the silver tones of her voice in the laughing brooks,—he was much more prone to disturb her repose by the sharp crack of his rifle, and shiver her mirrors with the tip of a fishing-rod.

Leslie Farm was always the first place he visited upon these annual revolutions of town and country, and when he heard his old friend, Mrs. Leslie, always expressing the same affectionate solicitude for her little Amy, it was, as he told Mrs. Lorraine, a “thundering tight job to rein in” —upon these occasions, when driven to the last extremity of impatience to break out with his secret, he would suddenly start up to the great surprise of all and protest that he must go that very instant! or may-be with a loud “shoo! shoo!” he would rush to the barn-yard, creating a great stir in the feathered family, declaring to Mrs. Leslie that he saw a large hawk pouncing down among the chickens, generally adding, “like that old she hawk who stole away Amy!”

Gorden not only preserved the secret safe, but he also avoided coming in contact with his dear little pet, because, poor thing, if seeing him would make her home-sick and discontented, he would keep himself away from her sight. That is, she should not see him—there the restriction ended, for so long as he remained in the city, he kept a jealous vigil over the little girl, and the maiden of fourteen! Often of an evening would he stroll in the vicinity of the Park, and there, concealed by the foliage of the

trees, he would watch for the light form of Amy at the opposite window. Sometimes she would come bounding along with Sybil almost touching his garments as she passed! O, how he longed then to catch her to his breast—his own little Amy, and kiss her rosy lips! And again as she sat by the open window, or at the piano, and he could hear her flute-like song, it thrilled him with pleasure. He saw how lovely she was as she advanced to womanhood, and he almost ceased to regret her abduction from the farm, for now her talents were so finely developing themselves, whereas had she remained there, they would have been confined within the then narrow limits of cottage life, which in those primitive days at the West, could boast none of the modern advantages. It was a great pleasure to him that Amy never seemed unhappy, and he began to think that Mrs. Lorraine was not quite as bad as she seemed.

When Amy was fourteen, Gordon renounced his surveillance over her from necessity. Having accumulated a snug fortune, he exchanged those "Castles in Spain," for a pleasant little farm on the banks of the Owasco, left New York, and established himself in all the independence of a Bachelor Farmer, with a maiden aunt in the capacity of house-keeper, and once more resumed the occupation of his boyhood and youth.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Who come so gracefully
Gliding along?"

MOORE.

AT seventeen a splendid ball introduced our heroine to the fashionable world, as the heiress of Mrs. Lorraine. Long and impatiently had the latter waited for this auspicious hour, forgetting that every year which was perfecting the loveliness of Amy, was adding fresh wrinkles to her own brow.

Her own "particular star" to be sure had long since paled from the zenith, the finest telescope could not now detect "the Lorraine" which once eclipsed all other stars, by its magnitude and brilliancy. But through her, another orb was now to astonish the world—again "the Lorraine" should be in the ascendant, so like in brilliancy, that the old star-gazers should declare that "the Lorraine" so long invisible in fashion's galaxy, had again appeared more glorious than ever.

All that wealth could purchase, that taste could plan, or art perfect, combined their attractions to render this ball *the most elegant* of the season, while in personal "getting up," Mrs. Lorraine that night eclipsed herself in the per-

fect finish of her toilet. Her dress, her ornaments, were all superb, and she looked and moved as a queen. Amy had petitioned for a more simple adorning, than her aunt was willing to grant—she had no conception of “beauty unadorned,” and was ambitious, that neither in dress, nor in loveliness, should her heiress be excelled. So, robed in white satin, embroidered with silver, with clustering pearls upon her fair neck and arms, and gleaming pure and white from out her raven tresses, Amy made her *debut* as Miss Lorraine,—and “all the world were there to see,” for the brilliantly lighted rooms were crowded with the “dear five hundred” whom Mrs. Lorraine had called together.

The sensation produced by Amy’s advent fully satisfied the pride and vanity of her aunt,—her pride, because this new attraction belonged exclusively to her, and could not be approached except through her; her vanity, because, she knew that many eyes were following her, as with queenly gait she swept through the rooms with Amy leaning upon her arm, and because her ears again drank in the adulation of the crowd, who by flattering her, hoped to win her favor with the fair girl by her side.

And now following this initiatory ball, party succeeded to party, in rapid rotation, all given in honor of the new *debutante*, each one striving, like children blowing soap-bubbles, to make their’s the largest and most gorgeous ere it “sank in the deep and silent lake” of oblivion.

The life of Amy that winter was one continued round of gayety, it cannot be termed enjoyment, for she did not participate in its pleasures with that zest which makes a first season so particularly fascinating to many happy young hearts, who go forth only prepared for the roses of life, and think not of its thorns. Looking at the future,

through the eyes of hope and fancy, how like a beautiful Kaleidoscope life seems to them—a quick and ever varying picture of radiant hues, all glowing, each more charming than the last. Ah, a blessed thing is that happy unconsciousness of youth, that joyous sunshine of the breast” which glows upon their countenances! Would that it might rest thereon forever—that light of happiness,—and that there were fewer who awake from this dream, only to take up a sad and wearisome burthen through the vale which lately seemed so fair and glowing!

For the first few weeks, giddy with the excitement and novelty of her position, Amy was swept along in the gay vortex—it was all so new and so delightful! Yet ere one little month had passed, it became irksome to her, and she would have been glad of the privilege of spending her evenings at home. But private readings, and private hours, did not suit Mrs. Lorraine’s calibre, and if there chanced to be one unappropriated to which Amy would be looking forward with pleasure, her aunt was always sure to issue her “at homes.”

It was generally understood that Miss Lorraine was an heiress, which fact brought around her a swarm of fortune-hunters, who began to think that even the yoke of matrimony could be endured, if it was a golden yoke, but when so fair and lovely a creature should place it upon their shoulders, why it would positively be quite tolerable. Our heroine, however, was too pleasing to be sought alone for wealth—there were many who admired her for herself. Her manners were perfectly lady-like and self-possessed, removed from that hauteur which ever characterized Mrs. Lorraine, and yet betraying none of that careless levity in which many young ladies indulge. *They were pleasing and courteous to all, winning admiration, while they repulsed all undue familiarity.*

Ere the season was over she had received several, as Mrs. Lorraine termed them "unexceptionable offers," to all of which, however, she chose to take exceptions, and so passed on, her heart sitting "lightly on its bosom's throne."

And thus ended Amy's first winter.

When Lent came on, then the gay feast gave place to solemn fast, fairy feet, which but yesterday were tripping so lightly in the mazy dance, now wended their way to the churches, and softly trod the marbled aisles—nor was Fashion to be left behind by her votaries, so she donned her best bonnet and glided in with the rest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

“ Away with the child ! even thou that hast
A heart so tender o’er it, take it hence,
If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ! ”

SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. Lorraine usually passed the summer months at her country-seat upon the banks of the Hudson, not remote from the spot where our beloved Irving is now enjoying the delightful repose of a life well spent amid those scenes of nature which his pen has rendered so charming. Ah ! there is not a heart in the land but has a blessing for him as he now sits there, “in the veritable elbow-chair of Manhattoe’s historian,” with “his old cocked hat still hanging on a peg against the wall !” Long may he live to enjoy that elbow-chair, and from that “antique writing-desk” send forth the effusions of his genius to gladden all hearts ! Such is the prayer of one among the thousands who have dwelt with smiles and tears upon the pages of Nature’s true Laureat !

But the summer following this gay winter, Mrs. Lorraine announced her intention of spending the fashionable

season at Balston and Saratoga, which were then in the full tide of novelty for the pleasure-seeker. To Amy this announcement gave more disappointment than pleasure. She had been anticipating so much that quiet summer at Lorraine Park, and never more so than now. Those brief episodes in her life, when for three months her aunt domesticated herself in the country, were delightful to her. There were so many pleasant associations connected with those noble trees and spacious lawns,—never would the visions of her childhood arise at her bidding so vividly, as when here, altho' nothing could be more unlike than the stately grandeur of Lorraine Park, and the humble unpretending Old Farm-House! the only similarity was that possessed in common with every other country place—viz:—shady trees, green grass, the birds and the blue sky.

She entreated her aunt to leave the city earlier this season, that they might spend a week or two at the Park, ere fashion's bell should ring them on to her gay halls. But to this request, Mrs. Lorraine would by no means consent—why the idea was perfectly horrid! "The country in April! Do Jane give me my Cashmere, really Miss Amy has chilled me at the thought!"

But to the chills of April, was added the fever of apprehension, lest by complying with Amy's request, those important allies of fashion, the dress-makers, could not be attended to in time! there was so much to be done, ere she could possibly be prepared to commence the summer campaign at Saratoga in full uniform. However, as a salvo, she promised her that on the first of May, she would just take a drive out to the Park, and, perhaps, spend a week there, so as to give her an opportunity to look after *her favorite little pony*, her several families of rabbits

and guinea-pigs, and the other various pets, both four legged and feathery, which Amy had taken under her especial protection.

The promised morning at length arrived to which Amy had been looking forward for several weeks with such pleasure, equalled only by that of Sybil, who, through the intercession of her "little Missy," was permitted to accompany the party to Lorraine Park, for she declared it would do her old heart good to see the green trees, and smell the fresh grass.

The carriage was already at the door, when the waiter informed Mrs. Lorraine, that a woman was below in the hall who wished to speak with her:

"Stupid! why didn't you send her away, John, at once! you know very well I have no time to attend to her now."

"So I told her Ma'am, but she says her business is urgent, and that she must see the Madam."

"Really! must indeed!—tell her to be gone this moment, and remember not to repeat this annoyance!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, arranging her veil more gracefully—"these creatures are so persevering—their obstinacy is really provoking!" she continued.

"Oh, most excessively provoking, Madam!" chimed in Jane, as if her Mistress had intended the remark for her.

In a few moments John returned, and with a most comical air of perplexity stood at the door:

"I beg pardon, Ma'am, but, but——"

"But what, John? speak out!" said his Mistress sternly.

That woman, Ma'am, I declare she does hang on so,—*she says she won't go until she has spoken with the Ma-*

dam, and I forgot to say she has a little girl with her!"

"This is really intolerable!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, "tell her that your Mistress will not see her, and that if her business is so very urgent, she may call next week. Some beggar I suppose, bringing some-body's else child here, with a long and pitiful story!"

True enough, Mrs. Lorraine.

"Shall I go down and speak with her, Aunt?" said Amy,— "perhaps she may really be in great want."

"Then there is the Alms House! but go, get rid of her at any rate."

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," repeated Amy softly, as she tripped down stairs.

In the hall stood a plainly dressed, but very respectable looking woman, holding by the hand a little girl, apparently about nine years of age :

"What is your business with the lady of the house?" she asked kindly, "she cannot see you now—can I be of any service to you?"

"I don't like this way of treatment, I must say,"—said the woman,— "when I only came to oblige other people, —however, I have undertaken to do a kindness for a poor sick man, and I aint going to be driven from people's doors either!"

"I am sorry if you have been treated rudely," replied Amy— "tell me your business, and I will inform my aunt. Come in here," she continued, leading the way into the breakfast room.

The woman seemed calmed down by Amy's gentleness, and taking the chair offered her, she said :

"Well, if your Aunt won't see me, then I suppose I must do my errand to you, for I really think something has got to be done, pretty soon,—go out there by the window dear, and look at the pretty birds in the cage,"—she said to the child, "for I don't care about the poor little thing hearing what I have got to say," she added in a low tone to Amy.

The child walked to the window, and sat down.

"Well Miss" continued the woman, "about two weeks ago, or more, there came to my house,—I keep a boarding-house in Coienties Slip,—a sort of foreign gentleman, and that little girl his daughter. The poor man was so dreadful ailing, Miss, when they brought him from the ship, that he could scarcely stand on his feet, and just as soon as I could fix a room for him, he went right to bed, and there he has lain ever since—the poorest skeleton of a man you ever saw! I declare it is enough to make one's heart ache to look at him. Well, he said he guessed he should soon get better, and then he was going to take his little girl to see some of his friends, but the poor man you see, don't get any better, and I don't believe he ever will—he is a real nice gentleman, and so pleasant spoken! and dear, dear how he does worship that child—and the poor little thing won't leave him one minute, but is all ways kissing him and hanging around the bed, talking to him in some kind of a foreign tongue,—well, Miss, last night he was dreadful bad, and I really thought he was going to die right off, and he asked me if I would't bring his daughter here this morning, for he said he was afraid he should have to leave her soon," here the good woman wiped her eyes, while Amy's countenance expressed all the sympathy her artless recital awakened: "I promised him I would, for I would do any thing to serve such a

nice man, but I must say, I did not expect to be treated like a beggar! here is a bit of a note the gentleman wrote, but he could'nt finish it, he was so weak and kind of agitated like,—but he said the lady would understand it,—there it is, and now Miss if you will give it to her, I will wait for an answer."

Amy had listened to this recital with surprise and pity for it was evident that it had some near connection with her aunt:

"I will give Mrs. Lorraine the note,—perhaps I had better take the little girl up stairs with me: will you go with me, my dear?" she said, holding out her hand to the child.

At the sound of her gentle voice, the little girl raised to hers a pair of large blue eyes of great beauty, and then turned them inquiringly upon her companion.

"Yes, my dear, go with the young lady, I won't leave you," said the woman; "here, let me take off this old bonnet. I was really ashamed, Miss, to bring the child here in such a looking thing, but you see she had'nt any kind of a covering for her head, only one of them big, round straw hats such as we see in pictures of foreign parts, so I just put on one of my old sun bonnets," saying this she united the strings, and took it off the little girl's head.

As she did so, Amy thought she had never before seen any thing half so lovely as that act revealed,—a little creature so fair, so delicate, her slight form but half-revealed through the profusion of golden curls which leaped around her.

"Ain't she a pretty little thing?" said the woman, who noticed the admiration the child inspired.

"Will you come with me?" said Amy.

"I will," answered the little girl in sweet tones, placing her little hand in hers.

Amy's whole frame thrilled at the touch. An indefinable sensation came over her, and she could scarcely refrain from clasping the little girl to her bosom, and shedding those tears with which her heart seemed welling up. The child too seemed drawn by some strange affinity to Amy, for looking up with a sweet smile into her face, she whispered:

"I love you!"

Such was the first meeting of the two sisters!

Did not the angel spirit of Beatrice at that moment leave her heavenly sphere and hover lovingly around her children! did not her smile bless and sanctify their union! giving to the one strength and courage to endure—to the other, child-like love, and perfect faith!

Leading little Pauline, Amy now ascended the stairs, and entered the dressing-room, where Mrs. Lorraine, all impatience at her long stay, was about to send Jane to call her:

"Why, I thought you would never come, Amy!" she said, as she opened the door, "what has the creature been saying to you, and what in the world have you brought that child up here for?"

Pauline, abashed, hung back with her face concealed in the folds of Amy's dress.

"Aunt, this little girl seems in some way to belong to you," said Amy, now drawing the child forward—"and has been sent here by a gentleman whom the person says who brought her, is too ill to come himself."

Yet ere she could finish the sentence Mrs. Lorraine sprang up, her eyes flashing fire, her lips livid, and her *whole frame* trembling with passion:

"How dare he,—how dare he send his child to me! take her away, take her out of my sight this instant! do you hear?" she cried, stamping her foot.

At this moment Sybil rushed forward, wringing her hands, and the tears rolling down her cheeks:

"O de Lord be good to ole Sybill 'tis my own little Missy Beatrice come back for sure!" she cried, resting her trembling hand upon the sunny head of Pauline.

Mrs. Lorraine caught the old woman by the arm and sent her reeling half across the room:

"Away with you, you foolish old woman—do you dare to speak! Leave the room all of you!" she exclaimed, motioning the servants away. "Why am I not obeyed?" she continued, turning to Amy, "did I not bid you take that child from the room?"

"Aunt," said Amy, firmly, "I cannot go until you hear what I have to say. This dear little girl,—” and here she stooped and kissed Pauline tenderly, who, frightened at the violence of Mrs. Lorraine, now clung more tightly to her, with her eyes swimming in tears—"this little girl, aunt, has been brought here by a kind-hearted woman, who says her father is very ill at her house,—that he arrived in the country a few weeks since, and was intending to bring this child to you himself, but that he has been, and still is confined to his bed—that he is very, very ill, and therefore confided his little girl to her care, with instructions to bring her here."

Mrs. Lorraine had sank down upon the sofa, listening impatiently to what Amy had to say. As she concluded, she raised her arm and pointed to the door:

"Then tell the woman, whoever she is, to take that child back to her father, for so help me —"

"Aunt! aunt!" cried Amy, hastily interrupting her, "Swear not at all, neither by heaven for it is God's throne, nor by the earth for it is God's foot-stool! Look at this little girl, I know not who she is, but I think she is the child of my cousin Beatrice—don't send her away from you so cruelly!"

"How dare you speak to me thus, insolent girl! leave the room with the child as I ordered you."

"O let me go to papa!" whispered little Pauline, looking up entreatingly into Amy's face.

"In a few moments, darling," said Amy, then leading the little girl to her aunt, she sank upon her knees before her. "Dear aunt, don't be angry with me, I mean not to offend you—but don't send her away! Look at her, won't you—is she not like your own lovely Beatrice? won't you love her, aunt—her father is so very sick! ah, here is a note, which I forgot to hand you,—this will explain all."

Mrs. Lorraine twisted the note from Amy's hand and tearing it in two pieces threw it upon the floor, then spurning the child away with her foot, she arose and rapidly walked the room.

Amy stooped down, and picking up the pieces, said:

"I beg your pardon, aunt, but this note may be of more importance than you think. If you will not read it, I will."

Mrs. Lorraine was too much astonished at the audacity of Amy to offer any opposition, who, joining the two pieces, read:

"Mrs. Lorraine. I am dying. Receive the child of Beatrice, who blessed you with her last breath. I wanted to see you, to tell you all—can you come to me! She *was* innocent! I am too feeble to write more—do not

cast my child, her child from you! O, for the love of heaven have pity upon her! I —"here the note abruptly concluded, and the writing which was almost unintelligible proved that the hand which traced it, was not able to finish the sentence.

The tears of the gentle girl fell fast:

"You will not send her away from you now, will you, aunt? look at her,—you have hardly seen her yet—your own little grand-child, aunt!"

"Amy, you don't know what you ask!" answered Mrs. Lorraine in a troubled voice—"if you knew all, all I have suffered, you would not ask me to look upon that child! Do you suppose," she added, resuming all her violence of manner,—“Do you suppose I am going to cherish the spawn of a serpent, even if it wear the look of an angel! no—take her away!”

"Who-so offendeth one of these little ones, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck," repeated Amy, solemnly.

"I will not listen to you, Amy—you forget yourself entirely. I don't know how you dare, dare talk to me so! you that I have raised from poverty! but you are all alike, ungrateful and perfidious!"

"I am not ungrateful, but I dare speak to you, aunt, when I think you may be convinced that you are about to do a great wrong, a most unchristian deed, which may rest heavy upon your soul hereafter!"

For a moment Mrs. Lorraine made no reply—she then said:

"You call her my daughter's child! I had no daughter, Amy, she was a serpent that stung the breast which nourished her—and *he—he!* Amy, I shall go mad—

mad I tell you, if you don't take that child from my sight!"

"Do you remember those beautiful lines, aunt:

'The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath.'"

The enraged woman raised her hand, and struck the gentle, pleading girl a blow!

"There! how dare you repeat those words to me—the very words *he* once said to me! now begone."

The insulted girl made no reply. Although every fibre quivered at the indignity, she bravely restrained her temper. She turned from her, and leading the now weeping little girl, walked slowly away. As she reached the door she paused, and looking upon Mrs. Lorraine, said calmly:

"Aunt, may God forgive you,—but I fear you are calling down His wrath upon your head."

As the door closed, Mrs. Lorraine ——, but we will not intrude upon her wretchedness.

The woman still sat where Amy had left her patiently awaiting her return. Seeing the child's tears and the distressed countenance of Amy, she said:

"Well, somehow or other I expect my bringing the little girl here has made some sort of a disturbance, but I couldn't help obliging the gentleman you know."

"You did perfectly right," answered Amy, kindly, "and I am very glad you came. What is your name, little darling? is it Beatrice?" she said to the little girl.

"No, my dear Ma'ma was named Beatrice—my name is

Pauline, and now I want to go and see Pa'pa!" she said, turning to the woman.

"And so you shall, my dear—I guess we'd better have staid at home in the first place! well, what am I to say, Miss, if you please?"

Amy did not know how to answer—she could not repeat the cruel words of her aunt. Suddenly a new thought struck her, and she acted upon it—taking out her tablets, she asked:

"Where did you say you lived? and what is your name?"

"My name is King, Miss, and I live at No. 12 Coienties Slip—the name is on the door, and if you know of any person who would like a nice clean boarding-place, I hope you will remember me."

"I shall be glad to serve you, Mrs. King," replied Amy. "You can tell the gentleman that he will hear from Mrs. Lorraine very soon. Will you give me a kiss, my little Pauline before you go?"

The child threw her little arms about her neck, and pressing her to her heart, Amy wept over her, as she imprinted a long kiss upon her pretty mouth.

CHAPTER XXXV.

“ Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind ’

THE TEMPEST.

AMY went up to her chamber, and locking the door, gave un-restrained vent to the emotions which oppressed her.

The indignity she had suffered from her aunt, stung her to the quick, and her face crimsoned even at the remembrance! but this feeling was overpowered by her pity for that little motherless girl, and sympathy for the sick father. She could not account for the violent rage which the sight of that lovely and innocent child caused Mrs. Lorraine, while she herself felt drawn toward her with so much tenderness! Mrs. King told her the gentleman was dying, what then was to become of the poor desolate child, if her grand-mother cast her off! Even if her aunt had a just reason for such bitterness toward the parents, how could she extend it to this poor little girl,—the child too of her own daughter! At one moment Amy thought she would fly to her again, and on *her knees*, beg her not to cast the orphan from her, but

to receive her under her roof—that she would tell her she never need see her, that she would take care of her, and keep her from her sight! A moment's reflection convinced her that all appeal would be in vain.

Jane tapped at the door. Amy turned the key and admitted her:

"O, Miss Amy, Mrs. Lorraine has just come out of a long syncope, and she is in a most prodigious state of agitation. I wish you would go to her!"

Amy walked through into her aunt's darkened chamber, and as she saw the terrible expression of agony upon her haggard features, pity overcame the wrong she had suffered:

"Can I do any thing for you, Aunt!"

"Amy come here to me—I struck you—I was maddened! will you forgive me?"

"Think no more of it, dear aunt,"—said Amy, kissing her, while her tears dropped upon the trembling hand she clasped, "won't you let me get you a glass of wine, or some cordial, and then lie down, for, indeed, you look very ill."

"Do I look ill—pale? I will not look ill! what,—shall he have the power to move me thus! no—no—I will go out—yes, come Amy, get your hat and shawl. Ring the bell, Jane, and order the carriage to be brought round again!"

"It is too late to go to Lorraine Park to day, aunt" said Amy.

"Well, to Broadway then—no matter where—I am going to be gay! get my things ready, Jane,—I will go to the dressing-room."

She rose to cross the room, but ere she had taken three steps, she fell upon the floor in a swoon.

Very much frightened, Amy summoned assistance, Mrs. Lorraine was placed upon the bed, and a messenger immediately despatched for a physician.

It was more than an hour ere the unhappy woman was restored to consciousness, and not until after the physician had freely bled her:

"Your aunt's nerves seem in a very excited state, my dear—has any thing unusual happened?" he asked.

"My aunt received a note this morning which appeared to agitate her," answered Amy—"do you consider her very ill, doctor?"

"Tut, tut no child—she must be kept perfectly quiet, that's all, and free from any kind of excitement, and she will be well in a few days. I must give her an opiate now, for it is all important that for the next six or eight hours she should rest, and I see by her excited state, that she will not sleep without it. Be under no uneasiness child, your aunt will soon be better."

Under the effects of the opiate, Mrs. Lorraine soon became more calm, and at length fell into a quiet slumber.

Leaving her with Jane, in whom she knew she could place perfect confidence, Amy then stole out softly, and sought the nursery, whither old Sybil had fled from the anger of her Mistress, and knew nothing of her subsequent illness:

"Now bless de Lord for the sight of you, Missy! dis ole heart most broke for sure!" she cried, bursting into tears, as Amy opened the door.

"Don't cry, dear Sybil! I know you feel bad,—but aunt did not mean to be unkind to her faithful nurse—*no* Sybil—she did not know what she was doing!"

"'Spect she did'nt nudder, Missy—but taint dat, O taint dat, drefful as it was! but when I see dat poor little gal—jus like Missy Beetrice—'pears as if 'twas her own sel'—and when I knows that Misses Anne orter to take her to her bosom, and den 'sted ob dat to see her, de Lord forgib her, act so like de debbel—now de Lord forgib me, sinful critter! I feels as if I mos wanted to die!"

"Sybil do you wish to serve that little girl—the child of your young Mistress Beatrice?" said Amy, scarcely able to check a smile.

"Sarve her did you say—sarve her? you better believe I will! jus you tell me Missy, what dere is in dis poor sinful world dat ole Sybil can do for dat child, and she be ready, right in de front ranks!"

"I will tell you Sybil—I want you to go with me. Do you know where Coienties Slip is?"

"Coienties Slip—let me tink—yes, I 'spect I does—its down 'long de shore, where dem ole boats allers lie, dat bring down de eggs and de corn to de market."

"Do you think you could show me the way there?"

"Now what in de name ob de seven senses is you gwine down rampaging round dere for, I'd like for to know?"

"I am going to see that little girl, Sybil, and her father who is very sick indeed, and I want you to go with me. But no one must know any thing about it, so put on your things and go down, and I will meet you at the door."

"Hi! now dat's de good gal—you'se orter look arter dat poor little critter! I 'spect de invisible hand ob Providence is leading you 'long to you'se little—hem! to dat pretty child!"

Looking in softly upon her aunt and finding all quiet, Amy put on her bonnet and shawl and joined Sybil at the door. It was already quite late in the afternoon, and, therefore, she hastened her steps as much as the less active gait of the old nurse would allow, that she might be home before dark.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Dreams pass like evening clouds before me—
If I think how beautiful they seem—'tis but to feel
How soon they fade, how fast the night shuts in!"

SOUTHEY.

IN a small back room, offensive from the smell of bilge-water and the effluvia from the dock which the wind wafted in through the open window, was Paul Saville. He was half-reclining, propped up by pillows upon a low bedstead which was uncurtained, and tho' cleanly, the bed-clothes were all of the coarsest fabric. The apartment was neatly arranged, and the uncarpeted floor as white as hands could scour it. A candle-stand covered with a white cloth stood at the head of the bed on which were two or three vials of medicine, and in a small wine-glass a bunch of spring violets which Mrs. King had brought from market, to cheer, with their balmy beauty, the drooping invalid. A small cherry table and three wooden bottomed chairs were all the furniture the room contained.

Could there have been a greater contrast presented to the eye or sense than between this humble roof, this

close, fetid atmosphere, and that charming dwelling upon the Arno, under the glowing skies of Italy, and redolent with the odors of that fair clime! Yes—the contrast was greater in the man! in the artist, when in the full ardor of hope and love he took possession of his paradise, and in the poor shattered mind-racked man resting upon that lowly bed—the one was a mere change of the external, the other the wreck of manhood!

As the stream which comes down the mountain-side, struggles to force for itself a channel through the bowlder rocks and decaying underbrush which lie scattered at its base, was the early life of the farmer-boy, striving to work a path on to fame and fortune—as that same rivulet leaping free from all obstructions, and gliding gloriously on its course, swollen by other streams, and growing broader and broader, and more beautiful, even such was the progress of the artist, when, by perseverance and toil, he conquered all obstacles and passed God-like to the goal of genius! but alas, that mountain rill, that glorious river, has now become a turbid stream, rushing on to the broad ocean to be lost to the eye forever in her fathomless depths—and so, the ardent hopes of the farmer-lad, and the triumphs of his genius—where are they? you look for them vainly in that poor worn out frame—life is ebbing fast, eternity is near, and in that untold, solemn mystery all will soon be resolved.

The voyage from Europe had been long and tempestuous. Saville daily grew more feeble, and it was the opinion of all on board the vessel that he would never live to reach his native land. He feared so himself. His anxiety for his child amounted almost to agony as he thought of her helpless situation should he die ere the *termination* of the voyage, and the mind thus tortured

necessarily rendered his bodily sufferings more acute. His prayer was granted, and he once more breathed his native air. He deluded himself with the belief that a few days repose from that dreary, sickening life on ship-board would recruit his exhausted frame—that he should soon be sufficiently recovered to accomplish his only earthly wish, which was to place Pauline under the protection of her grand-mother.

Poor Saville! with but little means, he had accepted the plain roof of Mrs. King, recommended by the captain, until he should be able to commence his labors anew. Two weeks passed, and still he was prostrate upon the bed of sickness, only able once a day, perhaps, to totter feebly across the little room, and for the last few days even that strength had failed.

There came to him now the dreadful certainty that death was near, that his days on earth were few, and that he must immediately seek some other way to present his orphaned child to Mrs. Lorraine than by personal interview. A day of extreme debility decided him to defer no longer. He, therefore, claimed the kind services of his landlady, who had always manifested much kindness and sympathy. He attempted to write a letter of explanation—of all which he would himself have told her, had he been able—but he was too feeble to trace only a few lines, and those unfinished, entreating her kindness and protection for the motherless child of Beatrice, coupled with a request that she would visit him.

After Mrs. King departed with her little charge, a load seemed lifted from the mind and from the heart of Saville. He had now, as he thought, secured a home for his child when he should be no more—for Mrs. Lorraine had *only to see Pauline to love her!*

As yet, he had been too feeble to address Dr. Woodville. Constantly hoping to be better, he had deferred it from day to day—he had now relinquished that hope, and would write—to-morrow!

It was all still within that little room—without, the great heart of the city was pulsating audibly—but with a more tranquil mind than had been his for months, the sick man heeded it not. Solemn thoughts moved him—they were calm and peaceful, and his heart poured itself forth in prayer—then there came balm from heaven. His eyes gently closed and he sank into a grateful sleep.

“O, my dear papa!” cried Pauline, running in almost breathless with the speed with which she had flown up the stairs, “I am so glad to get back! how is papa now?” stroking his damp brow with her little hand and kissing him.

“Better, darling. And has my little girl had a nice visit? was the lady glad to see you, Pauline?”

“No indeed, papa! she wouldn’t look at me, and she told them to take me out of her sight—I am sure I did not want to stay! but there was such a dear young lady there—O papa, she looked like those beautiful pictures you used to paint, I mean those that had dear ma’s face, only her hair was just as black, as black as, O I don’t know what—and ma’s was like mine, was it not, papa?”

“It was, my love,” said her father in a hollow voice—for his hopes were crushed!

“Well, papa, that beautiful girl went down upon her knees just as if she had been Antonia, and that cross woman *a saint* and she begged, O, so hard for her to love me—

and once, don't you think, papa, she struck her—that woman struck her—yes she did!"

"My poor, poor Pauline—now God help us, my child!" ejaculated the unhappy father.

"Who was that cross woman, papa?"

"Pauline, she is your grand-mother—your dear mother's mother."

The child looked much astonished:

"And who was that young lady?"

"That I don't know, my child."

"Well, I wish she was my grand-mother!" said the child, with a deep sigh.

Mrs. King at this moment entered the room with a little bowl of oyster broth for the invalid.

"Well, I have got back at last! how do you feel now? I have been gone longer than I thought, and after all said and done, I believe I have made a pretty bad business of it. I am afraid you have wanted your oysters before, for you didn't eat a mite of breakfast."

"I have no appetite, Mrs. King—you are very kind indeed. Will you tell me, if you please, about your visit?"

"Do tell papa about that nice young lady, won't you?" said Pauline.

"I don't wonder you liked her, child," said Mrs. King; "she was the only decent person I saw there. I tell you, sir, I more than once wished myself and your little girl home again! first there was a great strapping man rigged out in a blue coat with yellow binding—well, he was for turning us right out of the house—but I was'n't going to be frightened away by such a scare-crow, I would have staid there until a constable put me out, before I would have budged an inch without doing your errand, because

I knew your heart was set upon it, and when I undertake to do a thing to serve another, I am not to be hindered by mole-hills or mountains either! After standing some time in the hall, while this fellow ran up and down to his mistress, this young lady, that your little girl tells about, came down stairs, and said she was very sorry I had been treated so rudely,—just see, sir, what a kind word will do—now there was I just as mad as I could be, but she spoke so soft and gentle, that I declare before I knew it, I felt as mild as buttermilk! I found it was of no use to try to see the lady of the house, so I told this young girl what my business was, and gave her the note. She seemed to feel sorry-like, and kissed Pauline two or three times, and said she guessed she would take her up stairs to her aunt. And then such a noise as there was in one of the rooms over-head—the door was open where I sat, and I reckon the one in the room above must have been ajar, for I could hear pretty plain, not exactly what was said, but loud talking, and all at once there was a great uproar, and slam went the door, and such a skiting—I just peeped out to see what it was, and there was two or three women, an old negro among them, and my gentleman in yellow too, all running in every direction as if they had been shot—I declare I had to laugh! After a while the young lady came down with your little girl, sir,—she looked very pale and sorry-like, and the tears were in her eyes as she told me, I could take the child away.”

“Cruel, remorseless woman!” exclaimed Saville. “And no message—no word Mrs. King.”

“None—only the young lady said you would hear something from Mrs. Lorraine, soon.”

Saville groaned aloud, and buried his face in the pillow:

"Is there any thing else I can do for you, sir?" said Mrs. King, as she wiped her eyes with her apron,—“I must say, I have'nt been much pleased with this errand, but I am sure I shall not mind doing ten times worse jobs, if I can serve you and your little girl.”

“I thank you Mrs. King, there is nothing else you can do, only,” here he hesitated, and then speaking a few words in Italian to the child, she kissed her father, and left the room:

“Mrs. King you appear to take an interest in me and my poor child, and may God reward you for it. I fear I have not many days to live. I expected, or hoped rather, a different result from the service you have done me to-day,—it is past—and I must now arrange some other plan. And now my good kind friend, in case I am called hence, ere those arrangements are completed, can you, will you let my poor little girl stay with you until something is done for her?”

“I hope you will get better sir, but don't fret about your child! do you think I would turn such a helpless little thing as she is upon the world! no sir—I am a widow, and a hard working woman, but so long as I have hands to work with, your little girl shall have a home with me, if she needs it!”

“God will bless you Mrs. King!” cried Saville, much affected, and pressing her hand to his lips,—“I have very little money,” he continued, “perhaps it will all be required to bury me and pay the doctor's bill—in those trunks there are a few little things, relics for Pauline, of her dear mother; there are jewels among them, and in those large boxes which were brought from the ship, are

some valuable paintings—those, if necessary, you can sell, the jewels, I would rather, unless, unless——”

“You are making yourself ill sir, and me blubber like a fool, I declare! but I shall not touch the child’s little things of her dead mother, or the pictures either! I must be pretty bad off I guess, if I can’t give a little bit of victuals to your child!”

“I have no words to thank you, excellent woman! I think that after I am gone, her relatives will then receive her. Her unprotected situation must touch that woman’s heart! I have another dear friend to whom I shall write on the morrow. Let me not detain you longer. Will you send Pauline to me, and I will try and sleep.”

In a few moments the little girl came softly in, and sat down by the bed-side. Her father took her little hand in his, and closing his eyes appeared to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"My dearest wife was like this maid!
Her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight,
As silver voiced—her eyes as jewel like,
And cased as richly.

Thy name most kind virgin?
Recount I do beseech thee. Come sit by me!"

SHAKESPEARE.

"Dis is de house for sure," said old Sybil.

"Yes, this is No. 12," and Amy rang the bell.

Mrs. King opened the door:

"Well now I declare, this is something like! why I'm real glad you have come!" she said, "walk up stairs, Miss into the parlor."

"How is the sick gentleman?" Amy asked as she followed her through the hall.

"Well poorly enough, Miss."

"Do you think it would answer for me to see him Mrs. King? I think I might perhaps say something to him which he would like to hear."

"Why certainly, it will do him a heap of good I know, to see such a kind face as yours, Miss! poor man—I reck-

on from all I know, he needs kindness—I will go up and ask him, Miss."

"Do, if you please," said Amy, "tell him it is Miss Lorraine."

In a moment a light step was heard on the stairs, and little Pauline came bounding in, and sprang upon Amy's lap:

"O I'm so, so glad you have come to see poor Papa!" she said, returning again and again the kisses of Amy.

Old Sybil held out her hand:

"Please jus come to me, little Missy, jus one little minit, and let old Sybil look at you child!"

"Pauline won't you go and shake hands with your own dear mother's nurse?" said Amy.

"What, my own dear Ma'ma!" exclaimed the child, running to Sybil, "did you, did you nurse Ma'ma?"

"Did I nurse her! hear to de blessed child! ah dese ole arms hab toted her 'bout many's de time, and many's de time she hab slept on dis ole bosom!"

"Did she—just here?" said Pauline, springing into her lap and resting her pretty little head on the old woman's breast:

"Missy Amy—I feels jus like ole Simeon did I spect dat you read 'bout las night—'pears as if I could die jus as easy!" said the old woman, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, and fell upon the sunny head of the little girl.

"Will you go up stairs now, Miss, if you please?" said Mrs. King, opening the door, "and Pauline, dear, your Pa'pa says you can stay here a little while."

The child smiled, and still keeping her place on Sybil's lap, asked her to tell her all about her dear Ma'ma—a re-

quest with which no doubt the old woman joyfully complied :

"You will be kind of shocked, I expect, Miss Lorraine, to see any body looking so white and so fallen away, as this poor gentleman—well, it's enough to make any one's heart ache any how ! Do you know, Miss, I think a sick man is a more pitiful object enough sight than a sick woman—it seems to be woman's business some how to be sick, but I declare it is dreadful to see a great strong man brought down so low—with no more strength left in him than a baby !"

Amy was prevented from answering this remark, for they had reached the sick room, and Mrs. King softly opening the door, she glided in after her.

She was shocked indeed, for she had never before seen any thing living so like death !

Saville was raised up in the bed, supported by a chair placed behind some pillows ; his countenance was ghastly, his features haggard, and sharpened by disease, and his eyes so preternaturally large and brilliant.

Commanding herself, however, Amy advanced to the bed-side, and placing her hand gently upon his, as it rested on the quilt, said :

"I hope you are better, sir, this evening : my aunt is too unwell to come out—I have called to see if I can serve you ?"

Saville looked earnestly, almost eagerly upon her, as she was speaking. There was something about her, which reminded him so forcibly of his lost Beatrice, and yet how unlike ! the touch of her soft hand thrilled him—it seemed as if the presence of Beatrice pervaded his whole being :

"You have been ill?" Amy continued, for Saville had not spoken.

"Yes, Miss Lorraine, I *am* ill! I would have been glad to have seen your aunt myself, for I have much to tell her. You saw my little girl this morning, she spoke of you I think—do you know the connection between her and your aunt."

"I do. She is the child of my cousin Beatrice," answered Amy.

"Is your name Beatrice?" questioned Saville, "for you are strangely like her, and yet I cannot detect the resemblance in any particular feature,—but you resemble her very strikingly."

"My name is Amy!"

"Did your aunt never speak to you of the likeness?"

"My aunt never speaks of her daughter." Amy replied sadly.

"True. There was for many years a most unfortunate misunderstanding between my dear wife and her mother. Beatrice addressed several letters to her, hoping to obtain her love and forgiveness, altho' she never injured her—that pure being, not even in thought,—but her letters were never answered. As you know, probably, your cousin resided in Italy for many years, and there she now sleeps! my own health failing, I left Italy for the purpose of bringing my little girl to America,—and fulfil the last request of my dear Beatrice, which was to see her mother, and give to her care our darling child. I hoped that the sight of her innocent face, would have softened her heart."

Amy's tears fell fast as she listened to these words:

"She speaks of having received some great injury at your hands!" she said.

"Not at my hands has she ever received an injury—it is only as the husband of her daughter, that she harbors this resentment against me."

"I thought I would come and see you this evening" said Amy, "and say to you that if there is anything which I can do to serve you, and my little cousin Pauline, I will do it. I will incur my aunt's anger and her reproaches, but I will not cease to urge her to do that which it is her duty, and should be her pleasure. I will go down upon my knees before her—I will plead for my cousin Beatrice, as I would for a mother, and pray for her kindness to your child as I would for a sister,—my aunt will in time relent—she will, she must be moved by my entreaties."

"You have the blessing of a dying man, Amy—may I call you Amy? I shall die happier for this interview, for I know your soul is one of purity and truth, and that you mean what you say!"

His eyes rested on her for a moment with a grateful expression. Then it seemed as if some sudden thought flashed upon him—he looked at her more earnestly:

"Can it be her prophetic soul was right!" he mentally exclaimed.

"You are Mrs. Lorraine's niece, Amy?" he said.

"Yes."

"Pardon me—but will you tell me how old you are?"

"I am seventeen."

"And have you always lived with your aunt?"

"Not always, sir,—since I was a little girl, however—

my aunt adopted me when I was about the age of Pauline, I believe."

"Are your parents living?"

"I believe not—no—that is—I believe my own father and mother are dead," replied Amy, much confused.

Saville's doubts were dispelled. He no longer wondered at the strange influence which she had exerted over him—she was a part of Beatrice's self! for he was now convinced that in this gentle girl, he saw her child—that child which she had so mourned, and who now, by the inexplicable workings of Providence, had come to soothe his last moments by her kindness and sympathy. An inexpressible feeling of happiness followed this conviction—his child would not be alone! It was evident, however, that Amy knew nothing of her parentage, and there might be reasons why she should not, and, although he longed to tell her of the near and dear tie which connected her with his motherless child, he would not do it, lest he might cause her some misfortune. He left the disclosure therefore unmade, trusting that in God's own time the secret would be revealed:

"God bless you, Amy!" he said at length. "I confide to you my poor little girl—you may have a nearer interest in her than you think for."

Amy did not appear to notice this last remark, but returning the pressure of his hand, she said:

"Indeed, I will do all I can, for I already love her very much—she is so lovely, so winning. I must go now, I believe," she continued, "for I have only my old nurse with me as a protector, and it is getting late. Can I tell my aunt any thing for you, when she gets better—I would *not dare to speak* to her upon the subject now."

"Tell her, Amy, that her child was innocent--tell her that she was imposed upon by a villain, and that Beatrice blessed her with almost her last breath."

"I will tell her all," Amy answered. "Has my little cousin no other relatives or friends?"

"No relatives--my parents are dead. I have a friend, or I had one, for I know not whether he yet lives--a most dear friend, one who loved my Beatrice, as a father would have loved her. It is Dr. Woodville, of D---. Should he live, then my orphan will never need home or friends. To-morrow I will write to him."

Amy now extended her hand, which Saville pressed to his lips:

"Farewell, Amy," he softly murmured.

"Good night dear sir, I will try and see you to-morrow!"

To-morrow!

That morrow no more dawned on earth to Paul Saville. The sun which was then sinking beneath the horizon, to him ne'er rose again!

Soon after Amy left, and after imprinting a last fond good night upon the lips of his unconscious child, Paul fell asleep--to awake in a brighter world.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"All things have a double power
alike for good and evil."

SOUTHEY.

THE next day proved a very stormy one, and Amy was not able to leave the house—nor did the inclemency of the weather alone prevent her, for such was her solicitude for the invalid and his interesting child, that she would have braved much worse storms to have served them. But when about nine in the morning Mrs. Lorraine awoke from the long sleep produced by the opiate, which the physician had thought proper to recommend, her first inquiry was for Amy.

Whether from shame for the violent passion which she had manifested the day before, or from her own selfish caprice, she would scarcely allow her from her sight during the day. She carried this preference even to the preparation of her gruel and medicines, a fact which, on the whole, gave some offence to Jane, who, never having had *a rival* in those important items with her mistress before, *now elongated* her chin and drew her head back in the

most dignified manner as she sailed in and out the chamber. There was one thing, however, in which even Amy must yield the palm to the more experienced maid—the palm of Beauty, or beautifying! Before the hour when Dr. Page might be expected, Mrs. Lorraine signified her desire to be left alone with the mystic nymph.

Amy was glad of an opportunity to see Sybil, who she knew must feel almost as anxious as herself. The rain was still pouring down fast, and the clouds gave no indication of withholding the heavy showers with which they seemed surcharged.

As she opened the nursery door, the old woman was standing at the window intently scanning the heavens.

"Sybil, I am afraid we shall not be able to get there to-day!"

"Spouse you hab de carriage, Missy Amy?"

"O no, Sybil, that would not answer at all—you know aunt would be very angry."

"Lor! I 'spect Joe would'nt say noting 'bout it, if you jus tell him!"

"No, Sybil, I will never place myself in the power of a servant, and it would be wrong also, for it would be learning him to deceive his mistress—if he did it for me now, he would do it again for himself. And I don't know as I could go even if it did not rain, for aunt seems unwilling to have me leave her for a moment."

"Well, if de rain did'nt come peppering down so fast, I'd jus tote 'long down Coienties Slip mysel', for I 'clare to goodness I feel oneasy 'bout dat poor little gal! 'p'raps by and by the sky will clare—'pears as if de clouds was lightsomer in de west."

"We will see by twelve o'clock, Sybil."

"Miss Amy," said Jane, her long chin and one wandering ringlet just perceptible through the very narrow crevice which she allowed the door in opening, "Miss Amy, Mrs. Lorraine inquires for you and requests your attendance in the sick chamber—a-hem!"

Amy had left a poor, sallow looking woman beneath those silken curtains, with haggard features, and the paddle-track of time's crows about the edges. She found upon her return an interesting lady some ten or twelve years younger, "call her fair, not pale," with the most becoming of caps placed in the most becoming manner upon her head. She was in a half-recumbent position, supported by pillows, whose trimmings were of the finest lace and cambric, and her hand sparkling with jewels, clasping a delicate handkerchief redolent with ottar of roses, rested upon the satin covering of the bed.

How was it possible, think you, that Mrs. Lorraine could thus study appearances! could thus deck herself out in silks and gew-gaws! Did she not think of that fair and lovely little girl whom yesterday she had spurned from her feet and driven from her door! that innocent child bequeathed to her kindness with a mother's last tears and blessing, and a father's dying prayers! As she reclined under that silken canopy, did not the form of her little grand-child come before her—so friendless and so helpless!

Yes, she did think of her—that wretched woman! and the thought paled her cheek under the flush of the rouge. Concealed beneath those smiles, and the idle, nonsensical whims which exacted such close observance from those around her, was accusing conscience, which would not let *her rest*, although she seemed to rest from all care—*save personal*.

All day Amy patiently waited upon her, now bathing her temples, now running down into the kitchen herself to prepare her chocolate or gruel, to the great scandal of the cook—now reading, now talking, singing, doing every thing she could to please her, except by flattery. Yet all the while the patient girl thus read, or talked, or sang, her thoughts were in the sick room which she had visited yesterday—the image of the poor invalid and of sweet little Pauline were constantly arising before her.

The day wore tediously on and still it rained. The Park began to look delightfully fresh and green as it received the grateful showers, and the foliage seemed to thicken and grow more beautiful under its influence. Amy's face, however, was as cloudy and sometimes as tearful as the weather. At any other time she would have rejoiced in watching the invigorating showers, and probably have enjoyed a few turns around the garden at full speed under the pelting drops,—a trick of her childhood not yet overcome.

Daylight darkened. The street lamps were lighted, and as she sat by the bed-side of her aunt, Amy could hear the steady pattering of the rain against the windows. Late in the evening she was permitted to retire, and with the hope that to-morrow would prove more propitious, she sought her pillow.

The following morning Mrs. Lorraine was able to set up, but she looked wretchedly even under that tasteful cap and the skillful hand of her maid. She was exceedingly irritable and nervous too, for she had passed a sleepless night.

The sun rose bright and cloudless. The rain-drops yet lingered upon the shrubberies and sparkled as they caught its rays, while the birds, as if cheated into the be-

lief that they were still in their native groves, sang merrily as they darted in and out the foliage of the trees. But Amy was a prisoner in her aunt's room—there was nothing to have prevented her from leaving the house, but this constant demand upon her time.

She seized the first opportunity to run up to the nursery resolving to send Sybil to inquire after those in whose welfare she was so much interested. But Sybil was not there. Supposing she had only gone down for a few moments, Amy waited patiently her return. She did not come, and upon looking in the closet she discovered that the old woman's bonnet and shawl were missing.

"Dear old soul! she has anticipated my wishes," said Amy, "she has already gone—soon my anxiety will be relieved. I wish I had known when she went that I might have sent some flowers to Pauline—dear little soul!"

She waited some time, but as Sybil did not come, went back to her aunt's room to find her in an exceeding bad humor at her absence, even for the little time she had been away.

"I do wish, Amy, you could content yourself here for a little while," was her salutation, "you are constantly leaving me! if you had much feeling I am sure you could have self-denial enough to relinquish your own pleasure sometimes for my sake! I am dying of *ennui*, positively expiring! Do take away those tea-roses, they make the air perfectly sickening—hand me my salts! Jane, you step as if you thought I had no nerves—if you cannot move about lighter, I wish you would stay out of the room,—I shall be glad if you would do up your hair in papers, or cut it off; it makes me sea-sick to see those curls waving about! Amy, do close those curtains, why you let in the

sun upon me as if my eyes were as strong as yours—so ridiculously strong and staring—I can't bear it! there—now you have made it too dark—I suppose you think it is very pleasant to be sick and to be shut up in a dungeon too! where's the back-gammon board? what do you give me the black men for, when you know I prefer the white? there, take it away. Do you call this chocolate, Jane, or muddy water? what is this—a robin? do you tell John, that if he does not know how to market better than this, he had better leave his place! Do for mercy sake, Amy, stop trotting your foot up and down—what pleasure can you take in annoying me so! I suppose you wouldn't read to me, if I was dying to hear you—yes, you had better get that ridiculous book—have'nt you any sense? where is your guitar? you know there is nothing soothes my nerves like music—em—broke, I suppose—*twang-twang-twang!* what is the reason you can't keep it tuned, I should like to know! I suppose old Sybil wouldn't care if I was dead—has not been near me yet! What do you propose reading to me again for, Amy—did'nt I just tell you I was too susceptible—too tender hearted! but you are in a very cross disagreeable humor this morning, Miss Lorraine, and I will not have it—you all take the advantage of my good nature!"

In this way did Mrs. Lorraine make herself and every one about her uncomfortable for the next four hours, until finally exhausted by her own petulance, she dropped to sleep in her chair.

Amy now hastened to see if Sybil had returned: she found the faithful creature in her accustomed seat, who,

as soon as she opened the door, lifted up her hands, and said solemnly:

"De Lord be good to dat child, Missy Amy, for it be ober—dat poor man hab gone from dis sinful world to glory in de hebbens, I hopes!"

"Is he dead, Sybil—so soon! Poor little Pauline, why can't I be with you!" said Amy, bursting into tears.

"Yes, for sure—de poor man hab gone where de wicked cease from troubling,—and de Lord knows he made trouble 'nuff here,—and de weary is at rest—I din'no 'pears as if he could'nt nebber go to hebben—'praps he 'pented!"

"Sybil you must not say that: 'judge not lest ye be judged!' but tell me when did he die, and did you see little Pauline—O, Sybil, I feel as if I ought to go to her at once!"

"Dat night we was dere, he died, Misses King say he dropped off jus like de snuff ob de candle, and nobody know noting t'all 'bout it! but O dat poor little child—I 'clare it most went for to break my ole heart to see her—dere she be all 'lone by de side ob her dead fader, and Misses King say she can't coax de blessed little ting away no how!"

"Poor little Pauline, my heart aches for her!" said Amy. "I can remember Sybil, how I felt that day, when I was taken away from my dear father and mother—but she must feel infinitely worse! I am almost tempted to brave my aunt's anger, and bring her home here, where she belongs, and where she has more right to be than I have! what can I do, Sybil? what can be done for Pauline?"

"De Lord knows, for ole Sybil don't! 'pears as if she better stay 'long dat good woman jus now—she seems a berry nice 'spectable pussen,—hi Missy—you better not bring de poor little critter here! I 'spect de whole house be turned out ob de winder, Misses Anne would be so rankankerous!"

"But something must be done!" said Amy, decidedly, "I believe Mrs. King is an excellent woman, but her house is no place for my aunt's grand-child, and you know that as well as I do! O, how bitter must be the enmity of my aunt, against the father of this dear child!"

"Well, Missy Amy," said Sybil, confidentially,—“he were a berry bad man! I knows all 'bout him—hi! I 'spect he nebber forgot ole Sybil nudder!” and with all her sorrow, the old woman laughed long and silently as she thought of her meeting with Staunton at D——. “Well death be awful—it do change one so! 'clare Missy Amy when I went into dat solemn presence ob de dead, if I had not known dat was Massa Staunton, I nebber could have found it out! he looked bery peaceful like—'pears as if he were sleeping in Abraham's busem! De Lord forgib us all our sins—but he hab a great many to be criticized 'bout!”

"Well, Sybil, I want you to be ready this afternoon at five o'clock, for I must go and see that poor child. I cannot go back to my aunt's room to day—no, I cannot, I could not endure the sight of her, and think upon her cruelty!"

Amy went to her own room. Her temples throbbed—her head ached, and her heart ached worse than all.

Soon Jane tapped at the door, with a message from her

aunt—she was awake, and Miss Amy must come '*toote sweete!*'

Amy, however, excused herself upon the plea of indisposition.

At five o'clock she was on her way to Mrs. King's, with old Sybil.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"A little sorrowful deserted thing."

Hood.

THE remains of Paul Saville had that afternoon been consigned to the grave.

Far from the chosen spot where, by the side of Beatrice, he would have lain him down, "life's fitful fever ended, he sleeps well!"

Mrs. King appeared delighted to see Amy again, and told her that the little girl had asked for her many times. Pauline heard her voice, and running into the room, with a loud sob she threw herself upon her bosom, and began to weep bitterly. Amy could only weep with her, and fold her closely to her breast, as if she would hold her there forever.

As soon as she had recovered a little from her agitation, she strove to comfort the bereaved child. She talked to her about her dear pa'pa—she told her he was in a better world now, and that she must try and remember how

much happier he was, that he was where there was no more pain, no more sorrow, and that now he had joined her dear Ma'ma in Heaven :

"Oh! I know that," said the child sorrowfully, "and that makes me cry more, for I am afraid they miss me—I wish they had taken me too! don't you think they miss me?"

"They love you darling, and are watching over you, and some day Pauline, you will go and be with them," said Amy, kissing her.

"Yes, Ma'ma told me so. O, I was such a little girl, but I can remember how she said she was going away from Pa'pa and me, and that if I was good, Pa'pa and Pauline should come to her—and I have always tried to be good."

Much more such conversation did Amy and the little girl hold together, until Pauline seemed almost happy, as she sat upon her lap, looking up into the tender eyes bent so lovingly upon her, and listening to the gentle tones of her voice. But when Amy said that it was time for her to go, then the grief of the child broke out afresh. She wept, she implored, she screamed with something of Amy's old impassioned temper. Poor Amy knew not what to do—her heart ached for the sorrow of the little girl! she strove to reason with her, told her she would come and see her in the morning, and that, perhaps Sybil would stay all day, and tell her about her Ma'ma. But all would not do. Amy still held her in her arms, and when she felt that little heart throbbing so violently, and saw her flushed cheek, and pitiful countenance, a spirit of the olden time was aroused :

"Sybil, I shall do it!" she exclaimed resolutely.

"I 'spect you will"—replied Sybil, nodding her head understandingly—"Dere's no udder way as I can see!"

"There shall be no other way! there ought not to be any other way! Pauline would you like to go home with me!"

The eyes brightened, a smile came to that little convulsed mouth.

"O yes! may I, may I go home and live with you!" she then seemed to remember the cruel treatment of Mrs. Lorraine, for her face grew very sorrowful: "Pa'pa said she—that cross lady was my grandmother—won't she hurt me?"

"No, darling, she is sick, and you will not see her to-night, and perhaps when she gets better, she will love you, and be very kind to you. Mrs. King if you will put up a few little things for Pauline, I will take her home with me."

"You know best, I suppose, Miss Lorraine,"—she answered, "if the child will be happier there than here, I shall be very glad for her sake, tho' I am sure I would do any thing to please her. I am sorry to lose her, for she is the prettiest little creature I ever saw—don't you love me, Pauline?" extending her hand.

"Yes, Ma'am I do love you very, very much, because you was so kind to dear Pa'pa, and I will come and see you—I hope you won't cry!" Pauline then whispered a few words:

"Why, to be sure you may, you dear little thing!" answered Mrs. King—"I will get them for you."

"No, no, no, I will go!" exclaimed the child, eagerly, and ran out of the room.

"Where has she gone?" asked Amy.

"I can't help crying, Miss Lorraine—that child somehow makes me! she has gone to get a little bunch of poor faded violets, that stood on the stand by her Pa'pa's bed, when he died. I bought them in the market on purpose for him, because I think flowers always do a body good!"

"And has she gone up into that lonesome room all alone?" said Amy. "I will follow her—shall I?"

"If you please, Miss, but the room don't seem lonesome to her, for she has been in there most all the time, since her poor father died."

Amy ran up stairs, and softly opened the door. There she found little Pauline upon the desolate bed-stead, hugging and kissing the pillow, which still bore the impress of her father's head, and talking to it softly in Italian:

"I am ready," she said, springing down, as she saw Amy. "I was only saying adieu to dear Pa'pa again!" She then went to the little stand which had been removed to a corner of the room, and taking the violets which were now dry and withered, she placed them carefully in her bosom, and holding out her little hand to Amy, together they left the room of death.

It was almost dark when they reached St. John's Square. For a moment Amy's stout heart almost failed her, as she thought of her aunt's terrible anger, when she should find out what a bold step she had taken, and that without her knowledge, she had dared to bring her grandchild home! However, if she could only manage to get Pauline into the house, and up into the sanctum of Sybil, she felt secure for several days at least, for it was rarely any one invaded Sybil's retreat but herself, so that there could *be but little danger of discovery, and in the mean time*

she trusted she might prevail on her aunt to receive the orphan.

The difficulty at present was how to get her into the house:

"Sybil, you and Pauline go under those trees," she said, "I will ring the bell and go in—then you come back to the steps, and I will watch my opportunity and let you into the house."

This plan was acted on. Amy went in and in a few moments admitted Sybil and the little girl. She then passed swiftly up the stairs, the old woman and Pauline closely following her. Just as they reached the last landing they encountered Jane, who had been sent with some errand to Sybil. Amy ran on, and Jane, casting a scrutinizing look upon the child, with the bundle which Sybil slyly slipped into her hand, said:

"Your Mistress has especial need of your attendance, Sybil—where have you been? and what little girl is that?"

"Here's a fuss! jus 'cause I go out once in a dog's age! can't nebber go no whar widout being chritichized, and hab to tell who ebery little milliner gal is! don't let de tings fall child, come 'long—spose some folks tink " in a loud tone, as Jane retreated, "dat ole nig better bring home dere own tings—hi! de imperance ob some folks be 'stonishing!"

There was a large closet adjoining the nursery—a receptacle for all manner of cast-a-way articles—old bonnets, trunks, old dresses—coverless picture books, and headless dolls, the relics of Amy's childhood, together with vials of medicines which Sybil considered her particular province—salves which would cure the eye-sight at a glance, and wonderful sticking plasters which would

call together scattered remains of broken crockery, and at the same time knit broken bones, and kill the headache!

In this closet then Amy immediately set to work—with her quick hands, and Sybil's willing heart, all the heterogeneous mass was called to order, the trunks were piled up on one side, a piece of carpet spread down, and a nice little bed made up for Pauline upon the floor. While these arrangements were in operation, the little girl sat down upon a small bench and watched the proceedings. It amused her very much, and served to divert her thoughts from dwelling upon her great loss.

Amy, dear girl, was in an unusual state of excitement. She knew she had done a daring act and must suffer the consequences—right or wrong, she could not decide, except by her own impetuous feelings which cried aloud for justice to the orphan! Thus incited she was exuberantly gay. Her eyes sparkled, a rich bloom mantled her cheeks, her mouth was all smiles, her full, red lips parting only to display her beautiful, pearly teeth, and no *artiste* could have arranged her glossy, raven hair more becomingly than had the *abandon* of the moment. Her every step was as light as a zephyr—one moment flying to help Sybil, the next, catching Pauline by her little waist, she would whirl her lightly round, and then with a hearty kiss reseal her upon the little bench.

Pauline once or twice laughed aloud, she could not help it, and then old Sybil would put up her finger and cry:

"She-e-e!" fearing her sweet, child-like voice might be heard in the halls.

When all things were in order, Sybil went down stairs to see if she could not secure a little supper for the child.

Amy turned the key after her, and then sat down and took little Pauline in her arms. The head of the little girl nestled lovingly to her bosom, and her beautiful eyes looked up into Amy's with a sweet, confiding expression which made her heart grow strong. And thus strangely united, the orphaned sisters sat alone in their mother's play-room!

The concerted cough of old Sybil gave warning of her approach, and Amy softly unlocked the door. The faithful soul had contrived to slip a nice, buttered roll, and some cake into her pocket, and in her hand she brought a small bowl of milk.

"Jus as if I can't bring up de bit of milk, widout dat ole cook crying '*Yah—yah*—what's you gwine do wid dat, Syb?' 'spect I can take de milk out ob Misses Anne's kichen, widout asking you, when I'se got to tak de medicine!"

Amy now left Pauline for a little while with the old nurse and went down stairs. She had not intended to see her aunt again until the next day, but she felt so much relieved by knowing that the dear little girl was safe under the same roof with herself, that the resentment which she had indulged toward her in the morning had passed away, and her more kind feelings now prompted her to visit her before she retired for the night.

Mrs. Lorraine, exhausted by her irritability and her stinging thoughts, was in bed with the curtains drawn closely around her.

"How do you feel this evening, aunt?" said Amy.

"You must be very anxious to know, no doubt! you are so sick, it seems, that you cannot stay with me, but you can go out and walk the streets!"

Amy had forgotten until that moment her meeting with Jane upon the landing.

"I had a violent headache this morning, aunt," she replied gently, "I hope you are not displeased with me!"

"Your headache was only a pretence to get out into the street—you were tired of this room, and so invented that very plausible excuse—O, I know your arts!" said Mrs. Lorraine, bitterly.

Pretence! her arts! this aroused all Amy's spirit. She that despised artifice in every way, to be thus meanly accused, and by one too whose whole life was a—lie!

As her aunt spoke those insulting words, Amy was bending over her, slightly holding back the curtain with one hand, but as they fell from her lips, she stood erect, and throwing it wide, exclaimed:

"Do you accuse me of such meanness! you know how I despise it! have you ever known me stoop to prevaricate, or give utterance to a falsehood, I ask you, aunt?"

Mrs. Lorraine could not meet the justly indignant glance with which, "severe in youthful beauty," Amy regarded her, and with a peevish "*Psha*," turned away her head.

"I ask you, aunt!" repeated Amy.

"I shall not reply to such insolence, Miss—but one thing I insist upon knowing—where have you been?"

"Yes, I will tell you—you shall know! I will not stoop to the baseness of which you accuse me—by no subterfuge will I avert your question. Aunt, I have been to see your grand-child! Her father is dead!" and without stopping to learn the effect which her words produced, she left the chamber

"Dead! dead! dead!" shrieked Mrs. Lorraine, as Amy closed the door—then burying her face in the pillow she spoke no word more that night.

And while upon her bed of down she tossed her weary limbs, and sought in vain to lose in sleep her agony of mind, upon the closet floor, Amy with Pauline pillowed upon her bosom, slept the sweet sleep of innocence.

CHAPTER XL.

"So oft as I this history record
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To think how causeless of her own accord
This gentle damzell whom I write upon
Should plunged be in such affliction."

SPENCER.

AMY went to her aunt's room as usual in the morning,—she regretted that she had allowed herself to speak as she had done—she should have refrained from noticing even an insult from a sick, querulous woman. Thus felt our heroine as she approached the bed-side. There was no unusual excitement manifested upon Mrs. Lorraine's countenance, except that her eyes were more sunken and blood-shot. She received her as usual, and by neither was any allusion made to the scene of the previous evening.

Again were all her hours monopolized by her aunt's whims, and for several days she was scarcely able to look in upon her dear little charge, who, however, seemed very happy in her seclusion with Sybil, listening to her stories, *of which* the old woman was a walking chronicler. But,

at night, Amy stole from her own soft bed to share little Pauline's hard couch, tho' Sybil had managed to purloin from the attic several large pillows and blankets, with which she had greatly improved the little girl's resting place. They both foraged successfully, and as it is said that "stolen fruits are sweetest," Pauline highly enjoyed her bill of fare both dainty and salutary.

Mrs. Lorraine was soon able to ride out and resume her usual course of life. The time had come for Amy to speak. She knew that her secret, which had several times narrowly escaped betrayal, could not much longer be concealed. She was fearful also that Pauline's health would suffer from such close confinement—the poor little child who had lived almost out of doors in her own native Italy!

Nor were these her only reasons—it was her aunt's justice she must demand.

It was a severe ordeal—but strong in her sense of right and duty Amy shrank not. She looked at her aunt many times as she had in her childhood, wondering if she really possessed a heart like other people, or whether the ice-king with his "bloodless finger cold" had transmuted it to ice! it appeared so, else when she knew that her grand-child was orphaned and friendless, how, how could she be so unfeeling!

Mrs. Lorraine had finished her dainty breakfast, had sipped her coffee from a sevrès-cup, and picked with jeweled fingers the wing of a wood-cock, and Jane more exquisitely becurled than usual, was swimming in an atmosphere of roses and burgamot when Amy came in; and if her aunt had noticed her particularly, she would have seen that she looked taller, that her step was more

firm, and that her fine features wore an air of unusual gravity.

"Aunt, may I speak to you a few moments, if you are not engaged?" she asked.

"What is it? do you want to know about the trimmings to your muslin?"

"No, aunt, I have something else to say."

"Well, you must be quick, for I have ordered the carriage. I must go and see about our bonnets."

"Will you dismiss Jane, aunt? I wish to speak with you alone."

Mrs. Lorraine now began to take in the meaning of Amy's request—she looked at her sharply:

"Amy, you had better reflect before you speak," she said.

"I have reflected, aunt—will you send Jane away, if you please?"

"Jane you can leave the room,"—said Mrs. Lorraine—"Miss Amy is going to unearth a mouse from her mountain of mystery!"

Jane appeared to pass over that mountain, as she raised herself upon the tips of her toes, and with a graceful swoop vanished.

Amy hesitated how to open the subject, but her aunt spared her long debate:

"Amy you are a foolish head-strong child, and you always were so!" she said. "You are now it seems determined to interfere in a matter of which you know nothing, and can care but little, and if you knew more, you would care less, for you are using the very means which would affect your own future prospects, if I was so weak as to listen to you! therefore take my advice, and whatever eloquent speech you may have framed for the occasion,

leave it unsaid. Now go and get your bonnet and accompany me to the milliners."

"Aunt this matter does concern me—it would have a claim upon my sympathy, if no other feeling forced me to speak. True, I know but little, but I know enough. I know there is a lovely helpless child, without father or mother, or protector, who has claims, the nearest and dearest claims upon your love and protection. I know those claims are refused by you, aunt—you refuse them as I believe because the parents of this innocent little girl injured you! Those parents now both sleep in death, and enmity should be buried with them!

"Vengeance is mine saith the Lord, and I will repay it!" Let not your bitterness and your revenge go beyond the grave to reach the heart of a helpless child, who has never injured you! Dear aunt, I beseech of you, I implore you, to have mercy for the living, and forgiveness for the dead! for 'as we forgive those who trespass against us, even so will our Father forgive us our trespasses!' and Amy sank upon her knees, and buried her face in her aunt's lap.

"Amy I wonder at my patience in listening to you! it is because you are ignorant of what you are saying, and that your heart is young! Could you feel as I feel—had the dearest dream of your life been blotted out as mine has been, by a daughter's deceit and ingratitude—had your heart been wrung and goaded to madness, by treachery and insult, as mine has been, then you would know the utter impossibility of what you ask! Think you I can forget! forgive—ha—talk not of forgiveness!" she exclaimed, starting from her seat—"I would sooner meet the Eternal Doom than forgive!"

"Oh, aunt, aunt!" cried Amy, inexpressibly shocked—"don't say that—it is awful—it is impious!"

"Why did he bring his child here—the offspring of deceit and perfidy—why did he send her to me, but to insult me! chuckling with the thought perhaps, that I poor fool would take her to my arms, and that she would one day possess the fortune of the woman whom he had spurned and deceived!"

"Aunt, he told me"—

"*He* told you!" cried Mrs. Lorraine, rushing forward and seizing her arm—"he told you—what have you dared——"

"I saw him aunt, before he died," said Amy calmly, "will you hear me? he said he had never injured you."

"And died the same as he lived, with a lie upon his lips!" exclaimed the almost frenzied woman.

"Oh, aunt, you shock me!" and poor Amy trembled in every limb, "he regretted so much that he could not see you, for he said he could explain all."

"Explain! Oh, the artful villain!"

"And Beatrice was your child—your child aunt!" continued Amy. "O think of her in her infancy—think of her in her beautiful childhood—forget those years which followed, if she was so ungrateful! think what your feelings would have been if at that tender age, she had been cast upon the world, as her innocent child!"

"Would that she had been Amy, and that I had then died! I owe the memory of her childhood nothing, I have already paid the debt!"

"Once more aunt—once more let me plead for her child! If you would see Pauline—if you would admit

her to your presence, you could not help loving her—you would think you once more held your little Beatrice in your arms!"

"Yes, to sting me again with ingratitude! No, Amy, you plead in vain. Never ask me again to take that child under my roof. I will provide for her wants, she shall be fed, and clothed, and educated, but she must never come near me! I will send her to some distant town, and there she shall be fitted for a humble sphere, for no child of that man, shall share my home and my fortune with you! for angry as you make me—audacious as you are, Amy I love you."

"Aunt, I have no claim compared to hers, either to your home or your fortune—send me away, let me go—and take the motherless child in my stead! Oh, she will be such a sun-beam to your heart, such a comfort."

"Amy you have the same right by birth that she has."

"How aunt, the same right?"

"Yes, the same,—and your father never viper-like stung the heart which loved and trusted as mine did the father of this child! Let her go from me! she will fill the same sphere her sister would have filled, if I had left you in that humble farm house!"

"Aunt! what do you mean—sister—left me—who—where is her sister?" exclaimed Amy, almost breathless with emotion.

"You are, Amy! you are also the child of Beatrice."

"My God I thank thee!" cried Amy, falling on her

knees, and raising her eyes to Heaven. The next moment she fell forward fainting upon the floor.

Mrs. Lorraine summoned no assistance, but carefully loosening Amy's dress, bathed her hands and temples, and as she did so her tears dropped also upon the face of her grand-child.

When Amy revived, it was to find her head resting upon her grand-mother's bosom.

"Is it, indeed, so, am I really the child of Beatrice? was she my own dear mother? O, I am so happy! and Pauline, dear little Pauline is my sister! my sister—no wonder I felt myself so strangely drawn toward her—my sister—my dear little sister! and you, aunt, are my grand mother!" she added with a smile.

"Yes, Amy, I am your grand-mother," Mrs. Lorraine, replied affectionately kissing her.

"Will you now tell me all that I have so long wished to know—O, I have waited and waited so patiently!"

"It will be a painful recital, Amy, for you to hear, and for me to relate, for you will have to listen to your mother's sins."

"Spare her as much as you can," said Amy, softly.

As the facts are already known to the reader, a recapitulation would be tedious. The facts, however, as Mrs. Lorraine believed them to be, might be called falsehoods, for, of course, her narrative received its coloring from Staunton's portraiture, placing Beatrice in the same light she had before represented her to Amy, and giving to Staunton the semblance of a fiend in human shape—and therein she was right. She dwelt slightly on the first marriage of her daughter, but glossed it over as smoothly

and quickly as possible, and in Amy's excited mind she then asked for no further particulars. She told her of her journey to the far-west when she believed Beatrice to be dying, and of her birth, and that, on account of her mother's feeble health, she had herself taken her *and put her to nurse* in a most excellent family where she knew she would have tender care! She then told Amy of the subsequent insanity of her mother, and elopement from the Asylum with her base lover to Italy! which, of course, Mrs. Lorraine religiously believed to be a fact.

She then went to her writing desk and unlocking it, drew forth from a secret aperture that base forgery of Staunton—that letter from Florence—and placed it in Amy's hand.

"There Amy read that, as but one specimen of the insults which that man has heaped upon me!"

Amy had listened to the narrative with breathless interest, now weeping, now beseeching her grand-mother not to speak so cruelly of the dead who could *never* injure her more. When the painful recital was ended, she buried her face in her hands, and strove to collect her agitated thoughts, and to review the past, while Mrs. Lorraine, exhausted and overcome by the scenes which the recital brought so vividly before her, lay upon the sofa with her face concealed in the folds of her shawl.

At length Amy spoke:

"Why did you take me to your protection? I am the child of your daughter, Pauline is also her child—why did you receive me under your roof, and thrust her from it?"

"Amy—that man—that perjured wretch was not your father!"

"I entreated your kindness just now for an innocent child—a friendless, unprotected orphan—I now solicit your sympathy and love for a dear little sister! you say you love me—love her also!"

"Never, Amy, never! it is useless to urge me more! I tell you I will not!"

"We will love you dear grand-mother, we will be a comfort to your declining years if you will let us! We will cherish you and honor you, and wait upon you, O so tenderly! grand-mother, will you not take my sweet little sister home—ah! do not refuse me!"

Mrs. Lorraine was not softened, but angered at Amy's persistence:

"How dare you, after all I have said, speak to me again of bringing that child under this roof—how dare you, I say! It shall never be done! She shall be provided for, but as for my love or my protection otherwise than by paying the money for her support, as there is a God in heaven she shall not have it! Now dare not to speak of it again. Be contented with your own good fortune and leave her alone!"

Such was Amy's indignation as she listened, that she could scarcely refrain from interrupting her grand-mother's cruel speech. She sprang to her feet, and standing before her, while her beautiful face expressed all the reproach her injustice merited, she said:

"If such is your determination, if no prayers, no tears can move your hard heart, then say farewell to me! if you deny the shelter of your roof to one orphan, you cast us both from you! I leave you forever."

"Amy!"

"Do you think, grand-mother, that I will see my little sister treated thus! do you think I will see her thrust from your door, and remain to share the food and shelter denied to her! No! She is mine—mine to love and to cherish! she is a sacred charge, and when I resign to careless hands or callous hearts my beautiful, innocent little sister, may the wrath of heaven punish me!"

Mrs. Lorraine laughed a bitter, scornful laugh:

"Don't think to alarm me by these threats—they sound very formidable to be sure! Will you have the charity to inform me, Miss Quixote, in what manner you expect to subsist, or do you fancy to be fed by ravens!"

"I can work," replied Amy, calmly, but decidedly.

"Work! ha! ha! that is really too absurd!"

"Yes, grandmother, work! and I bless you for the education which you have given me, for it will now aid me in my endeavors. With a strong heart and willing hands I fear not. But why need it be so! I love you—you have been very kind to me, why must I leave you!"

"It will be your own fault if you do,—your first season too, and your first summer at Saratoga! This is a very foolish, ridiculous whim—it appears much better in theory than you will find in practice! absurd child—brought up as delicately as you have been, what will you do friendless and poor!"

"My little sister is friendless, and she is helpless from her youth. I am older, and I am strong. I will protect her, and toil for her, and her innocence will protect me—and there is One who has promised never to forsake the fatherless—in Him will I trust."

"And you would really have me believe that you are willing to renounce all the luxuries to which you have been brought up, and go strolling through the world with a child whom you never saw before, and cast from you that wealth which, as my heiress, you would inherit, to endure poverty and hardship!"

"Yes, I would have you believe so, for I mean it," answered Amy.

"Come, come, we have had enough of this—you won't alarm me by such talk! what difference Amy can it make to you, where that child is, of whose existence last week you were in ignorance! whether she is here, or there—so long as you know that she has enough to eat and drink!"

"You forget that she is my sister. May you be forgiven even as I forgive you for what I now suffer, and for that which this act of yours may cause me to suffer hereafter, and may your heart be some day moved to kindness for your grand-children! I am going. I shall go to-day!"

"You mean so?"

"I do most solemnly."

"Then go, ungrateful girl—go! Quit my sight forever! again I have nourished a serpent—what else could I have expected! Go, I tell you—your presence is hateful in the room—leave my house now and forever, and remember not one penny of mine shall you ever enjoy! you have chosen your own lot—now abide by it—go!"

Amy looked at her grandmother sorrowfully. Not one feeling of resentment or anger was excited by these words, but taking her hand, she would have pressed it to her

lips. Mrs. Lorraine snatched it from her, and waved her impatiently off.

Then she left her presence, and went to her own room to seek that strength which One alone can give in the day of trouble.

CHAPTER XLI.

"The stoutest armor of defence, is that which is worn within the bosom,
And the weapon that no enemy can parry, is a bold and cheerful spirit."

TUPPER.

AMY selected a few of her plainest dresses, her choicest books, her drawing materials, and one or two little articles upon which she placed great value, among them her "Amy clothes," which she had always carefully preserved, and packed them in a small trunk, to be left in charge of Sybil, until she could send for them. She shed no tear as she thus prepared to yield up to her sense of duty and sisterly affection, all the elegancies with which she was surrounded. Her closets and wardrobe contained the most beautiful dresses, her jewel-case sparkled with its rich treasures, diamonds, opals, and emeralds—and all these she was to cast from her, for, except one small ring which her grandmother had presented her only a few days previous and which she now chose to retain as a last memento of her kindness, Amy would not take one of them away with her. She thought not of what she was leaving,

but of the dear little girl to whom she was going, more precious to her than all the gold of Ophir, and she went lightly through her task—her greatest sorrow even then was the displeasure of her grandmother.

Her arrangements completed she went up to the nursery. As she opened the door Pauline sprang to her arms with a joyful kiss. Oh how lovingly and tenderly did Amy press her to her bosom—her new-found darling sister! how easy seemed the path she had chosen, when she looked into that innocent smiling face!

"Pauline you are not my cousin after all!" she said, as she took the little girl upon her lap.

"Am I not! O, I am so sorry, dear, dear Amy! but I can love you just as much as if you were my cousin, can't I?"

"You may love me better, if you wish," said Amy, smiling, "for you are my own dear little sister—your dear Ma'ma was my mother too."

Pauline clapped her hands for joy.

"And Pa'pa too?"

"No, darling, he was not my Pa'pa."

"What a pity said the child, thoughtfully—"well never mind—I will let you love him half!"

At this moment Sybil came in from the closet, and lifting Pauline from her lap, Amy told her she wished to speak with the old nurse alone, so the child ran into her little bed-room where she had already commenced house-keeping with a family of broken down dolls.

Amy then informed Sybil of all that had passed between her and her grandmother, to which recital the old woman listened, sometimes with tears, with pious ejaculations, and sometimes it must be owned with rather strong language, when the conduct of her "Misses Anne" aroused

her indignation. But when Amy announced her intention of leaving the house, then she wept and scolded by turns.

"A berry pretty piece of bizness for a young lady tram-poosing 'bout no whar! what is ole Sybil gwine do, I'd like for to know! O, Missy Amy, don't leab me all 'lone—I shall die for sure!'

"But Pauline, dear Sybil?"

"Oh de Lord will take care ob her! he hab hole her so long in de hollow ob his hand, dat he will nebber forsake her now."

"And he will take care of you, Sybil."

"And where on de face ob de earth is you gwine, I'd like for to know!—you and Missy Pauline?"

"I am going to Mrs. King's, Sybil. She will let me remain with her, until I can have an opportunity to make some different arrangement. You must not cry about me dear Sybil—I shall do very well, and sometimes perhaps, you will come and see me."

"P'raps I will, and p'raps I won't! cry! I is'nt gwine cry—'spect I'll be in my grave 'fore long I does!" and throwing her apron over her face the poor grieved old soul wept and sobbed unrestrainedly:

"Don't weep so, dear Sybil—I want your comfort. You love me, and—you have always been so kind to me; I never, never can forget you! yes, Sybil, from the first day I ever saw you—from that day to this you have been a comfort and a blessing to me, indeed you have, Sybil! do you remember how many times I have come to you with all my childish sorrows for comfort! what should I have done without you! you don't know how much it grieves me to leave you, but I have chosen my own lot, as *grandmother* says, and I must abide by it. And now,

dear Sybil, don't unnerve me by your tears, but rather say 'God speed'—to my undertaking—won't you Sybil?" and Amy bent over the old woman, and placed her lips upon her brow.

"May de Lord in Hebben allers bless you, and ——" sobbed Sybil. She tried to say more, but her voice failed, and for some moments despite the comforting words of her young mistress she continued to weep. Then suddenly drying her eyes, she started up.

"Dere—now, Missy Amy, now I'se ready to put dese ole hands to de plow."

In the few days that Pauline had been with her, Amy had prepared a little simple mourning for the child. She had cut over for her a black silk dress of her own, which Sybil had made, and the latter had also gone out one evening, and bought her a little cottage straw, trimmed with a plain black ribbon.

In these she now dressed her, and nothing could be more strikingly lovely than the contrast offered by the jetty hue of the little frock, and the white neck and arms of the child, with her golden curls dancing to every step for which her joyful little heart made music, she was so happy that she was going away with her dear Amy.

"Could she resist her now!" thought Amy, looking with love upon her little sister. "She has never seen her only that morning—perhaps she did not notice her pure and innocent face—but if she saw her now!" and then came the desire to lead Pauline to her grandmother's presence, and make one more appeal to her tenderness.

Taking her by the hand she went down stairs. Mrs. Lorraine knew the gentle knock:

"Ah, I thought so—she has come back to tell me she is sorry, and that she has changed her mind! yes, I

knew she would'nt go!" said Mrs. Lorraine, arousing from her gloomy meditations with a smile.

But when Amy opened the door, and came forward leading little Pauline with so much calmness, yet with such an air of respect, she had no power to speak—she was dumb with astonishment.

Amy advanced, and kneeling before her with her little sister said:

"Your grand-children have come to bid you farewell, if you say we must go." She pushed back Pauline's hair from her beautiful forehead and temples, as she spoke—look at this little girl, dear grandmother—won't you kiss her, and bid us stay and make you happy?"

"Audacious girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, springing from her seat, and with rapid steps crossing the room to the bell-rope.

But Amy was at her side in an instant, and checked the movement.

"Don't ring, grand-mother—don't suffer the servants to witness this scene. We will go—farewell, if we meet no more on earth, may we be united in heaven! come, Pauline."

"Good bye, grand-mother," said the child, timidly.

And hand in hand the orphans left her presence.

Amy now put on her bonnet and shawl, and went upstairs to say good bye to Sybil. She found her apparently very busy in the closet, tying up a large bundle, and singing, at the same time, a methodist hymn at the very top of her voice.

"Well, Sybil, we have come to say good-bye—but what are you doing, I put all Pauline's things in the basket?" said Amy.

"I allers knows what I'se doing—you run 'long children

' For I hab sweet hopes of glory in my soul,
For I hab sweet hopes of glory in my soul,
And I feel, I fe-e-e-I I'm on my journey home !"

- " Well, good-bye, dear Sybil, good-bye—don't worry about me. When I leave Mrs. King's I will try and let you know where I am going. You will come and see us, won't you ?" said Amy, clasping her hand.

" Yes, I 'spect mebbe I'll come one ob dese odd days ob de year!" answered old Sybil, chuckling to herself and breaking out with fresh power in her singing—

' For I hab sweet hopes of glory in my soul !' "

Amy had never seen the old woman appear so strangely, and for a moment she was inclined to believe that grief had really crazed her brain.

CHAPTER XLII.

... "Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew,
my master."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Two hours after Amy and Pauline left the house, Sybil, neatly dressed in her plain black bonnet and white camlet shawl pinned smoothly over her bosom, and with a bundle in her hand, stood before her mistress.

"Well, Misses Anne, I'se gwine now, and I jus come to say good-bye to my old missus."

"Going! going where, you silly old woman?" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine.

"I 'spect I'se got to go and look arter dem onexperienced young tings—'t'ant proper no how for dem to be rampaging 'bout de world in dis fashun, widout some 'spectable pussen or nudder to hab an eye upon 'em!"

"Go take off your things this moment, and don't let me hear any more of this nonsense! don't you hear me—what do you stand there for?"

"I has allers tried to be 'spectful and 'bliging, Misses Anne, and de blessed Lord he knows dat I lub my missus, *but now* I 'spect I's got to go tudder way, 'cause I hab a

call from de Lord to go and take care ob dem children, who, 'cept ole Sybil, haint no fren in dis sinful world!"

"Sybil, I command you to return to your room and go to your work! I forbid you—your mistress forbids you, from going near that ungrateful girl—do you hear?"

"Yes, Misses Anne, I hears, but I'se gwine! jus tink ob de disgrace to all de famelee, to hab dem young ladies widout any body to wait upon dem—hi! ole Sybil hab got too much ob de Lorraine 'spectability for dat, you better believe!"

"You poor, foolish woman! you are so old, you are really getting to be no better than a child!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine.

"P'raps we does get obfusticated when we gets to be ole," said Sybil, a little wrathful, "'cause we wer little children togedder, Misses Anne, and mebbe dats de why you hab sent away you'se gran-chillen, and de why ole Sybil such ole fool to run arter dem!"

"Your impertinence is beyond my patience!" said her mistress, greatly enraged. "Follow Miss Amy then, you foolish woman, and see where it will all end! but don't you come back to me for pity or for assistance—for I will never raise my hand to keep you out of the Almshouse!"

"'Spectable nice place 'nuff, missus—I'se no 'jections to de Almshouse, 'cause de blessed Fader in Hebben will mebbe take my poor soul jus as soon from dere! But I'se gwine arter Missy Amy—I'se gwine foller dat forsaken child! We'se all got to die one ob dese days, de rich and de poor, de missus and de sarvent, and den mebbe when you'se laying dere on de bed in dis booful room, wid nobody 'bout you dat lubs you 'cept mebbe

dat silly curlecuwed critter Jane, wid nobody to hole you'se head and cry ober you when de Lord calls you out ob de world, den p'raps you'll wish dat Missy Amy war hovring 'bout you'se bed jus like de angel she allers wer, and p'raps too, you'll tink on ole Sybil, on dem as would hab lubbed you! O, 'pears like as if dat last end must be drefful lonesome like, Misses Anne."

Mrs. Lorraine's countenance was ghastly, save the two rouge spots upon her cheeks, for the words of Sybil made her haughty spirit quake. Her hand trembled as she pointed to the door, and her voice was hollow and broken:

"Leave the room this moment, and never do you dare to come into my presence again!" she said.

Sybil caught her hand, and pressing it to her lips, turned sorrowfully away.

Good old soul! there can be nothing more acceptable in the sight of heaven than that purely disinterested love which thus prompted this faithful old creature to forsake her pleasant home, where her last days would have been made happy and comfortable, to follow the fortunes of those two deserted children.

Amy, noble, generous girl, had sacrificed wealth, position, and all the elegancies and luxuries of life, but the sacrifice was for her sister—a part of herself—one for whom duty demanded sacrifice—but poor old Sybil from the goodness and sympathy of her heart alone had made *her* sacrifice, because they were desolate and friendless!

Let us pause for a moment, and mark how the innocent may often have to suffer for the misdeeds of others! Every action of our life has its significance for good or for evil. As the wind wafts alike from our gardens to

some distant spot, the seeds of the loveliest flower and the most baneful weed, there to germinate and spring up afresh, and then to be again carried further and further on the wings of the wind, even so with us—words that pass our lips even in our most idle moments may at some future day come back to us either with a blessing or a curse!

What a heavy burthen of sin then and of sorrow rested upon the soul of Hubert Staunton! His malevolence and artifice had darkened the young life of Beatrice, and sown the seeds of early decay, and his perfidy and base falsehoods marked out the path which now her innocent children were to tread. The Rev. Orville Dewey has said, "The very power of sinning is a lofty and a noble power,"—if so, then Staunton must rank with Lucifer, in the words of Milton, "the excess of glory obscured!"

Had he known the extreme of sorrow which was to result from that fatal letter which, in the phrenzy of the moment, he penned from Florence to Mrs. Lorraine—he would, perhaps, have paused—vile as he was, he could not have been so remorseless, for one cannot be all made up of evil, as I once heard a Rev. Divine assert from the pulpit—"Judas Iscariot must have had some good traits, or he would never have been a chosen disciple of our Lord!"

And where was Staunton now! no one knew. His name had ceased to be remembered—it had been written upon the sand, except in the memory of one, where it still burned in letters of flame.

In the narrative which Mrs. Lorraine had given Amy, she had carefully avoided mentioning the name of one who had wrought her so much woe. She could not speak it

—she had vowed in her heart that it should no more pass her lips! oh, could she as easily have driven it from her brain, as from her tongue.

Once Sybil had spoken it to Amy, but, in the excitement of the moment, she did not notice whether Sybil said Staunton or Saville. The old nurse had been told by her Mistress that Beatrice fled with Staunton to Italy, and she believed it—her meeting with him at the Asylum, was confirmation enough! when then she looked upon the cold face of Paul Saville, she attributed the change she saw thereon to the effects of climate, of time, and protracted suffering. Both had black hair, and strongly marked features, and both were tall, and although, as she said, she should never have recognised him, if she had not *known* it to be Hubert Staunton, still she had not the least suspicion that the insensible form before her was other than the man whom she so detested.

And thus, strange as it appears, this deception continued working its weight of woe

CHAPTER XLIII.

"With thy keen joyance
Languor cannot be,
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee!"

SHELLEY.

Mrs. King had just concluded all those domestic duties which demanded her attention about the house. The dinner had been purchased and paid for, cooked, and placed upon the table, and her five boarders had praised the flavor of her soup, and the quality of the viands from which they had stayed their appetites, and now, in perfect good humor with herself and with them, she had retired to her own small bed-room back of the kitchen, where, seating herself in her rocker, she took up her work-basket. As her needle now busily threaded the seam, her thoughts as busily flew to the little girl in whose welfare she took so much interest. She wondered if she was happy, and if her proud relations had received her with kindness. She longed to see her again, and felt half tempted to brave the impudence of the "blue and yellow gentleman" as she

dubbed John the waiter, to have another sight of Pauline's sweet little face.

The door bell interrupted her cogitations, and as Biddy, her maid of all work, had asked leave of absence for an hour or two, Mrs. King herself answered the summons. To her surprise, no greater than her pleasure, she opened the door to the very persons who had so much engaged her thoughts the last half hour, and as she clasped Pauline in her arms, she exclaimed:

"Well, if this isn't the drollest thing—why I have done nothing but think about you all day! you don't know how I have missed you, you little Puss! It is real kind in you, Miss, to bring her here," she continued, as she preceded them up stairs—"real kind—some people are so grand, they would never have thought of letting her come here again."

Amy made a suitable answer to these remarks, and after a few inquiries as to her health, she told her she had something of much importance to say to her. She would have asked Mrs. King to take her into some other room, as she did not wish Pauline to hear all she had to say, but she saw by the little girl's sad face and tearful eye, that the scene had brought back her recent affliction painfully to her mind—so she would not leave her alone. Mrs. King had taken the child on her lap, and diving down into her capacious pocket, brought forth a fine sweet orange, and put in Pauline's hand,—she received it with a smile, but it remained untasted, and she rested her head sorrowfully upon the good woman's shoulder.

"Mrs. King have you a room unoccupied?" Amy asked at length with some hesitation, for she scarcely knew how to break the subject.

"Let me see, Miss—why I have'nt got a very nice one that's a fact, because just now I am pretty full—you see, I can't take many boarders for my house is none of the largest, and my best rooms are engaged. I could accommodate one pretty well, if they would put up with a small entry room for the present."

"Could you take a young lady and a child?"

"Yes, I think I could. Now it is very good in you to recommend my house, and I am sure I am very much obliged to you; and any thing I can do to make them comfortable, I will for your sake, Miss Lorraine."

"Thank you," Amy replied with a smile. "It is for Pauline and myself that I wish the room, and I have no doubt that we shall be very comfortable indeed with you, Mrs. King."

"The gracious me! a room for Miss Lorraine—why what is it all!" she exclaimed.

Amy made known to Mrs. King as much as she thought proper of the circumstances which led to her present application. She was a prudent girl, and therefore did not dwell upon any point which it did not concern her to be made acquainted with—but the penetration of her listener was as keen as a brier—she could read, where Amy thought all would be a blank, and then she folded the page, that no eye but her's might rest upon it.

"I am no great hand at making speeches," she said, as Amy concluded, "I know I can't say half I wan't to, but you must not think I don't appreciate all you have done—it isn't always those that has the most to say, that feels the most! I do know you are a good young lady, and I am sure that God will never forsake the fatherless. You shall have the best room in my house, that you shall! if

you will stay here a little while, I will go and get it ready."

"You are very kind, my dear Mrs. King," said Amy—"and now I have another favor to ask of you. You know I have no means to pay you for our board, and therefore I want you to get me something to do. I cannot sit down and fold my hands. I must work, and I am willing to work. I could give lessons in music, or drawing, or I might engage myself in some family as a Governess, only that I am unwilling to leave this dear little girl just now—when she is a little older, perhaps. At present I must find some employment which will occupy me at home. I can embroider, or I can do plain sewing, and in the mean time, Mrs. King, you must let me help you."

"Don't you make yourself uneasy, my dear young lady, I warrant I'll find enough for you to do, and if I don't what's the great harm to me!" said Mrs. King with a kind smile as she left the room.

Great commotion over head followed her exit. The moving of trunks and heavy pieces of furniture—quick steps back and forth the entry, accompanied by the scratching of a broom, and the click of a hammer, and in half an hour, Mrs. King with a very red face, as the prime mover of this domestic mechanism, made her appearance, and announced to Amy, that her room was ready.

But, instead of taking her into the small entry room, of which she had spoken, she led the way into a pleasant front chamber, where every thing wore an air of neatness and comfort. A carpet of home-spun manufacture covered the centre of the floor, the bed looked tempting from its cleanliness, and the windows were shaded by half curtains of dimity, as white as snow.

"There, Miss Lorraine," she said, throwing open the door and glancing around with an air of pride and satisfaction, "this is your room and little Pauline's, and I hope you will soon feel at home—if there is any thing in particular you wish to have, I hope you will tell me."

"Why you told me you had only a small entry room, and I am sure this is a very airy pleasant chamber!" said Amy.

"Why it don't make much difference you know, with old bachelors," replied Mrs. King, laughing—"so I just made a change with Mr. Badger that's all, and put his traps into the small room."

"But what will he say!" said Amy, looking quite distressed, "I am sorry you have done this Mrs. King."

"Oh, you need'nt be—I dare say he will have gallantry enough to give up his room to a lady, for what does an old bachelor want of a double room! if he don't like it why he can leave."

Amy now removed Pauline's bonnet, and took off her own things, but while doing this, her land-lady was all the time running in and out, now bringing in a sewing chair, then a little footstool, and by and by a small table made its appearance, and one or two large conch-shells highly polished were placed on the mantle. Whether Mrs. King had robbed some other unfortunate bachelor boarder, of his superfluous luxuries, as she had the other of superfluous room, remains to be told—yet their effect was to give a real cosy-like appearance to the apartment.

"Now I must go and see about tea," said Mrs. King, bestowing an approving glance around the room. "Perhaps you don't care to go down to-night, I will send you and the little girl up something, for I guess you must be pretty tired."

Amy thanked her for her kindness, and then going to the window, looked out upon the scene. No pleasant Park, no beautiful trees waving in the sunlight, and fresh green grass met her view—but black, smoky looking warehouses, with rusty iron shutters loomed opposite, their side walks heaped with bales and boxes—no elegant carriages, with their richly caparisoned steeds, passed beneath her window—carts and market wagons thronged the dirty pavements instead: market boats and other small craft, crowded the dock, shutting out all view of the water, and the tall masts of vessels alike concealed the Jersey shore opposite—while to all these visual objects were attached their own significance of sound.

The contrast offered was very striking, yet Amy did not falter.

"I dare say we shall like this very much don't you, darling, when we get used to it?" she said to little Pauline, who stood by her side.

"I like it now better than that house of grandmother's, if Sybil was only here!" the little girl answered.

"Poor, dear Sybil, how she will miss us, Pauline!" and the tears were in the eyes of Amy as she spoke. "She is so faithful, and so good—don't you love her dearly?"

"Yes, indeed, I do, sister Amy! and she was dear ma'ma's own nurse too! how I wish she could always live with us—don't you?"

"De Lord willen she allers will!" cried old Sybil, who had entered unperceived, and now throwing her arms about her "children," she wept and laughed by turns.

"Why, dear Sybil, what does this mean?" exclaimed Amy, looking at the excited old woman with surprise.

"Well it jus means dat I'se gwine to stay 'long ob you and Missy P'line. P'raps you tink dere's no impropriety in you'se libing in a borden-house wid-out some 'spectable colored pussen to keep dere eyes on you! but you'se young, child, and dat's de reason you don't know noting! Why, I 'clare, Missy Amy, 'pears as if I should go right off de handle at de berry idee! Dis is proper nice 'spectable room for dese parts!" she said, looking around, and beginning to take off her things.

"Sybil, this will never, never do!" said Amy; "you don't know how grateful I feel to you for this kindness, but you must not leave grand-mother—indeed you must go back, Sybil!"

"'Pears as if de bed would look more ship-shape de udder way—let me see 'bout de size ob dis closet—yes, I 'spect de trunk will go in dere when it come—dere 'll be room 'nuff!" said Sybil, bustling around.

"But, Sybil—Sybil, you must'nt stay!"

"Hi! nebber say 'must'nt' to sich ole people—allers hab 'spect to you'se elders, the 'postles say!"

Amy could not help laughing.

"Well, Sybil, I do respect my elders, and I love you too! but I must speak when I think you are in the wrong. I wish you could stay with me, but you know —,"

"Dere, now you talks like a sensible gal," interrupted the old woman, "and as you 'pears to wish so berry much dat I would stay wid you and Missy P'line, I'se gwine to do it 'cause I allers likes to be obligatory!"

Amy now attempted to reason with her. She placed before her in the most unfavorable light all the hardships which she might have to endure—she strove to awaken

her sympathy for Mrs. Lorraine. She might as well have attempted to reason with the wind which swept her curls as she was speaking.

"Mrs. King will not be able to accommodate you, Sybil!"

"Hi! de ignorance ob dese childen is 'stonishing! she and I knows all 'bout dat—we settled dat conieption 'afore I come up stairs. Now, Missy Amy, I jus got to go and hire some ob dem lazy, good for noting niggers ober dere to go arter our trunks and tings. Dey are all in de lower hall, and dat ole sassy cook say she'll take care ob dem—hi, it make de flustification 'cause Missy Amy comed away! De gardener he say you was de bootifulest flower he ebber seed—and den John he wipe his great white eyes, and he say, O, Missy Amy wer allers so 'bliging and 'siderate—and dat silly critter, Jane, she look up jus like a duck in a tunder storm, and she cry, and she say she's so drefful flustrated, she almos hab de Syncopee! Poor critters!" she concluded, wiping her own eyes—"I don't see noting to make such a fuss 'bout!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

E'en age's wintry weather
Inspires no thoughts of gloom,
In hearts that share together,
Hopes of bliss, beyond the tomb.

BARTON.

"These flames, these flames!" he cryde, "doe me torment!"

"What flames?" quoth he.

"The flames which me consume," said he.

"Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee!"

SPENCER.

MANY years have passed over the heads of Dr. Woodville and his estimable lady, since we watched their departure from the Quay at Havre, homeward-bound, leaving behind them those they so dearly loved, to return sorrowing to their own fair Florence.

And yet upon the benevolent countenance of the doctor, one could hardly detect their passage. His hair, perhaps, is more silvered, and there may be more furrows upon his high, intellectual forehead, yet undimmed is that eagle eye, his step has all the firmness and elasticity of youth, and his form is as erect as when first we met him by the sick couch of Beatrice.

More perceptible are the inroads of time upon Mrs. Woodville. Her eye has faded and become dim, and white as the frosts of winter is the hair which is parted under her plain mob-cap, yet really she has grown more lovely. There is such a sweet serenity, so much of christian grace resting upon her features, her words are so gentle, her smile so cordial, and her good deeds so many that one cannot look upon her without veneration and love.

Hand in hand are this dear old couple passing on to the grave as if bound upon some pleasant journey, which when ended, was to find them in "green pastures, beside the still waters." Earth is beautiful to them—they see no dark clouds about this lovely world to make them impatient for a brighter land. They are content to await God's own time, and so long as their pilgrimage shall last, strive to make *this* world the brighter and the better for their presence. There is work to do yet, altho' three score years have circled over them, nor will this work be finished until death gently stays their hands and checks the pulse of life! and whenever that moment comes, with holy, trustful faith and love, will they resign their souls to "Him who gave, and who taketh away."

It is now a long time since they have heard from Italy. The letter which would have broken to them the death of Beatrice never reached them—the vessel which bore it foundered at sea, and from that time Saville never wrote again. Grown selfish and morbid, as we have seen, by his own affliction, he omitted a duty, and committed a most grievous fault. For day after day they looked for tidings, and when none came, they often felt aggrieved, and feared that the sin of ingratitude rested upon the fair soul of Beatrice. Yet each strove to drive the thought

from the breast of the other, for they would rather weep Paul and Beatrice as dead, than to believe them grown cold and ungrateful.

Dr. Woodville still has charge of the Asylum at D——, which retains its popularity, with him at the head, as being the first in the country. A very skillful and scientific physician has the more immediate care of the patients, and except upon urgent cases is the venerable doctor called upon save for advice, altho' he never fails to go the rounds of the wards daily, for his presence always seems to be soothing even to the most miserable creature there.

The scene I am about to describe took place one evening in the early part of summer. It was one of those pleasant nights in June, when a delicious beauty and fragrance permeates the atmosphere, ere the sultry sun has scorched the breath of the flowers, or brought with it that sense of languor and oppressiveness which steals over one later in the season.

Dr. Woodville was seated in the piazza, enjoying the pleasant breeze, and listening to the gentle rippling of the leaves which sounded like the waves of some tiny stream, washing its pebbly bed. He was leaning carelessly back in his large arm chair, his white locks stirred by the same wind which made its pleasant music felt within his breast, and looking abroad with a smile of content upon the mountains and the meadows stretched out before him. Mrs. Woodville sat by his side, still knitting, and for aught we know, upon the same endless round which occupied her under the ship's awning.

There was something in the scene which reminded them both of an evening many years before, when with Beatrice they stood upon that same spot, and viewed the same

glorious landscape which her hand then sketched—and the very spirit of that hour seemed to have come back with the influence of the summer wind, the clear blue Heavens and the redolence of the atmosphere!

And Beatrice never returned from that journey, which on the morrow she was to take! Her hand sketched scenes which her eyes were no more to see, except in the faithful lines of her pencil. That was indeed the eve of a long journey, from that pleasant home, where through the sympathy and love of those who then, with saddened eyes, looked with her upon scenes they were so soon to leave, life had once more assumed freshness and beauty.

The doctor and Mrs. Woodville conversed together of that last evening, which was at the moment brought so vividly before them, and as they talked, they almost fancied the form of their beloved Beatrice hovered about them, and smiled upon them. Then they spoke of their pleasant life in Florence, and of the happiness which seemed so bright around the path of Paul, and his lovely wife—they spoke of Staunton and his crimes, of Mrs. Lorraine and her bitterness.

Thus the moments sped on, and the village clock pealed eight. The doctor was about to retire into the house, when casting his eye down the road, he saw the gig of Dr. Myers the acting physician coming rapidly toward the house.

"Something is the matter my dear, there comes old Joseph in the doctor's gig, he makes the horse show his speed—I shall have to go down to the asylum I expect," said the doctor.

As he spoke the gig stopped at the gate, and one of the most faithful of the keepers ran up the walk:

"Well, Joe, what is the matter?" called the doctor.

"Doctor, you're wanted," sang out Joe—"they have just brought in a real specimen of a wild cat! it takes Bill and John, and all the rest of them to hold him, and Dr. Myers says, perhaps you're eye will fix him—if that don't, we shall have Bedlam in earnest!"

"Poor fel—low!" exclaimed Mrs. Woodville, in her usual tone of sympathy for the insane,—“is he so very bad, Joseph?"

"Bad—he could not be badder! why he knocked poor Mrs. Boyd over as she came in to ask the doctor about something, and I'll be hanged if he didn't go at the doctor himself, who had to catch up a chair and hold before him to fend him off! why he has broken three ropes already—why he is a most awful critter, Mrs. Woodville!"

The doctor had by this time changed his dressing gown for his coat, and shaking hands with his good wife, as was his invariable custom whenever he was about to leave her, if only for an hour, he mounted the gig, and was soon rolling rapidly in the direction of the Asylum.

Arrived there, he proceeded immediately to the room in which the patients were usually received.

As he opened the door, he saw a tall, gaunt man standing in the centre of the room, held by the strength of three keepers, whose flushed faces and swollen muscles, denoted the power which they were forced to use.

"Well, Dr. Woodville," said Dr. Myers, "here is about the worst case we have had for two years. I thought you had better see him, for his cries are so outrageous that I feared their effect upon some of the other patients."

"Right, right," answered the doctor.

He then walked up to the unhappy man, who was again writhing in the grip of his keepers, and fixing his eye steadily upon him, said:

"Well, friend, how are you this evening? Peter, why don't you offer the gentleman a chair?"

At the sound of his voice, the mad-man uttered a horrible yell:

"Ha! ha! ha! old man, so you have come to this too, have you?—good—ha! ha! ha! good! you are mad—she is mad—Beatrice is mad, and I am mad too—all mad together—hurra! ha! ha! ha!"

Dr. Woodville started with horror, and gazed long and searchingly upon the poor wretch before him! could it be? yes it was! in that emaciated frame, in that haggard countenance, that blood-shot, frenzied eye, he recognized the form and features of—Hubert Staunton!

"My God!" exclaimed Dr. Woodville, "the ways of Providence are, indeed, mysterious and inscrutable! the wretch who left his helpless victim within these walls to die, is now himself a maniac! in the self-same room where, unpitying, he saw her gentle form given up to the rough hands of the keeper, he himself now writhes in torture! poor, poor wretch! Beatrice you are avenged—his punishment is as great as his sins!"

"Don't you hear her calling me?" cried the maniac, striving to free himself—"don't look at me, Anna, with those eyes of fire! ha! ha—they have been burning, and burning into me, until my heart is consumed! let me go, I say!"

And here the poor wretch became so furious, that to prevent his cries from reaching the ears of the patients, he was gagged and carried to a grated cell in a remote quarter of the establishment. Here his head was shaved

and a strait-waistcoat lashed upon him. Dr. Woodville administered such remedies as met the case, and left him to the surveillance of his keepers.

Inexpressibly shocked, he returned to the room where he had left the persons under whose charge Staunton had been conveyed there. They were four in number, apparently laboring men. To Dr. Woodville's inquiries they stated that they knew nothing about the man whom they had brought there—that for several days strange noises had been heard to issue from a piece of woods about three miles distant, to the great terror of women and children,—that these noises were different, sometimes loud yells and horrible screechings—again heavy groans, and shouts of wild laughter, and that finally the neighbors had turned out in a body to scour the woods, and ascertain who and what it was whence these dreadful sounds proceeded—some of the good women, they said, verily believed them to be the cries of the Devil himself! that after searching the whole day, they had finally found this man with matted hair and torn, dirty garments, curled up like some wild beast, and asleep among the underbrush. Three or four of the stoutest men of the party pounced down upon him, and succeeded at length, tho' with great difficulty in confining him, and not knowing what else to do with him they had brought him there.

Such was the recital to which Dr. Woodville listened with solemn awe. As that mysterious hand which wrote Belshazzar's doom upon the walls of his impious banquet hall, did he trace the justice of the Almighty thus meeting out the punishment of that guilty, perjured soul!

The doctor passed a sleepless night. He could not banish that miserable man from his thoughts—he was ever before him, and if for a moment slumber closed his

eye-lids, the cries of Staunton seemed ringing in his ears, and he awoke with a shudder.

Earlier the next morning than was his custom, he proceeded to the Asylum, and visited the cell of the maniac.

He found him apparently more quiet, although he was muttering to himself low and incoherent words, which to any one else but Dr. Woodville, would have had no meaning, yet to him they were terribly significant of the sins of that man's whole life. As soon as he saw the doctor he became calm, except for the wild, unsettled expression of his sharp, black eye, flickering like some unholy flame under his searching gaze.

"Do you know me, Mr. Staunton?" asked the doctor, taking his hand.

A dreadful smile distorted his mouth as he replied:

"Certainly, doctor, we met once in Florence—Beatrice and I—you remember, ha—ha! Sorry tho' to find you here in a mad house! Sometimes they tell me I am mad! mad! ha--ha--ha—a good joke, doctor, for you and I—mad!"

And here he again burst forth with the most horrible cries and imprecations upon Dr. Woodville, upon Mrs. Lorraine and Beatrice—nor were theirs the only names which foamed from his lips, others mingled with them, denoting but too plainly that his crimes rested not alone with them.

Finding that his presence always more or less excited the wretched man, Dr. Woodville kept aloof from him, carefully studying his case however through the reports of Dr. Myers, and employing all the means which his long experience could suggest for his restoration. But weeks and months passed on and there seemed no radical im-

provement. He would have intervals of comparative calm, when he appeared quite rational if addressed—at such times he spoke but little, and seemed lost in gloom, then again he would rave for days and nights together, without sleep and without food, except as it was forced upon him.

Poor, unfortunate wretch! Look upon him as he lies there upon that hard bed, within the dim grated cell: can that be the elegant Hubert Staunton, who, for his polished manners and his graceful wit, once shone pre-eminent in the halls of fashion, whose soft smile could so soon bring a blush to the cheek of Beauty, and a sigh to her innocent bosom! Can that be Hubert Staunton who led captive the proud and brilliant Mrs. Lorraine? Look at him now—why he is an old man! *Old*—would that were all! for old age is lovely when it comes peacefully on, and settles upon those we love like the soft snow of winter upon the earth, which in spring and in summer was so beautiful and fair to our sight! but oh how terrible, when it comes in the storm and the whirlwind of passion hurrying on to the grave! And thus tempest-tost and storm-driven was the soul of Staunton rushing on to the goal of Eternity!

CHAPTER XLV.

"The noblest mind the best contentment has."

SPENCER.

A WEEK slipped away, and during that time so much was accomplished by our heroine, that the days appeared to have quadrupled, not from their tediousness by any means, but because so much had been done, and because she already began to feel at home. In the first place she had met and been introduced to the five pairs of dreaded eyes which looked upon her from the several heads of Mrs. King's five boarders—that was a stake, which when "done, 'twere best done quickly" Amy thought, and therefore she had met them all formally at breakfast the morning following her arrival.

First there was Mr. Badger, whose cold, grey eyes were disposed to look with all the severity of an outraged bachelor, upon that piece of woman-kind, who had invaded his territories, and compelled him by force either to the Hall-bed-room, or the Hall door—which—he had not yet decided. He sat at the head of the board, like a bear at the *steak*, growling and jerking his elbows. At his

right sat Miss Minkins, a young lady with a freckled face and faint blue eyes, of the most affluent connections, and belonging to the highest classes of society, as she afterwards informed Amy, but from some unlucky shaping of Destiny, it had become her destiny to shape for others, and so went out every morning with a small roll of newspaper in her hand. Next to her was the burly, good natured captain of the fine sloop Dorothy, which plied semi-weekly between Coientics Slip and Stonington, and who always entered the house with "ship-ahoy!" as a salutation to his landlady. His face was sea-burned, and his iron-grey hair stood up as stiff as if brushed by a north-easter, and bandolined with frost—his large, clear blue eye twinkled with fun, and Miss Minkins was his especial joke, whose "la Captain!" was the unvarying refrain to all his remarks. Opposite to the captain sat a fair widow—a sentimental lady, thin, shadowy—who always protested that her heart was too full to eat, that her sighs and tears were the only food for widowed love which she could relish, and yet always contrived like a christian, to support her frail frame, with two eggs, a generous piece of steak, three slices of toast, and two cups of coffee. She came to the table with a sigh, and left it with a sigh,—the captain affirmed he always knew the moment when Mrs. Rueful left her chamber, because the breeze freshened! She was young, for she said so—and, although many grey hairs would intrude upon the sight, despite black crape bows and pomatum, she took pains to enlighten the ignorance of the company by assuring them that grey hairs were no indication of age—that grey hairs run in families. And lastly, opposite to Amy sat a wild-eyed, cadaverous, hook-nosed youth, Miss Minkins thought from his Byron collar, that he must be a poet—he might

have been: for his eyes, like "poor Jack's," were always "looking aloft," and he had a habit of running his long fingers through his hair, as if scratching up ideas from their yet undiscovered depths—his occupation was a mystery—he was always met on the stairs making a rush either up or down, as if about to do some desperate deed, but when the street door closed after him, no one knew what became of him—he suddenly disappeared as if the earth had taken him in.

So much for those whom Amy was called upon to meet three times each day at meals.

When she had unpacked her trunk, and she could not do it without tears, as she thought of her grand-mother—and had arranged her books, her drawings, and other little things about the room, they imparted at once an "at home" air which was inexpressibly pleasant to her. Mrs. King had succeeded in engaging some plain-sewing from a lady up town, upon which Amy set to work with an alacrity and cheerfulness proportionate to her good intentions—so does the consciousness of doing right make even a hard task easy! Ere the sun rose, she sat at her work, her busy needle swiftly accomplishing its task, and at night, until the city clocks chimed "twelve"—and the lugubrious cry of the watchman proclaimed "all's well," did Amy still continue her task, and then—

*"Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness."*

Little Pauline in the mean time flew around the room, and up and down the stairs like a bright-winged singing-bird. Amy could not have felt lonely with her near. The little girl seemed very happy. This sweet union

with a new-found sister, had very much softened her grief for her dear father, she never spoke of him, it is true, without a tear welling up to her beautiful eyes, yet with the elasticity of childhood, "the tear forgot as soon as shed," she would the next moment be singing to Amy some sweet little verse which she had sang to papa in Italy. Amy saw the child's life had ever been as free as the flight of a bird in the wild wood—that she had no idea of any order or system, and that for her future good she must at once commence a task which she trusted the affection of Pauline would render a pleasant one, so after the first few days, she drew up her plan something after the fashion of her dear old governess, Mrs. Bowem, and gave little Pauline her daily tasks and lessons. She soon saw that sister Amy was in earnest, and after one or two attempts to free herself from the silken, tho' strong fetters which stayed her flight, she meekly folded her wings and sat down, still singing.

Perhaps old Sybil was the happiest of the party—she certainly felt the most important. She had managed to impress Mrs. King with a sense of her superior tact in the concocting of soups and other condiments, and could prepare the most palatable and at the same time the most economical cakes and puddings, and in a short time, partly by sounding her own trumpet, she maintained a pretty fair sway in the kitchen. Then she would tell Mrs. King that there was no work she loved so well as to iron shirts and dickeys, and would, therefore, take her stand at the ironing board—in short, Sybil was determined to work her way clear—she had agreed upon it—and Mrs. King never saw any reason to repent of her bargain.

If singing be a proof of a light heart, then was Sybil

so, for her Methodist hymns, or the air of some quaint old ballad, came up daily from the kitchen, like incense to Amy's heart—it made her so happy that this faithful old creature was cheerful and contented.

When she had finished whatever house-work she felt it her duty to perform, then she would go up stairs, put on a clean apron and stiff bright turban, and sit down with her children. She was a beautiful seamstress too, and often insisted on helping Amy, and many a time she would watch her opportunity, and slyly steal a piece of work from her basket, and take it up to her own little attic room, where may be she would sit up half the night to finish it, and then in the morning when Amy went to her work-basket, she would find that the Brownies had been busy—but she knew who her Brownie was! Finally, Sybil told her, she thought it was the “dreffulest nonsensical,” for her to be sewing away on such common work—she had better be doing something prettier, such as embroidery or drawing, for which she would be paid as much again, as for such plain common stuff—she could do that sort of work herself, she said, for she had plenty of time! Amy took her advice—only she told Sybil she never would consent to her doing the sewing—she must not confine herself so closely after being in the kitchen all the morning. Sybil yielded to her arguments very lamb-like, and then went down stairs, and bargained with Mrs. King to engage for her the work which Amy was to reject, and thus, without the knowledge of her young Mistress, she was accumulating a snug little sum to add to their hoard.

The drawings of Amy, and her little fancy articles, proved much more lucrative than her former employment, and found quite a ready sale. Sybil, however, sagely suggested that these proofs of Amy's industry and taste

would be much more likely to find purchasers with many who would not buy them at a store for the extravagance of the thing, but would fancy if they purchased them at their own door, that they were getting them much cheaper—making a real bargain! So she coaxed her young Mistress to let her undertake the sale.

The things were all arranged very tastefully in an open basket, and proud of her enterprise, Sybil, leading little Pauline, who had entreated to go, with one hand, and taking the basket in the other, set forth upon her expedition.

Many eyes were turned with curiosity upon the old woman's vendibles as she pursued her way up Beekman street, but they rested longer upon the beautiful child she led by the hand. Many of the richest citizens at that time resided in that quarter of the city, where she chose to offer her goods—they passed on, however from house to house, finding much praise, but few customers, until old Sybil got quite angry, and with a toss of her head declared :

"Dere was no 'spectable ladies ob taste in de hull city ob New York!"

She then crossed with her young charge to Vesey street. As they were passing the studio of a celebrated Artist, Pauline entreated Sybil to take her in. She was extremely fond of paintings, and after some hesitation, the old woman finally complied with the request of the little girl. The artist sat at his easel :

"What do you wish my good woman?" he said, carelessly looking around.

Sybil made her very lowest courtesy, and in her choicest language, informed him that the little girl was very fond

of pictures, and asked his permission to look at the very 'bootiful specimens!"

Engaged with his subject, which was a large figure-piece, he scarcely heeded what she said, but gave her liberty to walk around the room, only stipulating that she must be very careful not to touch the paintings.

The eyes of little Pauline sparkled with pleasure, as she passed from picture to picture—when, suddenly she paused, and full of the associations which the scene called up, she asked Sybil if she did not think it would be nice, if she could earn some money like sister Amy.

The old woman laughed to herself:

"Hear to de little critter bless her heart! yes, it would be berry nice Missy P'line—'cause you knows de little ant's allers is busy! high! you tink you can arn a penny to buy de stick ob nice candy eh?"

"I don't know"—said Pauline, thoughtfully, "but I remember how Madeline used to come to Papa, and I don't see why I can't!" so saying she rapidly threw off her bonnet, shook back her glossy curls, and ere Sybil could stop her she stood before the artist.

"Do you want a model, Signor?" she asked in soft Italian. Then immediately placed herself in an attitude which she had often seen Madeline assume. Her beautiful eyes were lifted to Heaven, her fair arms raised as if to welcome some glorious visitant, upon whom those eyes were resting, her sweet face was glowing with excitement, and her small symmetrical figure poised with bewitching grace upon one little foot, as if about to spring upward—the whole attitude, the face, the air, the meaning, were all inexpressibly captivating.

The artist was taken completely by surprise. He dropped his pencil and gazed upon the beautiful vision

unable to speak—but even while he gazed, the little girl resumed her natural look and manner, and with artless naivete repeated the question :

“Do you want a model, Signor?”

“Were you sent here by Heaven, you charming child?” he asked still taking in her loveliness.

“No, Signor, I came with Sybil,” Pauline answered.

“I do want a model, my dear little girl, such a lovely one as you are! I will sketch you this moment.”

Pauline was perfectly delighted—her face all radiant with smiles, she laughed, she clapped her hands, and danced around like a fairy, as she saw him preparing his canvass.

But here wise old Sybil interfered, and despite all the child's entreaties and her tears, she would not suffer her as she said, “to hab her pieter tooked.”

The artist too added his persuasions, even to the display of a gold piece. He assured her he had long wished for such a sweet face and form—that he wanted to introduce her as an angel, into a large grouping he had designed from Scripture, but Sybil shook her head solemnly, and said, “my little Missy mustn't be in de company of dem good 'postles and peoples, until one ob dese days when mebbe de Lord will put her dere!”

He asked her where she lived, but Sybil didn't “lib just nowhere 'ticklar 'long shore, and round!” Would she bring the little girl to see him again. Sybil made another most respectful courtesy, and holding Pauline tightly by the hand as she withdrew, said,

“You'se berry obligatory—p'raps I will, and p'raps I won't.”

Thus ended little Pauline's first and last attempt at modelizing, as also, poor old Sybil's peddling expeditions—their golden hopes dashed to the earth.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Lord ! how all creatures laughed when her they spied,
And leaped and danced as they had ravished been,
And Cupid's self about her fluttered all in green !

SPENCER.

THE months of May and June passed away, and then breathing sickly odors July came on, and the scorching sun beat down with painful glare upon the slated roof, upon the hot, dusty pavements. The faint wind which swept up the street, had lost the purity and fragrance with which it had first laden its wings afar, and now, tainted with garbage and the noxious vapor from the reeking sewer, sickened the senses and stole to the seat of life. How like many a fair and promising youth who leaves his peaceful home in some secluded vale, and buoyed with hope seeks the city's din—how like that breeze he too soon becomes corrupted and impure—loses all the bright promises of glorious youth, and buries his hopes of manhood in the seething caldron of vice fed by a thousand streams !

This was to have been Amy's first summer at Saratoga ! how different was her young life passing now ! yet among all that fair and lovely group that clustered around

health's bubbling fountain, or circled in the mazy dance to strains of delicious music, there beat not a heart more pure, more free from all selfishness, than that which pulsated in the bosom of our Amy, as in the close limits of her sultry chamber she cheerfully and diligently busied her fingers for the little charge who sat by her side.

She had already won for herself a place in the hearts around her. Even Mr. Badger not only smiled graciously, but with an admiration which seriously threatened his Benedict—ine vows! he was even gallant, and daily offered her the "first fruits of the season," springing to the market boats almost before they touched the dock, to choose for Amy the freshest and fairest of their freight. True, he never meant to marry—marry, not he! but if ever he should be for-sworn, if ever he should commit such an absurdity, Amy was the sorceress who would compel him to the deed—this he did not intend you or I, reader, to know—he merely confessed it to himself one night after he had kicked poor pussy from the room, for he was almost distracted, and could not bear such *felines*. The good natured captain, too, would sometimes tap at her door with "ship-ahoy!" and put into her hands for herself and Pauline a little basket of ripe, ruby currants resting so temptingly in their bright, green leaves, and which he had brought on purpose for her from Stonington, and, one day, astonished her by an offering of green peas and two summer squashes! The wild-eyed youth looked more wild, and scratched more intently, and one night rushed past Amy in the hall, and, as if aiming a deadly blow at her heart, thrust at her a roll of white paper, which proved to be verses—frenzied words set to

rhyme—so darkly sublime and mystical, as if inspired by the *meurs* of night.

Our fortunate heroine also passed unscathed the ordeal of Mrs. Rueful's penetrating glances, and having been called in one day to the toilette of the fair widow, who in the very deepest of black, with sighs and groans was to be victimized to a pleasurable pic-nic, and having, by some cunning trick of her little fingers, contrived a shelter for the hairs that would not mourn with her, from that moment she was as a "jewel in an Ethiop's ear" to the widow—only she was so robust, and would eat with so much appetite! how could she! but then she had never lost her bosom companion,—as she told Mrs. King one night, while forcing down her nine o'clock supper of two dozen oysters and a bottle of ale! Poor little Miss Minkins, now almost a shadowy shape, worshipped Amy, for when she would come in from her day's work, looking so pale and worn, and with, perhaps, some unfinished garment in her hand, which necessity compelled her to complete, Amy would take the poor, jaded young girl into her own more airy chamber, and help her on with the tedious work.

The sultry summer advanced, growing more and more oppressive as the dog-days drew near, and sickness and death were all around. Little Pauline began to droop like some fair flower transplanted to ungenial climes. She was never a robust, hearty child—she was always delicate, and her color never deepened beyond the faintest tinge of the rose—but now even that faded out, leaving only the lily. Her light step grew languid, and more seldom was her merry little voice heard about the house. Poor Amy's heart sank within her as she watched the change, and she wept aloud when she remembered the beautiful

groves at Lorraine Park, its birds and flowers, and more than all, the fresh, grateful wind, so balmy and sweet which wafted up from the Hudson.

"O cruel, cruel grand-mother!" she cried—"could you not shelter there this delicate, lovely child—your own flesh and blood! must I see her die when you could save!"

What could she do for Pauline! she had no where to go! she thought of Dr. Woodville, whose address she had taken down from the lips of Saville—should she write to him!

Then there came a longing desire for the home of her childhood—could she but find her way to Leslie Farm! then, then would they be happy and safe! But she did not know even in what direction to look for that haven of refuge.

"Sybil, dear Sybil!" she asked, "can't you recollect? did you never hear grand-mother say where it was?"

"No, Missy, I disremembers all 'bout it!" answered Sybil, sorrowfully, "I was so 'pletely obfusticated at de time—dere was de steamboat you know, Missy—and den we stopped all night at, at Albany—hi! for sure—yes Albany, now I'se 'clare on dat part ob speech—den we trabelled and trabelled, as de little story book say, two or tree days, and—dat's all I knows poor ole critter! don't know noting, only see de big ole trees, and de little children with de nuts, and my dear Missy Beetrice's little gal 'mong 'em!"

Suddenly the thought of her childhood's early friend, Harry Gordon, flashed upon Amy—it was electric! why had she not thought of him before! She remembered so well the morning when she had been torn from his arms, and never allowed to see him again. She used then to

think upon him as her champion and deliverer from all her little troubles—he it was who would now help her out of this great sorrow! Perhaps he was still at the same store, and yet when she remembered the years which had flown, since that accidental meeting, her heart sank within her she was then only ten, and now, in two months more, she would be eighteen!

Then the street and the store, were involved in a labyrinth of other streets and stores! she could give no clue either to identify the place—she only remembered turning out of Broadway into a long narrow street, and that there she found her dear Harry!

She made her perplexity known to Mrs. King, who undertook to look up her friend, if he was to be found within the limits of New York city. The narrow street which Amy had described, she placed her finger upon as Pine street, and accordingly sallied forth from Coenties slip, one of the hottest mornings in July, upon her rather Quixotic errand, it was, she said, like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay!

Up one side, and down the other of Pine street, did the good lady prosecute her search, inquiring at every store, if Mr. Gorden was in, and if that was his place of business. Some answered her gruffly, that they knew no such person, and not a few of the gay, frolicsome clerks were disposed to have a joke at her expense. By a most fortunate chance, she at length did enter the very store which for several years after Amy had there met her friend, flourished under the firm of Yates, Gorden & Co., and was now managed by one of the junior partners of the old house. This gentleman happened to be at his desk, and hearing the name of Gorden, and noticing the *anxious* looks of the questioner, he came forward.

"Why, Madam, Mr. Gorden retired from this concern, over three years since," he said.

"Did he indeed! is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. King, as if she was astonished that she had not heard of it before. "I mean Mr. Harry Gorden!"

"Yes, Harry Gorden—it is the same."

"Can you tell me where I can find him? there is a very particular friend of his in the city, who is very anxious to see him or hear from him.

"Certainly—with pleasure," and taking out his pencil, the gentleman in a moment placed in her hands a card.

"Mr. Harry Gorden, Auburn, N. Y."

Mrs. King was profuse in her thanks, and with a light step and smiling face returned to gladden Amy's heart.



CHAPTER XLVII.

"She half enclosed me in her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face."

COLERIDGE.

In less than an hour after Mrs. King's return, the following brief letter was placed in the Post Office :

Amy to Harry Gordon.

"DEAR HARRY,

Do you remember little Amy? do you remember the little girl you once loved so much? yes, I am sure you do. She has not forgotten her dear friend Harry. I want to return to my old home—to Leslie-Farm, but I have lost my way, like a little child—I never found the road back, you know, from those old chestnut woods! Will you tell me where it is, and how I can find it?

Direct to Miss Lorraine, 12 Coienties Slip.

Your own Amy."

When Amy sat down to her desk to pen those simple lines, her heart was brimful of joy, and her eyes dim with

glad tears, which she dashed from them as she wrote. As her pen traced the page, the visions of her childhood brightened and freshened to her mind. Once more she was a little girl, and forgetting the changes which time must have wrought in both, she wrote to Harry with the same child-like trusting confidence, that she would have done six years before.

It was not until after her letter had gone, that she began to look upon the dark side of the picture, which her hopes had sketched of the old Farm House, and those who dwelt there! did they still dwell there! or had the farm passed into the hands of strangers, and those she loved—where? perhaps dead. But Amy was not one to dwell upon the dark side of life—she was always for the sunshine. Her heart basked gratefully in its rays, while they played about her path, and when the storm-clouds shut them in,—then she looked upward for light, and found that “every cloud had its silver lining.”

A week passed, and one morning early, there came a quick ring at the door. A manly step sounded through the hall, and up the stairs into Mrs. King’s little parlor, and then Biddy brought her a card:

“He has come! Harry has come!” exclaimed Amy, casting aside her work, and springing lightly down stairs.

Her face radiant with joy, she flew into the parlor with outstretched hands, and then — suddenly stopped, blushing, confused, and ashamed! for in the centre of the room stood a stranger—a fine looking man, tall, robust in frame, and his dark brown locks already slightly silvered. This was not Harry—her Harry Gorden!

He, too, started, and bent a look of surprise and admiration upon the beautiful girl before him:

"I beg pardon, Sir,"—stammered Amy, blushing more and more as she spoke,—“I expected to have met a friend.”

“Amy!” said the stranger opening his arms and advancing. She gave a joyful sob, half laugh, and half cry, and meeting them, they closed about her as lovingly as of old.

Then Amy withdrew herself, blushing, from them.

“And you did not know Harry, after all!” said Gorden, holding her off from him, and looking upon her with the same tender expression as in her childhood.

“No, I did not at first,—but your voice, your eyes, O now I know you! Should you have known me?” continued Amy, as hand in hand they still stood in the centre of the room, as if there were no such things as chairs.

“Do you think I could ever forget you, my little pet? why Amy, I really believe I should have known you, if I had passed you in the most crowded part of Broadway I should’nt have wanted but one good look at your bright face! that would have been enough. But you did not expect to see almost an old man—a gray-headed bachelor did you?”

“Well, not exactly,” answered Amy, smiling—“I did expect to see a younger man—I did not think you could have gray hairs! but I think,” she said, as she took a long look at his pleasant face, and met the pressure of his lips, as he drew her to him, “yes, I think I shall love you better. And tell me,” she added—as they seated themselves upon the sofa—“tell me, are they all well at the farm—my dear mother and father?”

“Yes, the old folks are as hearty as bucks Amy”—answered Gorden, in his old blunt cheerful tones.

"And mother?"

"Such a woman as Betsy Leslie won't grow old in a hurry! but I tell you what, Amy, your loss played the deuce with her for a time—however, she brightened up after a while, and now she has got Bessie's babies to look after."

"Dear Bessie—and she is married then?" said Amy, looking very happy.

"Yes, to a fine young black-smith in the village. He is building now, and so Bessie and the babies are with the old folks, until the house is done."

"And have they forgotten me?"

"Not they,—they will never forget you, altho' they don't speak of you very often, in my presence—I won't allow it, I'll be hanged if I will!"

"But why, Harry?" asked Amy, laughing.

"Why? because I have to act so like a confounded fool and eat my own tongue! you know—no you don't, but I promised that she-dragon, your aunt, beg your pardon, Amy—I promised Mrs. Lorraine that I would never let them know I had seen you—what do you think of that? how is that—ahem, ahem—how is your aunt, Amy?"

"She is well, I believe. Did you say you promised aunt? when?"

"That I will tell you by and by, my darling girl, but first I want to know all your troubles or pleasures whichever they are. There is some mystery, I know, about your being down in this hot place instead of the pleasant Square, and you must tell me what it is, and why you are going back to Leslie Farm—and remember, Amy, here is one"—he continued, looking upon her with all the

affectionate tenderness of his good heart—"here is one who will stand by your side, heart and hand, forever!"

"Thank you, dear Harry! wait a few moments and I will tell you all—excuse me, I will soon return" said Amy.

She then ran up stairs to look after Pauline, to see if she was happy without her—gave her some nice fresh berries which the Captain had that morning brought her from the sloop, and then telling her that she would soon come back and take her down stairs to see a gentleman whom she would love dearly, she kissed the little girl and left her. But before returning to the parlor, she flew down into the kitchen, and clasping old Sybil's arm, as she held aloft a shirt of Mr. Badger's which she was about to place in glossy folds upon the clothes-horse, almost breathless with excitement, she said:

"Dear Sybil, only think, Harry has come—Harry is up stairs!"

"De ole Harry he be!" exclaimed Sybil, "I 'clare if I ant gwine right off de handle dis minit! hi!" giving the shirt a toss which sent it over the horse upon the floor—hi—'pears as if I wer in de glorifications for sure! now jus look dere—see what I'se done! poor ole bach—'spect he'd roll up dem great white eyes ob his-en, if he see ole nig tossing 'bout his shirts after dis fashun!" and in the exuberance of her joy she caught it up and gave it another toss,—then taking her iron she smoothed out the folds anew.

In the mean time Amy had returned to the parlor, and seated by the side of her true friend, with her hand clasped in his, she artlessly related her touching story. She was not allowed to proceed, however, without many interruptions. The impetuous Gordon could not listen

quietly to such a tale of wrong! now he would start up, and with his large hand tightly closed, fight the air as he walked the room, heaping mentally all kinds of anathemas upon the head of Mrs. Lorraine—the next moment he would clasp both Amy's hands, and while the big tear stole down his cheeks, call her the bravest, the best girl in the world! When she told him of old Sybil's faithful affection, how she had left all the comforts of home to follow her fortunes, and was even now working beyond her strength for her and her little sister, then Gorden said her portrait should be taken and framed in gold, and that he would have it hung in the best room in his house.

"And now bring your little sister to me, Amy," he said, as she concluded her narrative, "bring her to me, and let me see if she is worthy to possess such a sister as you!"

Little Pauline never looked more lovely than when Amy led her into the presence of Gorden. The happiness she saw on her sister's countenance mirrored itself on her own bright face, and as his eye fell upon her, his first thought was of some beautiful angel come down from heaven—his next, that she was a poor little child of earth, without father or mother, and forsaken by all but the dear girl whose hand she held, and he received her with open arms to his heart, and kissing her innocent brow, he vowed never to forsake her.

"Shall I be jealous?" said Amy, resting her hand upon his shoulder—"Pauline must not take all your heart from little Amy!"

"No, you dear girl, no! you have my love, my respect—you are no longer my 'little Amy'—you are a brave noble young woman, and I am proud of you! but this

little thing has my compassion, and I will cherish her as I would have done you at her age—as I will now, Amy.”

At this moment old Sybil began to cough, and make other very significant noises for Amy’s interpretation, as she passed through the hall on her way up stairs. Amy knew the good creature wished to rejoice with her.

“Here is Sybil—shall I ask her in?” she said.

Pauline sprang off Gorden’s lap, and running to the door, signified to Sybil that she must come in.

As her bright plaid turban loomed in the dark passage way, Gorden arose from the sofa, and with as much respect, as if about to salute some royal queen, advanced with a low bow to meet her.

Sybil was not to be outdone in politeness. Seeing the respect with which Gorden made his salutation, she spread out her dress, and made a most profound courtesy, saying, as she slowly straightened herself back:

“I’se most happy, Massa Harry, to hab de honor ob seeing you—I hopes you is in de full edification of heal’, and I bless de Lord dat he hab sent you to be de salvation ob Missy Amy and little Missy P’line!” and this speech was ended with another low obeisance.

“Thank you, good woman!” answered Gorden—“and I too bless the Lord. Take my hand, Sybil—there—I honor you and I respect you for what you have done for your young mistress and this child—and now, Sybil, so long as this head is above the turf, you shall never want a home or a friend! you have been like a mother to these poor children, and God will reward you!”

This was too much “glorification” for poor old Sybil, as she afterwards said—she made several most ludicrous attempts to find her voice, which seemed to be choked

down by the emotions of her old heart, and finally, with a convulsive smile as she passed Amy, said :

“I’se gwine—I’se gwine——” and vanished.

“I ’spect Sybil is going off the handle, sister Amy!” said little Pauline, archly.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Lament in rhyme—lament in prose,
Wi' sant tears trickling down your nose,
Our *Poet's* fate is at a close,
Past a' remead!"

BURNS.

"Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,
All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again."

BRYANT.

OUR heroine was too impatient to get Pauline away from the baneful atmosphere of the city to delay her journey to Leslie Farm. With as light a heart as ever throbbed in the breast of childhood, she set about making her preparations. All her past trials were lost in the present joy of seeing so close at hand health and the pure, fresh breeze for Pauline—for herself, happiness and a home beneath the roof of the dear old farm house. Sybil was now sure that all her dear, young mistress' troubles were over, and she moved about the house with

a step as brisk as in her girlhood. To be sure their arrangements were not very complicated, for poor Amy was not burthened with superfluities.

Had a cannon ball suddenly exploded upon the breakfast table, the effect could scarcely have been more startling, than the announcement from the landlady that Amy was to leave them on the morrow. Mr. Badger, who was about to plunge the carving-knife into the steak set before him, now held it poised aloft, as if debating whether it should be calf or beef, for he felt his own breast ready for its keen point! Little Miss Minkins burst into a flood of genuine tears and vanished—leaving no trace. The captain dropped his coffee cup—pushed back his chair, and cried “Thunder!” in a voice which seemed to echo heaven’s artillery! The widow started forward, then threw herself back in the prettiest sentimental attitude, and rolling up her eyes, exclaimed:

“Oh, Mrs. King—what shocking news! alas—a little more of the fat if you please, Mr. Badger—oh!”

And the wild, poetic youth made one desperate dive into his cranium, and as if he had caught an idea and meant to hold on to it, rushed from the room, his hand still grasping his frenzied hair.

The morning of the second day after Gorden’s arrival found our heroine all prepared for the journey. But how true it is, that our greatest pleasures have often their alloy, for now, although so near the goal of her fondest wishes, Amy’s heart was sorrowful at parting with the excellent woman under whose roof she had received so much kindness. It was sad, too, to say farewell to the group who gathered about her as the carriage came to the door. But it must be spoken—there could be no more delay, for time was urgent, so, fondly embracing Mrs. King and

pressing her lips to the cheek of Mrs. Rueful and Min-kins, Amy sprang into the carriage, where little Pauline, all smiles and tears, was already seated. Sybil followed, in the most dignified manner receiving the adieus and good wishes of Mrs. King and the boarders, making several low bows and courtesies as she descended the steps, and waving her hand graciously to Biddy whose head protruded from the cellar door.

"Farewell! good-by!—good-by! good-by!" echoed back from the carriage as it disappeared around the corner:

"A very interesting young man—that Mr. Gorden! he reminds me so much of my poor dear Rueful," said the widow.

"Young man! why, zounds Madam, his figure-head is nearly as gray as mine!"

"Dear captain—you know gray hairs are no indication of age—they sometimes spring up in the most youthful heads!"

"And by thunder," exclaimed the captain—*sotto-voce*, "I should think they had gone to seed in yours!"

And now the wharves with their crowded craft, the ware-houses, the green trees of the battery, the old Fort, and lastly the tall spires of the city disappear, as the boat trims her way swiftly through the peopled waters, and at length, free from all obstacles, "like a thing of life," speeds her way on through the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, leaving far behind her the city's din. The bright blue Heaven unclouded and serene bends over them, on either side green swelling banks fringed with shrubberies greet their sight, and the soft wind laden with fragrance fans their grateful cheeks.

Leaning on Gorden's arm, Amy walked the deck, so buoyant in her happiness, with a step so free and a heart

so glad, as if she could have soared away upon the invigorating breeze which swept around them. Sybil and Pauline were seated under an awning on the forward deck, enjoying the pleasure of the hour, especially the little girl. There was much in the scene to remind her of her own native Italy, and as the boat continued on its beautiful track, Pauline looked upon the lovely shores of the Hudson, and thought of the many fair villas which sprinkled the banks of the Arno.

Suddenly Amy paused in her walk, and fastened her eyes with a saddened expression upon the opposite shore. A spacious lawn swept down to the river bank, dotted with clumps of foliage—cool and shady were the long avenues which darkened and deepened as the eye traced their windings up to the noble mansion, whose turrets rose above the sea of verdure:

“See Harry—there is Lorraine Park!”

She looked at Sybil—the old woman pointed significantly to the charming spot, and then Amy saw her wipe her eyes and turn her head sorrowfully away.

They passed the night at Albany, and ere the sun rose the next morning the happy party were on their route. A light mist hung over the landscape, the grass and the wild flowers which skirted the road-side, shimmered with dew-drops, and here and there lay gossamer vails which the fairies had carelessly dropped by moon-light. The birds made vocal the air with their matin hymns, and the wind laughed and played with them in the branches of the trees where their nests were hidden—cattle were lowing in the barn-yards, sheep were frolicking upon the hill-sides, and bare-footed boys with merry glee were driving the cows to pasture, each with her tinkling bell browsing as she went. Then up rose the jolly sun, looking flushed

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as from a Bacchaute feast, and shaking off the rosy arms of morning, hied him to his glorious course—away floated the misty vail, fold after fold disappearing, the mountain tops made bare their summits, and the river gleamed darkly blue and beautiful, as the eye traced its windings, specked by the white wings of gliding vessels. Nature wore a face of gladness, but not more so than those which were now dwelling upon her loveliness:

"Look, dear Harry," said Amy, as her heart rose in gratitude to her lips, and pointing to the wide-spread landscape:

"Thou visitest the earth and blessest it, thou makest it very plenteous. The folds shall be full of sheep, the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing."

It seemed to Amy, that little Pauline already began to improve. As the carriage rolled along the shady forest road her little voice echoed merrily through its depths, and now and then she would be lifted in the arms of Gordon to some little nook all glowing with wild flowers, and there while the horses breathed, Gordon and Amy would pluck from the vines which trailed over the old stumps and lichened rocks, the luscious black-berry, to allay her thirst, and old Sybil wandering off to a safe distance among the trees would sing softly to herself her favorite hymns.

These scenes reminded Amy so much of her childhood, when with their little baskets in their hands, she and Bes-sie would search the wild wood and the meadow, for the first ripe berries—often too, Harry himself led them the way to some distant field, where they grew in greater profusion, and helped to fill their baskets with the juicy fruit, and now with him again at her side, Amy felt once

more like a child. Gorden watched her animated countenance with delight, and forgetting that he was no longer to look upon her as his "little Amy," but as a "brave young woman," he several times caught himself as of old crying out, "you dear little pet you!"—"you lamb-kin!" at which both Amy and Pauline would laugh merrily.

On the evening of the third day from leaving New York, our travellers drew near to Auburn, and Amy's heart fluttered as it had never done before—so near, so very near to the dear old farm.

"You will not go to the old farm-house to night, Amy."

"Dear Harry, why not?"

"Because I have taken it into my head that you shall all go home with me, and in the morning, Amy, you must go over by yourself, and see if they will recollect you. The sun is almost down you see—before we could reach the farm, it would be quite late, and as Bessie and her little ones are there, why Mrs. Leslie might not be able to fold all her lambs to her mind."

"'Specially if one ob dem be black, Massa Harry!" added Sybil, with one of her silent laughs.

For a minute Amy looked a little disappointed—she then said cheerfully:

"Well, Harry, you know best—yes, I really like your plan! it might as you say, put mother to some inconvenience, and it will be so delightful too to take them all by surprise. I will walk up the yard like some great stranger, and then I will give a very smart rap at the door, and when dear mother or some one else comes to open it, I will bow in the most dignified manner—so—and then I will say, "pray my good ——— O I never could go

through with it in the world, I know—I should say, 'here is Amy!' I know I should!"

"That's just the way you'll do pet!"

"But, perhaps, it will not be convenient for you to receive such an addition to your family."

"I keep bachelor's hall you know, Amy—plenty of room."

"Not for woman-kind," she replied archly.

"When I receive you dear girl beneath my roof, I shall think I entertain 'an angel,' but not 'unawares,'"—was Gorden's answer. "There is Auburn," he continued as the carriage now reached the summit of a long hill, pointing to the gilded spires and clustering roofs of a beautiful town.

Amy looked with astonishment. Could that be Auburn!

One of the pictures, tho' very dim, which her memory still retained, was of Auburn—but it was of a small village, with a few white houses and flaming red roofs—of a store, which to her childish view, was a perfect Eldorado, in its heterogeneous assortment—of the tavern which stood at the corner of the four roads, with its creaking sign-board, bearing George Washington in a cocked hat upon the one side, and a rampant quadruped supposed to be a horse upon the other, significant of entertainment for man and beast, and which always reminded her as she gazed upon it of Haman on the high gallows, as he appeared in mother's bible! such was the Auburn she remembered, and now when Gorden pointed to yon populous and lovely town, she could scarcely realize the change.

Swiftly the carriage rolled over the pavements of the principal street, Amy looking in vain from the window for those objects of her childish admiration, and then out again once more into the open fields, and along the mar-

gin of the beautiful Owasco, rippling gently to the shore, in golden wavelets under the beams of the setting-sun.

“What a beautiful situation!” exclaimed our heroine, as her eye followed the windings of a carriage road, which, under the inter-lacing branches of graceful elms and sycamores, led up to a cheerful looking dwelling, resting on a gentle slope, as green and as fresh as the first tints of spring.

“You think so?” said Gorden, with a bright smile, as at the moment the carriage passed through a large gate-way and bowled rapidly beneath those shady trees.

“Why, where are we going?” asked Amy, surprised.

“Home, Amy—this is the bachelor’s roost, and it shall be your home pet, and yours little cowslip, and yours too, Sybil.”

At the sound of wheels, a little negro, who was balancing himself upon the fence, was seen to turn a somerset, and make a rush for the barn-yard, crying out:

“Master—Master has come!”

A movement which was followed instanter by the appearance of two stout Irishmen at the bars, with a running accompaniment of “mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,” who with joyful clamor, leaped around their master, as he sprang from the carriage.

A pleasant looking old lady now came to the door, and welcoming her nephew and his guests with great cordiality, led the way to a cosy little sitting-room, while Gorden lingered a moment upon the piazza to give some directions to his men.

A most tempting supper for the travellers—fish fresh from the bosom of the lake, chickens who had yielded

their heads to the block in honor of the occasion, with other grateful viands, were soon placed upon the table, which was waited upon by the grinning little black-boy, who in a clean white apron stood behind his master's chair, his great white eyes forever rolling round upon the sunny head of Pauline.

After tea, Gorden and Amy strolled out into the grove, and along the lake-shore, while little Pauline, weary but full of joy, sank to sleep in the pleasantest of moon-lit chambers, and old Sybil sat by her side, and glorified in Psalms and thanksgivings.

Returning to the house, Gorden led the way into a prettily furnished parlor, where his aunt sat reading by the shaded argand. A piano caught Amy's eye—she had not touched one, since she left her grandmother.

"A piano—how delightful!" she exclaimed, running her fingers joyfully over the keys, to test its tone, and then gliding gracefully into a brilliant overture. Gorden listened delighted.

"But who plays? do you, Mrs. Gray? do you? to Gorden. The old lady smiled, and shook her head.

"Harry is the only musician here, my dear," she said.

Amy sprang up and seizing Gorden by both hands: "And you play? that is so pleasant—come Harry do let me hear you!"

"Not until you have sung for me—you can sing, I know, for I have heard you."

"Heard me? when?"

"No matter now, pet." He had never told her how often he had listened to her voice under the shelter of those old trees by the Park.

Amy began a plaintive little air which she considered one of her gems, but ere she had finished the first stanza,

she suddenly dashed off into a gay barcarolle, more in unison with her feelings, in which Gorden's fine voice joined the refrain.

Then he sat down to the piano, and played one of Beethoven's glorious compositions, with masterly skill.

"What a splendid touch you have, Harry—how finely you play!" said Amy, leaning over his shoulder.

Again Gorden placed the happy girl at the instrument, and their blended voices made pleasant music in the Bachelor's roost.

Eleven! chimed the tall old clock in the corner.

"Good-night, Harry."

"Good-night, lamb-kin."

CHAPTER XLIX.

"There's nothing on earth, in sea or air,
Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare!
'Tis like the returning bloom
Of days gone by,
When I loved each hour---I scarce knew whom---
And was blessed---I scarce knew why."

MOORE.

THE sun arose the next morning with a very smiling face, as if he expected to look upon pleasant scenes ere he went to bed again, and as Amy was to keep him company, he peeped in at her window to call her. He found her already dressed, looking as fresh and sweet as a rose, and he stole behind a big tree, a little dashed that she was up before him.

As soon as breakfast was over, Gordon's gig was brought round to the door. Pauline and Sybil, nothing loth, were to remain with Mrs. Grey, until after the return from the farm. Every object was new and replete with pleasure to the little girl---the pigs, the ducklings, the little chickens, were all she thought, such very funny little

things, and as she stood under the shade of the old elm, with a bowl of yellow meal, and the feathery brood came fluttering and cackling around at her call, she laughed and danced with glee. Amy saw her from the window, and raising her eyes beaming with gratitude to Gorden who stood by her side:

"Look—she will get well now, Harry," she said.

Sybil too walked about the grounds with grave dignity, to the great scandal of the old turkey gobbler. Considering her red turban as an infringement upon his rights, he lowered his head, spread wide his tail, and made after her.

"Hi! now you silly ole critter! shoo—o—'spose you tink you can scare ole Sybil! shoo—oo—shoo—o—dere—now I 'spect de nex time you know better!" as she met his ruffled greatness with a smart switch.

"Now Amy, I am going to take you within sight of the old farm house,"—said Gorden as he placed himself by her side in the gig,—“for the rest you must form your own plans, and I will join you as soon as I think the denouement complete. Soh, Beauty—allons!”

The spirited young animal pricked up her ears, tossed her head proudly, as she felt the light rein sweep her glossy neck, then at a gallant pace, set forward, the wheels rolling swiftly over the smooth turnpike.

Amy could scarcely speak, as every moment brought her nearer and nearer to the home of her childhood—her emotion was too great for words, and her voice died away, in the music of her soul. How eagerly her eyes wandered over the landscape, resting upon green fields, and spreading forests, which she could not in truth remember, yet fancying she knew them all, and the delusion was so

pleasant, that she did not attempt to reason with herself as to its fallacy.

The gig turned at length into a little cross-road, delightfully shady, and spun along over the ruts and pebble stones, when suddenly Amy placed her hand upon the arm of her companion.

"Stop here one moment will you, Harry?" and Gordon drew up in the shade of a large tree, which swept over the road. "This is the spot, I know it is!" she exclaimed. "Yes, dear Harry, there are the old chestnut-woods, as I have often seen them in my dreams—and there, just there in that little lane, see by that broken tree, there is where the carriage stood, when"—

She could not finish the sentence—it was strange to be so joyful and yet weep!

She was right. The noble wood which now arose on their left was, indeed, the same old chestnut-grove, whose shaded depths memory had so often recalled. The swelling music of those old trees, as the wind swayed their branches, she had heard in her childhood, as her little feet rustled the dry leaves around their trunks.

"And now we must be almost there—are we not?" she asked, as the gig again rolled on.

"Look!" answered Gordon, pointing with his whip to a little farm house reposing quietly in the pleasant valley, now made visible by a bend of the road,—“look Amy, there it is—there is Leslie Farm!”

Seen through eyes dimmed with joyful tears, were the broad swelling fields of green wheat and corn, the pastures where the cattle fed, the little pine grove, the dear old farm house, its blue smoke curling gracefully in the peaceful air, the barn, and the brave old oaks! yes—she

was once more there, her soul's yearnings were satisfied.

"Shall I alight here, Harry?" she said in a few moments.

"I think you had better, pet," and throwing the reins over Beauty's neck, Gorden sprang from the gig—but before he could assist her, Amy, light as a Sylph, stood upon the green sward by his side:

"Why, how you tremble, you dear little thing! now do you think you can find the way without me?" he said, archly.

"See if I don't!" she replied laughing, as she ran swiftly along the road-side path.

"Stop, stop, Amy! I thought you were to personate a dignified young lady!" Gorden called after her.

She kissed her hand back for an answer, and waving an adieu, somewhat abated her speed.

As every step brought her nearer, so did everything her eye rested upon seem restored to her memory with strange fidelity—her heart throbbed so joyfully, she could not go on, and she paused for a few moments to gain a little self-control, under the screen of the ragged old Butter-nut tree, in whose hollow trunk Bessie and herself had often set up housekeeping with their rag-dolls, and as she now stooped down and peeped within the rifted seam, bits of broken glass and gay crockery attested to the faithfulness of her memory.

Thus concealed from observation, Amy looked upon her old home. And it has not much changed dear reader, since we saw it last: arrived at a good old age, it scorns modern innovations, and has settled quietly down, unmindful of the winds and the rain, or the touch of time, which can neither make its roof more gray, nor take from

it the pleasant associations of a long life. How well she remembered it: the porch, still enwreathed with the clustering hop-vine, the old barn, the corn-crib, and those old sheltering trees, with the arms of Briareus enfolding the dwelling, and—could that be Mother? that nice little old lady feeding the fowls by the little back stoop! yes, she knew it was—it must be! and Mrs. Leslie little knew as she stood there, surrounded by her feathery brood, what a sincere prayer for her that moment ascended up from the depths of a pure and loving heart!

The door opened—a young woman with a little babe in her arms stepped out upon the porch, and in a pleasant voice, called to some child, whom Amy could not see:

“Take care, Amy, you will hurt your little fingers—go see Grand-ma feed the chickens.” Then dandling her infant to the measure of a gay song, she went in and re-closed the door:

“That was dear Bessie!” said Amy—as now, summoning all her calmness, she drew down her vail and approached the house.

A pretty little girl of two or three summers, was swinging upon the old gate—a fat chubby little thing, whose frock seemed all too small to meet her plump shoulders, and so untied hung loose:

“What is your name?” she asked, patting the little curly head.

“Amy,” answered the child, lifting her large black eyes.

There was a happy smile on Amy’s countenance, as she walked up the well-worn path. Her step faltered a little as she ascended the piazza, she looked upon the old benches, and up at the swallow’s nests, and then she gave

a gentle rap at the door. She could almost hear the pulsation of her heart, as the latch turned. It was opened by Bessie :

"Is—is Mrs. Leslie at home?" she asked.

"She is—won't you walk in?"

And once more, Amy's foot crossed the threshold of the old Farm House!

Bessie led the way into the sitting-room, and then went out to call her mother, wondering very much who the stranger could be that wished to see her.

When she was left alone, Amy's eyes wandered around the apartment, the scene of so many pleasant memories. A new homespun carpet of bright colors covered the floor, and various other additions had been made to its old worn furniture, but in the same corner stood the little cherry candle stand, and still resting upon it those sacred volumes, the Bible and the Hymn Book, objects of her childish veneration :

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"Thou art my hiding place, and my shield : I hope in thy word."

Said Amy reverently, as she looked upon them, for she felt that through the holy influences which they had exerted over her, even in her most tender years, by the blessing of God, her feet had been saved from error, and her young heart led to trust humbly in his grace.

The door re-opened, and Mrs. Leslie herself entered with the same old pleasant smile upon her features—more wrinkles—but they were all lines of goodness.

"How do you do, Ma'am ? this is quite a warm day—won't you have a fan?" she said, offering one to her visi-

tor, then sitting down, she began fanning herself with a newspaper which she took from the table.

Amy tried to say something—all the formal speeches she had framed arose to her lips, but refused utterance. It was of no use—she could not assume indifference, when her joy was so thrilling: with an hysterical sob she started from her chair, threw back her veil:

“Mother, mother don’t you know me? don’t you know your own little Amy!” she cried, throwing her arms about her neck.

“Amy!” screamed Mrs. Leslie—“Amy! it can’t be—it can’t be! let me look at you—yes, it is, I have found my darling child! Oh, Amy, Amy!” she continued to exclaim, pressing her to her bosom, and weeping for joy.

“Dear Mother—how very happy I am!” said Amy, releasing herself from her arms, and looking fondly in her face.

“I declare, it don’t seem possible—it can’t be, why, Amy! is it really you—where did you come from—how did you get back? why how you have grown—dear me—is it you, Amy?”

“I am very sure it is me, dear Mother—I feel that I am your own little Amy, come back to your arms once more, O, I am so happy!” she repeated.

The bed-room door now opened, and Bessie appeared. She stopped at the threshold, surprised at the scene:

“Bessie, I am Amy—indeed I am!” and the next instant the foster-sisters were locked in a joyful embrace.

“Dear—dear, if this don’t beat every thing ever I heard of—who would have thought it!” exclaimed Mrs. Leslie. “How did you get away from that woman? did

you want to come back? and what made her take you away, and where did you go? dear, dear, why I can't believe my eyes—why Amy—Amy Leslie!"

"I will tell you all by and by, dear Mother—but it will be a long story: now I had rather look at you—and where is Father and Lucy, and dear little Johnny?"

"Sure enough, Bessie, do for mercy sake, run quick and call them—O, I forgot your father and Johnny are away up in the corn-field—Lucy is picking peas for dinner. What will Gabriel say, I wonder—I declare, I wish he was home!"

"Dear Bessie," said Amy, placing her hands lovingly upon the shoulders of her sister, and looking into her face—"you have never forgotten me, I know, for there is a dear little thing out there by the gate, who told me her name was Amy—bless you, dear Bessie!"

"Forgotten you! O, Amy—no, indeed, we none of us forgot you! and did you want to come back?"

"Bessie 'even as the hart panteth for the water brooks,' have I longed for this moment."

"There—that sounds natural, I declare! that's just the way you always used to be saying little bits of scripture— I begin to think it is Amy!" said Mrs. Leslie laughing.

At this moment Lucy, a tall pretty looking girl of fifteen, came in with Bessie's baby in her arms:

"Lucy did you eat up all the chestnuts that day, and the candy too, that the old black woman gave you?" said Amy.

Lucy looked from one to the other—she saw tears and smiles blended on their happy faces:

"It is Amy—I know it is!" she cried—and tossing lit-

tle Harry into the arms of his mother, she sprang to the embrace of the dear girl.

A quick manly step was heard at that moment coming up the path; Amy guessed who it was:

"There is Harry Gorden, mother,—Oh, won't he be surprised? exclaimed Lucy, as as she flew from the room to meet him. With both hands extended, and almost breathless with the great news which she had to tell, she cried out:

"Oh Mr. Gorden, what do you think—she has come back! Amy has come back, she is here, in the house!"

"Whe-w-w! you don't say so! Amy got back—why when did that happen?" with an arch smile at the bright, happy face he saw looking at him from the window.

No sooner did he step his foot within the porch, than Mrs. Leslie and Bessie dragged the laughing girl forward:

"Here she is—here is your pet, your little lamb-kin—as you used to call her!" said Bessie.

"Yes, Harry, thank God this is Amy—after so long, long a time, she has come back! but has'nt she grown? does it seem as if she could be our little Amy.

"Well, she seems quite like her to me," replied Gorden, as he held both Amy's hands and looked into her smiling eyes.

But Mrs. Leslie and Bessie both felt half-dissatisfied that her old friend did not appear more surprised and overjoyed at seeing her.

They all sat down in the porch, the swallows twittering, and the bees humming about them: little Amy clung tightly to Gorden's knees, while the little Harry nestled in his arms, for though a confirmed old bachelor, he

looked upon little children as upon flowers—too innocent and beautiful to be thrust lightly aside.

In a few words Amy now informed her mother that she had come back to live at the old farm house if she would let her—at which she received a hearty kiss, while Bessie and Lucy clapped their hands, until Master Harry gave a loud crow as he peeped up his little head from Gorden's shoulder.

"And, dear mother," she continued, "I have brought with me another claimant for your tenderness and love—a dear, precious little girl——"

"Goody gracious—why, you ain't married, Amy?" interrupted Mrs. Leslie.

"She is my sister—a poor, forsaken little thing——"

"I'll warrant just as you were—and by that same proud, unnatural woman!" was the second interruption.

• "Will you—can you take her too?"

"Why, to be sure I can, and I will! well it beats all—it just seems to me as if I was sent into the world on purpose to take care of that woman's cast off children!"

"Her grand-children mother?"

"Well, that's just as bad—and worse, too, if you hav'nt got any mother! here you little fat shoulders," giving Bessie's baby a loving pinch—"do you think your old granny would cast you off so? but where is your little sister Amy—why didn't you bring her with you? why, la! you might have known I would be glad to see her?"

"Well, I thought lamb-kin had better come alone this morning," said Gorden, with a half-smile—"so we left Pauline and your old friend the darkie, Lucy, at my house."

"At your house, Harry Gorden! well now, I am beat!" exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, lifting up her hands.

With a hearty laugh at her expense, Gorden now informed her that he had himself gone after the party, and brought them home.

Amy now proposed returning for Pauline, fearing the child might feel lonely among strangers, but this Mrs. Leslie stoutly resisted—she said she could not trust her again from her sight so soon for fear she would never come back.

It was finally arranged that Gorden should return alone and chaperone Pauline and old Sybil to the farm.

"You may look for us in about two hours—good bye!" said Harry, mounting his gig, and kissing his hand to Amy, was soon lost in the shadow of the trees.

And now light were the footsteps and joyous the smile of our happy heroine, as she merrily flew from place to place. Every nook and corner of the old house, the dairy, the kitchen, cup-boards and closets were all peeped into by a pair of bright eyes, and then up the old creaking stairs she lightly sprang, and into the long, low garret, with its great, brown beams cob-webbed and dusty with time, and its one small window with the bright sunshine streaming through, and the large blue-bottle flies and slender wasps knocking their heads harmlessly against the narrow panes, and buzzing louder and louder at every rebound. And then in the corners and under the low caves, were thrifty piles of soft, snowy wool and silky flax ready for spinning, and wheels, and looms, and reels, and the old vinegar barrel working away industriously and singing with the heat—but Amy only gave a hasty glance to this well remembered spot, and then was off to the barn with Lucy, smelling the fresh mown hay, and

half-tempted to venture up into the hay-mow as of old--the next moment standing in the door of the corn-crib she was shelling off the yellow kernels surrounded by the whole family of the old white rooster calling them on to the feast--then she flew through the meadow "over bush, over briar," and down to the little spring where she used to play "Moses in the bulrushes" with little Johnny.

"Come, Lu', on to the corn-field!" she cried, and away the happy girls ran laughing over the freshly mown field, scaring up swarms of long-legged, brown grass-hoppers.

Farmer Leslie was busily hoeing the fine, thrifty yield, turning up the rich, dark loam in neat hills around each green stalk, while Johnny followed him doing the same service for the broad pumpkin vines which spread around their net-work of leaves and young fruit.

"Why, there come the girls, father, running like all possessed--what's the matter now, I wonder--guess the cattle have got into the wheat!" said Johnny, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

The farmer looked up just as Amy gave one light spring from the top of the five rail fence down into the tall grass and mullen stalks which bordered the field, and then jumping from furrow to furrow, flitting along through the green corn, she was at his side the next instant.

"Here I am father--here is Amy!" she cried, as she seized with both her hands the only one which the farmer had at liberty.

"Why, bless my soul, Amy! you don't say so--Amy--why it can't be!"

"Oh, but it is, father!" said Lucy, half-crying for joy--"it is Amy, and she has come back to live with us too!"

The farmer dropped his hoe, took Amy's hands and looked into her face.

"Ah, I see—I know those big eyes now!" he said, as he folded her in his arms with a ringing kiss. "Well, I declare, I never expected to see you again, Amy! why isn't your mother half-crazy, ha—ha—ha! come give me another smack—that's a good girl, you always were a good girl! Put away your hoe, Johnny—here, take mine too—there is no more work to-day for Gabriel Leslie—come, I am going home to have a jollification with the old woman—ha—ha—ha—come Amy, come Lucy!"

Johnny, a big, bashful boy of thirteen, looked sideways at his new-found sister, and shyly held aloof from the kiss which her red lips proffered, hung down his head and gathering up the hoes and the baskets, started off, yet lingering every few steps and looking back, as if loth, after all, to be out of hearing of that joyous laugh.

One would hardly have supposed Amy to have been a new comer under the farmer's roof. Throwing off her bonnet as soon as she reached the house, she set to work gleefully in assisting Mrs. Leslie to prepare for this unexpected addition to her family—the good woman following her about with her eyes, and still almost tempted to believe herself in a dream, it seemed so sudden and so strange.

In the midst of these active labors the sound of wheels was heard, and a little, light wagon seen spinning along the road.

"They are coming—yes, there they are!" cried Amy, running out to the gate just as Beauty checked her speed.

With a sweet, happy laugh, Pauline sprang into her

open arms, while old Sybil, with the assistance of Gorden, more slowly dismounted.

"Now may de Lord bless you, child—you look so berry happy!" she said, smiling and placing her hand on the head of Amy.

"Yes, Sybil, we shall all be happy now!" was her answer. "Come, Pauline," and taking the little girl's hand she led her up to Mrs. Leslie.

"This is my little sister, mother—you will love her for my sake now, and very soon I am quite sure that you will love her for her own."

"Why, you're a real nice little girl!" said Mrs. Leslie, kissing the child—"but she looks dreadful peaked, don't she, Bessie—never mind, mammy Leslie will soon put some color into them little pale cheeks! why she don't look the least mite like you, Amy, does she Gabriel? kiss me again!"

Pauline, seeing only love and kindness in that pleasant smile, put her arms about her neck and kissed her, and then placed her little white hand confidently within that of the farmer, which closed over it like an oyster shell upon its pearl.

"And here is Sybil, mother, continued Amy—"I cannot tell you how much I owe her—she has been every thing to me ever since the day I left you."

"It 'pears 'zactly to me, Massa and Missus Lesle," said the old woman, with a low courtesy, first to the farmer and then to his wife—"as if de berry ground orte open and take dis ole sinner in its rabenous jaws, 'cause I was so despret wicked as to 'tice de little gal away. Many is de time dat I has 'pented ob dat day's work, and wished my little Missy wer back 'long ob de nice peeples she allers lubbed so berry much! I nebber 'spected to see

dis day, and I 'clare to goodness I feel mos dreffully mean!"

"Why, dear me, no you need'nt, Sybil!" said Mrs. Leslie—"it was a shameful and a very cruel deed for your mistress to do, to steal away the child I had nursed ever since she was a little baby—yes, it was a scandalous, mean trick, so it was—but you could'nt help it—you were'nt to blame, and I am glad to see you here, because you have always been so real good to Amy she says."

"Betsy Leslie, Sybil is a woman after your own heart," said Gorden, who now joined the group—"a whole souled, noble woman! her skin is dark to be sure, but what of that—she's a regular diamond in the rough! and no sheep that ever came up from the washing has a whiter fleece than the soul of Sybil—there is nothing dark about her I can tell you but her skin—is there, Amy?"

We need not dwell longer upon this happy reunion. Affectionate hearts can appreciate and sympathize with their pleasure, and there are, doubtless, many who read these pages, who have known the happiness of returning after long years of absence to the home of their childhood—to the old homestead! and who have felt their hearts thrill as their feet once more crossed its threshold, and their eyes lingered upon scenes so hallowed in memory, and around which cluster all the pleasing associations of the most joyous, if not always perhaps the most happy period of our lives.

True, there is often sorrow in these revisitations, and the eye grows dim, and the heart yearns for those beloved ones who no longer dwell upon earth—there are many who return to find the old hearth-stone desolate! Yet happiness indeed, when happy themselves, they come back

like Amy to a dwelling which God has blessed with health and plenty.

The evening was far spent, ere under the beams of a brilliant moon, Gorden turned away from the little wicket gate to go back with a lonesome feeling at his heart to his bachelor roost.

CHAPTER L.

"BAST. Brief, then, and what's the news ?

HUB. O news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible."

KING JOHN.

Dr. Woodville to Mrs. Lorraine.

"D———, June 12, 18—

"MRS. LORRAINE :

MADAM—

At the request of a dying man, I now address you—of Hubert Staunton, you knew him well, I believe. He has been at the Asylum for the last year a most wretched maniac! Within a few days he has recovered his reason, I may add only to vex him with new torments. He desires earnestly to see you. He says that he has something of the utmost importance to communicate, and cannot die without your forgiveness of some great wrong. As in all probability the unhappy man has but a few more days upon earth, the sooner you can be here the better, if his revelations are of the value which he affirms them to be, and you will permit me, madam, to say, that as I am somewhat informed of Mr. Staunton's connection with

yourself and your lovely daughter, that *I* consider them of the most vital importance both to yourself and others. Come then without delay.

Your obedient servant,

J. WOODVILLE."

One more miserable year had been added to other years of misery, since Amy left the roof of her grandmother, and still Mrs. Lorraine bore about a face of hollow smiles.

From the day when Amy had turned sorrowing away from her presence, with the little orphan, she had forbidden her name to be spoken in her hearing, she had carefully banished from her sight all that should remind her that Amy had once been there, locked the door of her little chamber, and put away the key. This was all very easy, a mere matter of outward form, yet she could not as easily quiet her accusing conscience, or check the yearnings of her heart for the sweet girl who had ever been so dutiful and affectionate. She could not drive her image from her mind, as she could her name from her lips and hearing.

How desolate the house seemed without her, how dreary those splendid rooms! no longer her light step trod the chamber floor, her pleasant voice and gentle hand no longer soothed her troubled nerves, or bathed her throbbing temples, and the bright face of Amy, no more bent down to hers, each morning with a loving kiss.

Ah! many unhappy hours did Mrs. Lorraine experience in the solitude of her chamber, as she remembered her patient gentleness, and felt what a treasure she had cast from her.

A lonely wretched woman, she moved through her desolate rooms as one condemned to the punishment of their own thoughts, and with no one about her, to whom she could turn for consolation, or for sympathy. She dared not look to Heaven! who was there on earth? even the comfort of old Sybil's presence was no longer hers. To her she had often flown in times past, and to her faithful breast confided her sorrows, and we have seen how tenderly the old woman listened, and alleviated, as far as her humble sympathy could do, the griefs of her Mistress. But Sybil too had fled from her, and what added torment to this reflection, was, that she had fled to protect those whom she had discarded—humiliating thought!

Jane was a faithful girl—she pitied her mistress—but Mrs. Lorraine only required her services, not her sympathy. Jane's vocation became daily more arduous. Skillful as she was in her art, she could not achieve miracles. Remorse and ill-nature outrivalled her powers—she could neither "create a soul under the ribs of death," nor upon the front of age, place youth and beauty! the poor girl did her best, yet the best was bad in the eyes of Mrs. Lorraine, who daily grew more peevish and exacting. Poor Jane certainly deserves to be chronicled for her martyr-like patience.

The sudden disappearance of the new star, "the Lorraine," was a matter of consternation and bewilderment, for twice nine days—a long life, yet as Mrs. Lorraine, was one whose chilling hauteur always forbade inquiry, the wonder lovers were forced to satisfy themselves with their own conjectures.

It may rightly be inferred, that she did not go to Saratoga, for which so many plans had been laid, for well she

knew that if she visited those crowded halls, where youth and beauty ruled the hour, without the prestige of Amy by her side, she would meet only with mortification and neglect—an ordeal from which she shrank now with as much sensitiveness as she would have done twenty years before.

In July she went out to Lorraine Park—how desolate! every summer Amy had been there with her, and every scene reminded her of her presence. She could not stay there. Its quiet awed her, and the whispers of the old trees were like the tongues of accusing angels. She could better endure the heat of the city, even under the burning sun of August, than those peaceful scenes, and so she returned to her lonely mansion in St. John's Square, and with closed doors and windows, wore out the tedious days of summer.

And where was Amy all this time! she knew not, and she tried to force herself into the belief that she did not care,—but, when she reflected upon her youth, her loveliness, and her unprotected situation, she was almost maddened! One hour's endurance of that bitter remorse which so often stung the heart of Mrs. Lorraine, was punishment almost adequate to her error.

One morning Jane with a very mysterious air, placed in her hands a little note, which to use her own words "a woman of humble garb had deposited in the hands of John, and departed *toote sweete*."

Mrs. Lorraine glanced carelessly over the superscription; as she did so, an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips, for she recognised the graceful chirography of Amy. She twisted it angrily, as if about to tear it in pieces—then she paused, and looked around, for she did not wish even Jane to detect any feeling, other than resentment,

that her grand-child should dare address her. But that paragon of all waiting-maids had prudently retired, for she too recognised the hand, and understood the weakness of her Mistress too well to remain in the room. For a moment the little note was held irresolute—then a gush of feeling she could not master, ended the strife, and the seal was quickly broken. Tears filled her eyes, as she read the few simple lines which Amy penned ere she left the city.

Amy to her Grandmother.

“MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,

It is now three months since we parted, and all this time I have not been far from you—tho’ alas—so distant! Close by a crowded wharf in this hot sultry weather, and inhaling its pernicious odors, my poor little sister is daily pining away—O how I have longed for the cool shadows of Lorraine Park for her sake! But to-morrow we are going away—going to my early home—to Leslie Farm, for I have fortunately discovered where my foster-parents reside, and Harry Gorden, do you remember him? he is going to take us there—so don’t feel uneasy about me, because I shall be in safe hands. You don’t know what a comfort Sybil is to me! Dear Grandmother, I love you, although you have cast me far from you—I have blessed you every day for your kindness to me, when I was with you—and I shall ever pray Heaven for your health and happiness.

I could not leave the city without telling you where to find me, for something whispers me that we shall yet be re-united and happy. God grant that it may be so!

Good-bye, my dear Grandmother,

AMY.”

As Mrs. Lorraine read these lines, her tears fell fast, and she could have kissed each word, but at the thought of that child—of Staunton's child—her tears turned to gall, and every warm impulse of her heart was checked. Yet ever after that little message of love, she felt the happier that her deserted grand children were safe at the old farm house.

The winter wore tediously away, Mrs. Lorraine saw but little company, and then spring and summer advanced.

It was early in June, that she found upon her table the letter from Dr. Woodville. She took it up carelessly, the writing was unknown to her—yet her countenance grew deathly pale. "What can this mean? who should write to me from D——!" she said, all the bitter past coming up before her, as she read the post mark.

With a trembling hand she broke the seal—her eye took in the first few lines, and then with a shriek she sank upon the sofa, burying her face in her hands.

"Good heavens what is this! am I awake! Hubert Staunton living—a maniac! what can it mean—what horrid mystery is this! who then was the man that sent that child to me if not Staunton!" she took up the letter again—"dying," "something of importance to communicate,"—"forgiveness for a great wrong,"—"can I have been deceived! O my God—I believe I am going mad?"

She rang the bell violently:

"Jane, I am going a journey—pack a few things in the small travelling trunk—you will go with me. Order the carriage instantly to the door—quick, Jane, lose no time—I must be off at once! The steam-boat leaves at four o'clock—it is now past three! Why

do you stand there like an automaton—go I tell you!" almost shrieked Mrs. Lorraine, stamping her foot.

And frightened at her ghastly countenance and excited manner, Jane hastily withdrew, to perform the orders of her Mistress.

CHAPTER LI.

"For him, awake, asleep, there came
No vision of sweet rest,
Undying memory, like a flame,
Burned in his guilty breast.

Fast few the fatal hours—he trod
Life's very brink alone—
Yet had no hope—no fear—*no God!*
His heart was turned to stone."

SWAIN.

WE will not trace that terrible journey of Mrs. Lorraine, the agony that each moment brought with it, the anguish of her soul, as the hours winged their tedious—and yet too rapid flight—with the curtains of her berth closely drawn, she wrung her hands, and writhed in the bitterness of self-condemnation.

She reached Hartford early the next morning, and without stopping, continued her journey, arriving at D—— late in the afternoon.

As the carriage drew up at the principal inn, a man stepped forward from the crowd of idlers about the door, and asked the driver if the lady was Mrs. Lorraine. Upon

being answered in the affirmative, he approached the carriage window, and informed her that Dr. Woodville requested she would come directly to his house—then mounting the box he took the reins, and in a short time, she found herself at the entrance of the grounds. The carriage passed through the heavy gate-way, rolled along under the leafy shade of June, and drew up at the broad flight of steps, where the doctor himself received her.

Dr. Woodville had no sentiment but contempt and abhorrence for the character of Mrs. Lorraine, for a woman who could believe her young daughter, a mere child, guilty of the errors which Staunton alleged, and who could without one shade of pity force that child, young and beautiful as she was, into a marriage so perfectly opposed to every sense of justice, and which, had she been guilty, was a punishment too dreadful even for thought. He saw it in its true light—a sacrifice of all maternal love and duty to most unmotherly selfishness, personal vanity and jealous fears!

As he stood upon the steps, therefore, watching the approach of the carriage, his fine features expressed all the stern rebuke which he felt—but when his eye rested upon that haggard countenance, and saw thereon the lines of such deep suffering, his good heart melted with pity, and there was gentleness and kindness in the tone with which he addressed her as he handed her from the carriage.

"Your friend still lives, madam," he said, as leaning upon his arm, he conducted her into the house.

"Where is he?" she asked, in a voice scarcely audible from her emotion.

"He is here, madam—I have had him removed from the Asylum. I rejoice that you have arrived in time, for

he is a dying man, and it is important that you should receive his confessions."

He threw open the parlor door as he spoke, and led Mrs. Lorraine to the sofa. Directly opposite hung the full length portraits of Paul and Beatrice, painted by the former in Florence, and as she raised her eyes they rested full upon them.

She grasped the doctor's arm convulsively:

"My daughter! Beatrice!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, madam, your daughter—my child also as I love to call her!"

"And who—who is that other—tell me?"

"It is her husband—Paul Saville."

Mrs. Lorraine groaned aloud—her fears were confirmed—she knew now that she had been deceived.

The doctor left the room and she was alone. Throwing back her veil, she gazed up into the sweet face of Beatrice so expressive of all the purity of her soul, and whose mild, gentle eyes now seemed to reproach her for her cruel desertion of her children. She could not—she dared not look upon her, but turning away her head, buried her face in her hands.

In a few moments the doctor returned, introducing Mrs. Woodville. She too had been prepared to receive their guest with coldness, yet it was only with kindness that she now saluted her:

"You must be very tired, madam, with your long ride to-day—will you go up to your room—your maid is there?" she said.

"I thank you, I will accept of your offer," said Mrs. Lorraine, rising.

"Ma'am—" interposed Dr. Woodville, solemnly, "I have just returned from the bed-side of Mr. Staunton—he

is sinking fast, I think. I would advise you to lose no time in speaking with him. If you feel able I will now conduct you to his chamber."

Mrs. Lorraine shuddered and sank back again upon the sofa.

"Oh—how can I survive this dreadful meeting!" she cried.

"Be calm—I will not leave you unless you request it!"

"Calm! Oh, Dr. Woodville, if you knew all!"

"I know much, madam—and I know that you have need of calmness for this interview. Lean on me."

She took his offered arm and with slow, unsteady steps ascended the stairs.

The doctor gently opened the door of a darkened room. Mrs. Lorraine drew back shuddering, and sank upon a chair which stood near the entrance.

In a few moments, summoning all her strength and courage, she advanced into the room, and drew near the bed with hesitating steps.

Before her lay a wretched old man, whose ashy pale brow seemed already touched by the cold hand of death. She gazed fearfully upon him.

"Dr. Woodville—who, who is that man! it cannot be Hubert Staunton—there is some mistake!"

"Hubert Staunton it is, Anna," said a hollow voice from the bed.

"Oh, my God!" shrieked Mrs. Lorraine, and had not the doctor sustained her with his strong arm, she would have fallen to the floor.

"Compose yourself, madam, I beg of you," he said in a low voice—"you have much to learn—do not by your agitation hasten the moment of dissolution, and thereby defeat the object of your visit."



THE NEW YORK
PUZZLE BOOK
AND
PROMISES



"Anna, I am a dying man: but near as death is, I have wrestled with him night and day that I might
once more see you."

Page 433.

Again Mrs. Lorraine approached the bed and stood by the side of the dying man.

He fixed his glassy eyes upon her, and a horrible smile distorted his haggard features.

"Time makes great changes—but guilt greater! don't you find it so, Anna?"

There was in the words and in the tone a touch of the old cutting sarcasm which even the approach of death could not check. It was, perhaps, fortunate for Mrs. Lorraine that it was so—for it had the effect to rouse her pride and nerve her to the task.

"You sent for me, Mr. Staunton—what have you to say?" she asked in a cold, severe tone and manner.

"Enough, Anna, to make you wish that you were in my place, even to meet damnation in the other world! Dr. Woodville, will you leave the room?"

"I request you will stay," said Mrs. Lorraine, placing her hand on his arm.

"I beg your pardon, Madam—what Mr. Staunton has to say is for your ear alone. I will retire into the next room." The doctor then withdrew.

"Anna, I am a dying man!" said Staunton. His voice was strong, yet he was forced to pause for breath between every few words. "But near as death is, and has been to me," he continued—"I have wrestled with him night and day that I might once more see you," here he stopped and fastened his eyes upon her face.

"I am here now—if you have aught to say—speak!"

"So cold! well it matters not—this is not the tone in which you once spoke to your '*dear Hubert*!' your daughter, Anna Lorraine, was as pure and as innocent in heart as her face was lovely. I loved her. False to the

vows sworn to you—vows falsely sworn, I loved Beatrice and sought her love—do you hear me?"

"Go on, for God's sake!" said his listener, in a voice almost as broken and hollow as his own.

"Yes, I sought her love—but she shunned me—she boldly repulsed me—then, when deceived by my representations, you sent her from you—I followed her to the School! I entreated her to be mine—to fly with me! with a dignity, which only enhanced her loveliness, she spurned me from her—and when maddened by her refusal, I then attempted insult—she struck me, Anna, and I swore to be revenged! and richly, ay, richly did I fulfill my vow, as you know well!"

"Villain! remorseless villain!"

"Ay, villain! blast me with your curses if you will—I expect them! Secure of your love and confidence, I told you my own story, and you, poor dupe, believed it. I suggested that dreadful marriage into which you forced her—a pleasant reflection for *your* dying bed, Anna! what followed that marriage you know. For the blow which she gave me I hated her and had my revenge! Suddenly all my first passion returned and I vowed to possess her—I sought the Asylum where we had left her, for that purpose—she was not there. Supposing you had secreted her from me, I flew to your presence—you remember that scene?"

"Go on—why do you stop?"

"For breath, woman—don't you see—I am dying! your manner confirmed my suspicions, and I swore to find her, and force her to be mine. I sought her every where, but vainly. At length, abandoning the search, I went to Europe—to Florence, and there—there I met your daughter more beautiful than ever——"

"And that letter!" cried Mrs. Lorraine, grasping his arm, "tell me wretch that you are—that letter!"

"Was all a falsehood! Did it reach the mark I aimed?" and a look of sardonic triumph was on that ghastly countenance.

"The Almighty is just, and can never forgive such sin! woe, woe to your soul, for the woe you have wrought to others—go on—let me hear all your villany!"

"While you curse me, remember that you have a soul too, to be doomed! if I schemed—you lent yourself to my schemes most successfully. Yes, more lovely than ever, I met your daughter, the happy wife of a celebrated artist—not knowing who I was, he invited me to his house, Beatrice met me with all the scorn I deserved, and her indignant husband turned me with insult from his door! I flew to my hotel, and in the frenzy of the moment, to be revenged upon you both, I penned that letter—it was a rich return for what I had endured. I then became a wanderer upon the face of the earth—for the last two years a maniac—hell has no torments compared with those I have suffered already. Anna, within those very walls which once heard your daughter's cries, have I been caged within iron bars like some wild beast, and to the hand of the man whom I most hated, am I now indebted for kindness and a shelter! I have done, answer me one word—where is Beatrice?"

"She is dead!" said Mrs. Lorraine—"she is dead, base man, and died without a mother's blessing but her curse upon her innocent head! man—man—what have you done!"

"Anna, will you forgive me—I can injure you no more!" said Staunton, in a softer tone, and reaching out his then emaciated hand.

"Forgive you—never!" she exclaimed, thrusting it from her; "think you these sunken cheeks, these hollow eyes, these gray hairs are the work of age! no—it is your hand which has done it, and would that were all! For what you have made me suffer I can forgive you—but for my daughter's wrongs, for her sufferings, which will be your curse, wretched man, through an eternity of torment, and for the wrongs which, through you, I have heaped upon the unoffending heads of her children—I never will forgive you—never! O fool! deluded woman!" she cried, pacing the floor and wringing her hands in anguish. "I might have known better! I might have known my lovely child was not what he told me! O cruel, cruel mother, to have forced her into the arms of that wretch! Tell me, base man, tell me, Hubert Staunton, were you a fiend already, had you no pity when you saw the sacrifice, and knew her innocence! tell me!" she exclaimed, rushing wildly to the bed-side.

She spoke to the dead! The soul of Hubert Staunton had gone to its last account.

Mrs. Lorraine was borne fainting from the chamber of death to her own apartment. When she recovered, she requested to be left alone with Jane, and for hours her mental sufferings were such as to threaten her reason.

Not once during that long night did sleep visit her eye-lids. In the morning, being too unwell to leave her bed, she sent for Dr. Woodville. But no art was called in to conceal the ravages upon that once most superb face—she lay there a suffering, repentant woman. As the doctor approached the bed-side, and kindly took her hand, she said:

"Will you tell me of Beatrice of all you know concerning her? I am a miserable woman, Dr. Woodville.

I have been sinned against, I know, but I am not the less sinning! And I can never, never tell her how much I have wronged her! I can never plead for her forgiveness, my beautiful, suffering child! my voice cannot penetrate the tomb!"

At these words Dr. Woodville exclaimed, much agitated:

"What am I to understand, madam! you speak as if Beatrice was no more—God grant I may be mistaken!"

"She is dead, Dr. Woodville, and died with my curse upon her head!"

The doctor walked to the window, and when he again stood by the bed-side his countenance betrayed great sorrow—for we know how dear Beatrice was to him!

"When did your daughter die? and where?"

"I know not—in Italy, I believe. Dr. Woodville, I feel that I am a wretch indeed, for to my care, with her last breath and with her blessing, she confided her child—and I—I turned her from my door! look not upon me so reproachfully, and yet I merit your scorn—for I believed her to be the child of Staunton—yes, deceived by a letter which he wrote from Florence, I firmly believed Beatrice his wife—and so, as his child, I spurned the innocent from me!"

"Where then is Paul?"

"If you mean the husband of my daughter—he is no more; and when I heard of his death—I thought it was *then* Staunton died!"

"This is too much—both dead!" and the doctor hurriedly left the room.

When he returned Mrs. Woodville was with him, whose tearful countenance bore evidence that she had been made acquainted with the sad intelligence.

Long and deeply interesting was the conversation then held within that little chamber. Mrs. Lorraine, without disguise or artifice, unbosomed her heavy load of errors to the doctor, who, christian as he was, could with difficulty refrain from reproaching the wretched woman as she proceeded.

After giving a full history of the early wrongs of Beatrice, of her forced and dreadful marriage, of the birth and abduction of her child, she proceeded to speak of Amy, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she dwelt upon her patience, her loveliness, of her noble sacrifice for her sister, and her gentle pleadings and stern rebukes for that little sister's sake! and then as she bowed her head with shame, she told him how she had cast both those unoffending orphans upon the cold charity of the world!

"But thank God!" she exclaimed, as she concluded her painful narrative—"thank God it is not too late to repair in some measure the wrong I have done them! so long as He spares my life, it shall be devoted to their happiness!"

The recital of Dr. Woodville was brief, for he wished to spare the feelings of the unhappy woman as much as possible. When he had ended, he placed in her hands the manuscript which he received from Beatrice relating her early sorrows.

"There, madam," he said; "read that—read that artless narrative penned in this very chamber by your daughter's hand—God knows I pity you! now tell me where those children are to be found, for, God willing, not another day shall pass over my head ere I seek them out and bring them home."

Mrs. Lorraine directed him to Leslie Farm, blessing the affection of Amy which had led her to communicate the place of her retreat.

Their arrangements were soon made, for love lent them speed—altho' not without some dispute, for Dr. Woodville insisted upon bringing the children to his house and home, while Mrs. Lorraine, on the other hand, claimed her right of affinity to have them with her—a claim to which he was finally obliged to yield.

Mrs. Lorraine, therefore, accompanied by Mrs. Woodville, who, dear old lady, insisted with tears upon her right to the children of Beatrice, was to leave in the morning for Lorraine Park, and in as short a time as was possible to accomplish the journey, Dr. Woodville was to join them with the objects of so much love and solicitude.

CHAPTER LII.

" It often falls, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong,
Through avarice or power, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong,
But justice, though her dome she doe prolong
Yet at the last, she will her own cause right."

SPENSER.

It was in the hot sultry month of July, that Amy fled from the baneful atmosphere of the city, to the old farm house, there to find health for little Pauline, and happiness for herself—and now another year has swiftly winged its flight. It is June, balmy and beautiful June.

Under the sheltering roof of her foster-parents, Amy has found all that she sought for—all that her pure heart craved—for the cheeks of Pauline are as blooming as the bright roses, which now, in the full perfection of their beauty, cluster around the lattice, and send forth their delicious fragrance from the mossy eaves, tempting the restless humming-bird to their sweets, as like a winged jewel, he flashes with ceaseless hum to the dainty repast. Her little figure, no longer fragile and delicate, proves by its

plump proportions the benefit of country air and exercise, while her voice is again heard with the joyous carol of the birds, and she flits as lightly through the old woods, and the green meadows, as the bright lark, whose early song calls her from her sweet slumbers.

And Amy, dear Amy, her cup is full and overflowing with happiness—the thoughts of her Grand-mother alone disturb her peace, of her she often thinks with sadness, and in her prayers remembers.

She did not come back to the “Hive,” as farmer Leslie used to style the old house, to be a drone—not she—her hands were never idle, and Mrs. Leslie often said, that if they were so very small, they were worth half a dozen others, and always were. And now that she could leave Pauline, she went daily to Auburn, where she had obtained a few scholars in music and drawing—for these accomplishments were fast creeping in with the more humble acquirements of western life, giving both pleasure and refinement wherever they were indulged.

Every morning, rain or shine, saw Harry Gorden’s gig at the gate of the old farm house, and his handsome bright face looking out from its dark covering, like the sun from a cloud, as with a tap of his whip upon the silver mounting, he would sing out:

“Come pet, are you ready?”

And then Amy would spring laughing down the steps with her little roll of music in her hand, and take her place by his side—at the word, Beauty would prick up her ears, give her head a toss, and take her graceful speed, her hoofs seeming scarce to touch the ground, while Amy, looking back would kiss her hand gayly to Lucy and Pauline, who always stood watching her from the gate.

Sybil soon became a general favorite, and under the genial influences around her, and the pleasure she felt at seeing her young mistress so happy, she seemed to renew both her strength and her youth. It was a pleasant sight to see the good old soul moving about the house to the music of her song, or out in the barn-yard jealously counting every addition to the feathery brood, or seated upon the milking stool, coaxing the "cushee-cow-bonnie," to "let down her milk"—but no matter where the good old creature was, she was ever assisting in the labors of the farm with a light and cheerful heart, and willing hand. Sometimes, and this was an event of great importance, when her gayest turban was wound about her dusky brows, and her whitest apron put in requisition, Gorden would himself take her to spend the day at his house—poor Sybil—her old back always ached a day or two after these "glorifications," from the strain put upon it in the multiplicity and humbleness of her courtesys!

A lovely day was drawing to its close, so too the labors which it had brought with its dawning, and in the little porch sat Mrs. Leslie in her comfortable rocking chair, with little Harry Lee on her lap, for Bessie had come over from her new home to spend the day, and now, with all the pride of a young house-keeper, was relating to her no less proud mother, her wonderful success in her new vocation. Amy is seated upon the well-worn door step, and while she has a word or a laugh for the rest, her attention seems more exclusively given to her little name-sake, into whose hands she has patiently resigned her beautiful head, and whose little fingers are busily tangling her glossy curls.

From within the house come the cheerful voices of Lucy

and old Sybil, mingled with the rattle of cups and saucers, and the clatter of tea-spoons, while a savory smell from the grid-iron proclaims the evening meal in active preparation. There are merry sounds too from the old barn, and shouts of jocund laughter, and where mirth is, there may also Harry Gorden be found. He has come over to help the farmer with his haying, and now with his hat off, and his broad bold forehead bared to the soft evening wind, he stands upon the summit of the highest load, and with skillful aim pitches the fragrant new-mown hay, upon the hay-mow while the farmer boasts of his success in draining the old swampy meadow, which never before had yielded such a crop.

Poised upon the hub of the old cart-wheel, is Pauline, merry little Pauline, her sweet face turned upward, her curls sweeping behind her like a golden veil thrown back, and between laugh and song, pours forth a little vintage hymn which she learned in her own bright Italy—but the measure changes to one long bird-like laugh, as Gorden sends down upon her little head a tingling shower from the tines of the fork, which he wields so dexterously.

"De lands sake, hear to dat child's blessed little voice!" said Sybil, as the merry sound reached the kitchen,— "'clare 'pears as if I nebber did hear noting half so sweet, 'cept mebbe Missy Amy—hark! now dat be her voice for sure, 'pears as if dey wer all gwine off de handle, Massa Harry and all!"

Amy's laugh was, indeed, a merry one, which Sybil heard, for at that moment the child succeeded, after many vain attempts, in pulling out her comb and letting down all her profusion of raven hair about her shoulders—one would think the little gypsy had made art her study, so

beautiful was the effect of this movement—and then with her prize she started off down the walk. Tossing back her disordered curls, Amy ran after her, and soon caught the merry laughing little thing—swinging her around gayly, she softly placed her in a little bed of clover, and setting down by her side, began kissing and tickling her fat little shoulders.

“Look—see aunt Amy!” said the child, pointing with her little finger.

Amy raised her eyes—blushing deeply, as they met those of a stranger, who stood leaning over the fence, intently regarding her.

Opening the gate, the stranger advanced:

“This is Leslie Farm, I believe?”

Amy bowed—he held out his hand with a kind smile:

“Dr. Woodville. And you are Amy—I know I am not mistaken—Amy the child of my dear Beatrice—the child whom she so deeply mourned as dead, and let me add,” as he carried her hand to his lips—“the noble self-sacrificing girl, who rejected all the allurements of wealth, to endure hardships and poverty, because she would not see her little sister wronged!”

“Don’t say that, my dear sir,” said Amy, blushing, “I have endured no hardships—no sorrow, except the thought of my grand-mother’s anger and injustice.”

“That is all past now, dear girl—I have a message to you from her.”

Amy started with surprise and pleasure, at these words: her face beamed with joy:

“Have you—have you! and will she receive my dear little sister home?”

“She will, Amy. I have much to tell you—shall I invite you into the house!” he added, with a smile.

Amy blushed as she replied laughing :

"Excuse my impoliteness, Dr. Woodville. I was so surprised at seeing a stranger, and at your words, that I really quite forgot all courtesy. Let me now ask you to walk in—this is Mrs. Leslie, my dear foster-mother—Dr. Woodville, mother."

Leaving him seated in the porch, Amy now flew to her room to repair the work of those mischievous little fingers.

Pauline in the mean time came dancing 'round the corner of the house, with a garland of hay twisted amid her golden curls. As the eye of Dr. Woodville fell upon her, he started from his chair, exclaiming—

"I need not ask who that child is—for never was there a more striking resemblance between mother and daughter! she is Beatrice over again—come here my child!" he said, advancing to meet her, and holding out his hand.

Seeing a stranger, Pauline had suddenly stayed her graceful step, but when Dr. Woodville stood erect, smiling upon her so benignly, she looked at him eagerly—she put her little hand to her brow, as if trying to recollect something, and then with a smile she came bashfully toward him, and still intently regarding him.

"Did'nt you use to hang in ma'ma's parlor, sir?" she said, timidly, as she put her hand in his.

The doctor smiled.

"My portrait, I believe, was there, my little girl."

"Yes, I mean your portrait—and I know who you are too, I am sure I do—guess—you are Dr. Wood—Woodville—my own dear papa and ma'ma's father—I used to sing little songs to you every night in Italy!"

The doctor was unable to speak, but folded the child to his bosom, and large tears, which he could not restrain, fell upon her sunny brow like a blessing.

Amy soon returned, and with an apology to Mrs. Leslie, she conducted Dr. Woodville into the little sitting room.

"I cannot express to you, Amy, my feelings at seeing you, for my first acquaintance with your dear mother is painfully connected with you—the first words I heard pass her lips were for her babe! O, my child, how often did my heart ache to hear her piteous lamentations—still persisting with irresistible pathos that her babe was not dead! indeed, Amy, I do not think she was ever fully convinced. Poor—poor Beatrice—how she would have loved you, Amy! how proud she would have been to have clasped you to her heart!"

"And tell me, tell me, Dr. Woodville—was she so undutiful to my grandmother?" asked Amy, fixing her earnest eyes upon his.

"No, my child. Your mother was as pure a creature, as free from sin, as it is possible for human nature to be!"

"Thank God, my dear sir, for those words, for you know not what a load you have lifted from my heart! for years there dwelt an image in my heart which I worshipped as my mother—I thought of her with so much love, and prayed God that I might be like her!"

"You are, Amy."

"Then suddenly my grandmother dashed my image down—she represented her to me as the destroyer of her happiness—and then I wept for my mother's errors!"

"Your grandmother was deceived—she has been guilty of great injustice—but there is some palliation. The

villain who plotted the destruction of your mother, Amy, confessed to her a few days since upon his dying bed, her innocence and his crimes."

"A few days, Dr. Woodville—what mean you—I thought he died more than a year since! who was it I saw then—that poor invalid for whom my heart felt such pity!"

"It was the father of Pauline."

"And not Staunton?"

"No—it was Paul Saville—the husband of your mother, worthy to possess so great a treasure."

It would be difficult to analyze the emotions of Amy as she listened to the doctor's recital. Joy and gratitude that the character of her mother was now pure from every stain which had rested upon it through the misrepresentations of a villain! Compassion for her grandmother's mental sufferings and self-reproaches—pleasure that she was once more to meet her and dwell with her in love, and deep thankfulness that her little sister was to share in that love. All this caused Amy much happiness. Yet, on the other hand, the thought that she was to leave her kind foster-parents and the old farm house again, where she had been so happy, subdued her pleasure and filled her heart with sorrow.

But when was Amy ever selfish!

She checked her regrets as she thought of her grandmother's loneliness, and of the advantages which would result to Pauline from this change of circumstances. She had once rejected affluence with all its attendant fascinations for her sake—she was now to give up her pleasant home in that quiet valley—humble, but O how dear! and Amy felt this last to be the greater sacrifice!

"And now, my dear girl, when will you be ready to start?" asked the doctor

"When would you like to have me go?"

"To-morrow, Amy—could you go to-morrow?"

"So soon!" and the tears, which she had been trying so long to suppress, now gushed forth.

The doctor left her and joined the family.

They were all seated around the hospitable board, testing the flavor of Sybil's fine biscuits and broiled chicken, when Amy came in perfectly calm and apparently cheerful and took her place by the side of her old friend, Harry Gorden, but the jealous eyes of those who loved her soon detected the shadow upon her fair face.

After tea, Gorden invited Dr. Woodville to return home with him, as the accommodations of Mrs. Leslie were rather limited.

As Amy shook hands with the doctor when parting, she whispered that she would be ready at an early hour in the morning to accompany him.

"Dear Harry, I am going away from here!" she said, in a low voice, as she bade Gorden good night—"don't ask any more—Dr. Woodville will tell you all."

"Going away are you! we will see about that—I should like to know who can take you from us now!"

My grandmother, Harry."

"Whew—w! what that old—hem—hem—good night, pet!"

Soon after Dr. Woodville and Gorden left, Amy broke the sad intelligence to the circle of loving hearts around her. They were almost overpowered with their surprise and their great sorrow. It could not—it should not be!"

"You must not go, Amy—why I have more right to you than your grandmother has—she shant have you

again! do stay where you are and not mind her—why she turns you off, and whistles you back just as if you were a dog!" exclaimed Mrs. Leslie in an unusual tone of acerbity.

The farmer made two or three strides across the room, and then coming up to Amy he took her hands.

"Now, Amy, you know best—but I don't want you to leave us! no, no, stay with us—and so long as we have a roof to shelter us, it shall shelter you and little Pauline, if you will only say so."

Bessie and Lucy could not speak, but they hung around Amy, and looked entreatingly into her eyes, and Pauline sobbed and begged sister Amy not to take her away from the farm—she did not want to go to grandmother, she said.

Old Sybil looked from one to the other sorrowfully and shook her head.

"Well, dis be onsarten news to be sure! Hi—but I feel drefful sorry 'bout it! but on 'count ob de Lorraine 'spectability I 'spose we ought to be berry glad—'specialy as I 'spect my ole missus is gwine to be berry happy 'long you, Missy Amy and Missy P'line—but somehow nudder it seems jus as if I should gib right up at de idee of gwine away—dere now, Missy Amy, what you begin to cry for! well it do seem—" whispered the old woman, wiping her eyes, to Mrs. Leslie, "it do seem as if Missus Anne wer allers gitting up de flustifications—de Lord knows she hab exercised Missy Amy powerfully!"

As they were to leave at an early hour in the morning, there was little sleep in the farm house that night—there was much to be done in the way of packing—much to be said, and many pleasant arrangements entered into for the future by hopeful hearts. It was not until near

the dawn of day that Amy at length threw herself upon the bed where Pauline lay sleeping in all the blissful forgetfulness of childhood.

Her slumber was brief—for at the first gray streak of dawn she started up and went to the window.

Her eyes were quickly suffused with tears as the bitter thought came over her that she was looking upon those beloved scenes for the last time—that to-morrow she would be far, far away.

How peaceful and serene the face of Nature! no sound but the sweet music of the birds broke that calm, summer dawning—they chirped and twittered through the glossy leaves, shaking down with their bright wings showers of pearly drops upon the sweet clover blossoms, already damp and fragrant with the night dew. From the little farm houses which were scattered through the valley no smoke as yet ascended, and in the distance her eyes caught the spires of Auburn penciled against the eastern sky, which was every moment growing more bright, more roseate and golden at the approach of the day-god.

Amy's heart was full of sorrow as she gazed. There was One only who could comfort her—and to Him she now turned; and in that calm and holy hour of the summer morning,

“She knelt for Heaven's grace and boon.”

The inmates of the farm house were all up betimes, and at an early hour Dr. Woodville drove to the gate accompanied by Gorden in his own carriage—for

“I am going with you, Amy!” was his first salutation as she met him at the door.

"O, I am so glad—so glad, Harry! how kind you are! now I shall not feel so bad."

"Yes—yes, I am going with you—I shall not give up my lambkin, I can tell you, without having a few words to say about it! why I don't believe you have slept a wink, you dear little thing! Oh, confound that woman!" he exclaimed, snapping his whip, and striding back to the gate, his great heart full for the sorrow which he saw on Amy's pale face.

And now came the bitter parting.

"Good bye, dear, dear mother!" said Amy, throwing herself into her arms—"don't weep so—I will come back, indeed I will, every summer—good bye, dear Bessie! dear Lucy! a kiss, Johnny!"

"Amy God bless you!" said the farmer, taking her to his heart, "and if you are ever in trouble again, you will know where to come—the old farm house shall always be a home for you!"

Amy had exerted all her firmness for this parting scene, but it gave way before the grief of those around her, and unable to say more, she ran down the path, and sprang into the carriage. Little Pauline followed, weeping, in the arms of the farmer.

Old Sybil, with a most woe-begone face, now made her appearance from the garden, bearing in her hands a large bundle of sweet herbs for "dat sassy ole cook"

"Well, I spose de time hab come, and it won't do for ole Sybil to fret 'bout it—'cause 'tis de invisible hand ob Providence dat hab led to dis solomcholy day! may Hebben bless you, Massa Leslie, and Missus Leslie, and all de familiee!"

"Good-bye Sybil—take good care of Amy, won't you?"

"Hi! you better believe I will, Missus—why she be de berry apple ob my ole eyes! Dere Massa Harry call me—well de best ob friens mus' part—good-bye!" and the old woman walked sorrowfully towards the gate.

The last adieu was spoken—the carriages turned slowly away from the little gate, and with tearful eyes, Amy watched the old farm house, until the broad branches of the chestnut woods hid it from her view.

CHAPTER LIII.

PRO. " My shame and guilt confound me.
Forgive me, —— if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here, I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit."

VAL. " Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of Heaven, nor Earth, for these are pleas'd.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased."

SHAKESPEARE

CROWNING a gentle slope, laved by the bright waters of the Hudson, arose the stately walls of Lorraine Park. A beautiful lawn spread its smooth carpet even to the river's brink, where graceful willows and weeping elms rippled the margin with their long lithe branches. Here and there a clump of noble trees rested upon this bed of verdure, and under their shadow wild flowers peeped up their pretty heads, and the little grass-bird snuggled to her nest secure. Broad, winding paths, deep and shadowy, led up to the mansion, bordered with forest trees—the oak with its dark glossy leaf, the silvery birch, the tall fragrant cedar, the larch, the spreading maple, and weeping elm,

all linked arms in friendly companionship, and held their leafy screens above the heads of those who passed beneath.

Dwarf shrubberies hid the trunks of these tall trees—the swamp apple, the glossy laurel with its superb clusters of pink, the haw-thorn, and the flowering almond, these formed sweet hiding places for the birds, until the winds of autumn, sent them “their feathers all-a-cold,” to the sunny south. Sweet music was ever heard in those shady avenues. From the first gray tinge of dawn, the birds poured forth their mellifluous notes, now one rich burst of melody, now the soft twitter of the mother-bird, and the fledgelings answering chirp, and when, with their little heads nestled under their downy wings, they sought their nests, then the tree-toad and the katy-did took up the burthen and the frogs chanted the refrain—gala nights were those, when the fire-flies illumined this Concert Hall, and the leaves sang a measure with the breeze.

Of dark free-stone the house was built, with two ample wings. The doors and window frames of heavy oak, surmounted by richly carved mouldings. Nor was the interior unworthy its imposing front or its delightful site. A broad hall, paved with marble and adorned with statues ran through the centre of the building, from which opened spacious apartments—the windows of plate glass set in deep embrasures of richly carved oak, reached to the floor, curtained with roses and honey-suckles upon the outside, and silken hangings within. Costly paintings adorned the walls, and beautifully frescoed were the ceilings. The doors were of oak, and so highly polished, that they might have served for mirrors, had those spacious ones been wanting, which in massive frames, reached from the floor

to the ceiling. The furniture was of richly carved ebony, and of antique pattern.

Such was Lorraine Park, which it had been a life time of pride for its mistress to bring to its present perfection. With an ample fortune to indulge her taste and foster her ambition, she had succeeded in winning for herself the reputation of being the possessor of the most superb villa upon the banks of the Hudson.

And yet from this enchanting spot, its haughty Mistress had fled—and for what! why should she shun this sylvan retreat from the world's din! for she took her conscience with her wherever she went—she could not escape that, whether she lingered amid those old trees, where the night wind made such solemn music, or pillowed upon her downy bed within her city mansion—it was at her heart the viper gnawed, and the “still small” monitor dwelt within her breast.

Unhappy woman seek not in flight, in change of scene, to hush the accusing voice, but cleanse your breast by repentance of its heavy load—lay your sins humbly at the feet of Jesus, and then, and not until then, can you find rest for your soul!

A great change was already wrought in this proud, selfish woman by the death-bed revelations of Staunton and the narrative of Dr. Woodville, so great a change as would lead one to hope that in time she might find that rest.

She now felt humble and contrite for her many errors, she loathed herself for those years of hollow artifice, wherein the days and weeks which made up the calender had been as shallow as the track of a bird upon the sand by the sea-shore, which the next wave would wash away, and she shuddered as she thought how soon the wave

of time was to sweep her to that other shore, whereon she had "no treasures laid up!"

She looked back with horror upon that infatuated passion which had wrought such woe and sin, and such suffering for her innocent daughter. Oh, her remorse was terrible! truly her punishment was just—yet it was severe. Nor did she as before strive to divert or palliate her self-recriminations—she raised up no colossal figure on which to cast her errors, but meekly bore them, and felt them all too feeble to express her horror at what she had done.

Night and day the image of her child was before her. Memory new-winged flew back to the early days of infancy, and brought Beatrice before her as from year to year she grew in childish grace and beauty, up to that dreadful hour, when, like some ruthless executioner, she had sacrificed her to her own mad passion! Then again those pleading eyes were bent upon her, when widowed from that hateful marriage, and longing for her mother's love and sympathy she had looked upon her! and she, cruel mother, had only sought her bed-side to rob her of her babe!

Injustice to the living she could repair, but not that which she had heaped upon the dead—over that the grave had closed! and one hour of such remorse as Mrs. Lorraine endured at that bitter reflection, was anguish enough for a life time!

To be a happy woman herself, she knew to be impossible. The past was freighted with too much woe, but she felt that she had it in her power to make others happy, and for that purpose, she now resolved to consecrate her whole future life. If she had been the cause of sorrow to the mother—the lives of her dear children should

be one long day of happiness! All that wealth could purchase for their pleasure or for their comfort should be theirs, as free as were the winds of Heaven—their wishes should find answers before they were expressed. Travel should wing the hours with varied scenes—books, no matter how costly, should be cast upon their tables—music and painting, with all the fascinations of the drama, were to be theirs at their will—their rooms should be perfumed with the sweetest and rarest flowers, and birds of the most beautiful plumage should warble for their delight!

Mrs. Lorraine was about to commit another great error, yet it sprang from a motive so pure, that we must not blame her. She mistook the happiness of our Amy—one look of love—one word of true sympathy, was dearer to her heart than all the luxuries which her grandmother would have heaped upon her.

With such feelings then did the Mistress of Lorraine Park, enter those massive gates, which swung wide to receive her the second day after leaving D—. How different her feelings now, from those which rankled in her breast when she fled thence, as the carriage rolled on beneath the shade of those noble old trees, up to the broad terrace! Sustained by her new resolves to make others happy, Mrs. Lorraine cast from her all her bitter reflections for private hours, and now bent her efforts for the entertainment of her guest, Mrs. Woodville, and to prepare for the reception of her grand-children, who might be expected almost any day.

It is impossible to give a just conception of the change of character, and person, between the Mrs. Lorraine whom we have met in St. John's square, under such varied scenes, and her who now moved through the chambers of the old mansion, designing and officiating in the arrangements for

the expected travellers. Before, she was a made-up form, whereon fashions were displayed, and jewels and cosmetics ticketed—now, she dressed richly but appropriately—her rouge blushed in her dressing case, to find itself neglected, and the bandeau of glossy black, gave place to her own silver tresses.

Jane felt "her occupation gone," with all its "pride, pomp, and circumstance." She walked around bewildered—either her Mistress or herself were certainly beside themselves—she was dreaming—or her Mistress crazed!

Preparations were in active progress. Every pleasure in which Amy took delight on former visits to the Park were now all jealously remembered and provided for, no matter how difficult of attainment. The gardener received orders to trim the shrubberies, and arrange the conservatory as "Miss Amy" had once planned—all her feathery pets or their descendants were called out and promoted from the large family of chanticleer—the rabbits and the guinea-pigs were washed and rubbed until their sleek skins shone again, and poor Jane was forced to mount the pony and amble round the grounds, that he might not prove fractious to his young Mistress, after so long freedom from bit and rein; a little Shetland was purchased for Pauline, and duly caparisoned, while with her own hands, Mrs. Lorraine arranged the suite of rooms which she gave up to her grand-children.

Mrs. Woodville, excellent old lady, walked around serene and smiling, yet wishing for the arrival of her husband, from whom, for forty years, she had not been so long separated.

A few lines from the doctor and Amy penned on the road announced their return the following day and the

news spread through the house with gladness, for every soul loved the gentle girl.

Mrs. Lorraine was up with the sun from a sleepless couch. Longing, as she was, to fold Amy once more to her bosom, she almost shrank from the meeting—she felt herself condemned and humbled in the sight of her grandchild! Amy now had been informed of all—she knew of her folly—her madness—how could she then meet the rebuke of those gentle eyes! But the remembrance of her kind heart and gentle disposition subdued these fears. She knew that Amy could speak, and speak home to the heart and the conscience, for her mild rebukings had often shamed her, but now she felt that she had nothing to fear, and if earthly lips could whisper comfort to her troubled mind, it rested, she knew, with that patient loving girl.

“Away then with a sad and sorrowful face!” thought Mrs. Lorraine—“I must be all smiles and gladness to welcome her.”

Nature too seemed to have taken pleasure in decorating herself for the approach of her child. During the night she had sprinkled the dusty walks and washed each tree and way-side shrub until their thick foliage sparkled in the sun light, and then she had thrown a richer mantle of green over the broad lawn. So balmy and redolent was the air with fresh blown roses and new-mown hay, that one would almost think Nature had trafficked with art, and showered her domains with the choicest of perfumes.

The birds too were in full feather, and were tuning their pipes for the concert which they intended to give gratis to the fair girl who had protected their nests, and so often sprinkled crumbs for their lunch. The robin

hopped up and down the avenue like an amateur, saying little, but every few moments he would suddenly pause, cock his little head knowingly upon one side and listen, as if testing the merits of the choir. The Oriole flashed out in his most brilliant suit and took the most conspicuous stand upon the tip end of the elm's highest branch, and there carelessly swung himself to and fro, for the admiration of his cousin, the little brown thrush, who sang away very sweetly, nor envied his gaudy plumage. The little wren and the chipping-bird held a confab under the hawthorn as they scratched up a worm for their brood—they agreed they could not do much, but the wren suggesting that "every little helps," they chipped and chirruped to their nests quite contented. The yellow-bird flew about uneasy, calling "Pheobe!" "Pheobe!" as if some one of her little family was missing, which the cat-bird hearing, he brushed his wing almost in her face, and maliciously mocked her cries. The bob-o-link flew up from his bath of sweet clover dew, and pluming himself very greatly upon his powers, he threw back his head and, after a low, sweet trill, burst forth into a brilliant roulade, at which he was unanimously chosen by the feathered choir to open the concert, while the wood-pecker, fat and plump, in his snowy vest like a Jullien of the woods, agreed to sound the signal by three taps of his baton.

The day wore on, and anticipation grew painful from its eagerness.

Mrs. Lorraine and Mrs. Woodville, in the large, oaken drawing-room, awaited the arrival of those so dear to them, and in the hall the servants were all gathered to welcome "Miss Amy;" Jane standing preeminent in height and redundant in "wreathed smiles," for no fea-

ture but her sharp nose and chin were visible from out the profusion of her ringlets.

Hark! every ear is strained to catch the sound—not a word is spoken—Mrs. Lorraine can even hear the beating of her heart in the silence—again—hark! yes—they are coming! wheels are heard rolling swiftly along under that glorious arch of green, and the birds begin their song. It comes nearer—nearer—a well known voice is wafted through the open window, and a child's laugh joins with it—nearer—nearer—now the carriage stops—hark—a moment more—light footsteps cross the broad terrace—their music is in the hall—Mrs. Lorraine with open arms advances.

“Dear grandmother!”

“My children!”

And with a murmured blessing she folds them both to her bosom.

THE END.





















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